THE HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS PREACHER FRIAR GERUND DE CAMPAZAS; OTHERWISE GERUND ZOTES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

DUBLIN:
THOMAS EWING.
M,DCC,LXXII.

MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN an account of the Original of the following tranſlation, amongſt other things it is ſaid---That the *Hiſtoria del Fray Gerundio*, publiſhed (the firſt volume) in Madrid in 1758, was written [under the name of Francis Lobon de Salazar, miniſter of the pariſh of St. Peter in Villagarcia, &c.] by the Father Joſeph Francis Iſla, a Jeſuit, with the laudable view to correct the abuſes of the Spaniſh pulpit by turning the bad preachers into ridicule---That his book was decorated with the approbations of ſeveral of the moſt learned and reſpectable people in Spain to whom he had communicated it in manuſcript---That the Inquiſitors themſelves encouraged him to the publication, and bore teſtimony in writing to the laudableneſs of the work, which they were of opinion would in a great meaſure bring about the wiſhed-for reformation---That one of the reviſors for the Inquiſition ſays, "it is one of thoſe lucky expedients that indignation and hard neceſſity ſuggeſt when the beſt means have proved ineffectual," and; "nor are we to find fault if the doſe of cauſtic and corroſive ſalts is ſomewhat too ſtrong, as Cancers are not to be cured with Roſe water."---That

notwithſtanding the approbation of the Inquiſition and of ſeveral of the moſt learned amongſt the Spaniſh clergy, ſome Orders, eſpecially the Dominican and Mendicant, roſe up againſt this book as ſoon as it was printed, repreſenting to the king that the reſpect due to the miniſters of the Goſpel would be too much diminiſhed by ſuch a piece of mercileſs criticiſm, and all religious Orders rendered ridiculous in the eyes of the vulgar; the conſequence of which would be a relaxation, if not a ſubverſion of the religion of the country---That this and other ſuch arguments urged by the Friars with the greateſt vehemence, and ſupported alſo by ſeveral of the biſhops, obliged the Council of Caſtile to take the book into their moſt ſerious conſideration, which produced a ſuppreſſion of it, rather for the ſake of peace than from any other motive---That the Father Iſla had a ſecond volume ready, but that the prohibition of the firſt put a ſtop to the publication of the ſecond---That the Father had preſented his only copy of this ſecond volume, partly written by a careful amanuenſis, and partly with his own hand, to the Gentleman who gives this account, and who was pleaſed very obligingly to lend it to the tranſlator---That as to language and ſtyle, this Gentleman is of opinion, few nations have any thing finer than Friar Gerund, and the preſent age has not produced a more humourous performance---That he thinks the

Spaniards

Spaniards quite right who put it upon a par in many reſpects with the celebrated work of Cervantes---That the manners of the Spaniſh Friars and the Spaniſh vulgar are deſcribed in it to admiration---That in one reſpect, however, the modern Cervantes is inferior to the old, viz. in his having ſtuffed ſome of his chapters, unſeaſonably interrupting the ſtory, with too much declamation againſt a Portugueſe book not worth a long confutation, and with ſome epiſodical criticiſms on foreign learning, in which he talks with too much peremptorineſs of what he was but indifferently qualified to talk of.

Mr. Baretti's Propoſal for publiſhing by Subſcription a complete Edition in Spaniſh of the Hiſtoria del Fray Gerundio, &c.

To obviate this ſole objection, the cenſurable paſſages, mentioned in the laſt of the above extracts, are omitted in the tranſlation; in which ſome of the didactic parts likewiſe are curtailed, as, however proper and neceſſary they might be to the ſincere deſign of doing good which ſeems to have animated the Author, it was apprehended that, if they were given in their full extent, they might have appeared to the Engliſh reader to be rather a clog upon the work. But nothing is omitted which conveys any ſtroke of character, or in which the hiſtory is at all concerned. The reader who conſults amuſement merely, may perhaps think that the tranſlator has been too ſcrupulous in the exerciſe of this liberty, which he

thought himſelf juſtified in taking. And whether the book is to be read in this country to any other purpoſe than that of mere amuſement he does not preſume to judge: But not to have taken ſome notice of ſuch paſſages would have been highly injurious to the Author's character in point of Humanity; as in that caſe, the poor creatures who are the objects of his ſatire had to appearance been left by him without inſtructions for reforming the abuſes by which it was excited.

THE

THE DEDICATION. TO THE PUBLIC.

MOST MIGHTY SIR,

THUS let me ſtyle you; as in truth there has not exiſted ſince Adam, nor will there exiſt to the end of the world, a more mighty perſonage than your worſhip. Who ſo turned the earth topſy-turvey, that, in the courſe of a few generations, its face could not have been known again by the mother who bore it? Your worſhip. Who founded monarchies and empires? Your worſhip. Who ruined them afterwards, or tranſferred them whitherſoever the whim directed? Your worſhip. Who introduced into the world the diſtinction of orders and degrees? Your worſhip. Who preſerves them or confounds them wherever it ſeemeth good unto him? Your worſhip.——The miſchief is, that, when your wor-

ſhip is ſtrongly bent upon a ſcheme, the ALMIGHTY only has power to prevent its execution.

And if from corporeal we paſs to intellectual power, whoſe judgment, opinion, or reaſon is, or ever has been, ſo abſolute and deſpotic as your worſhip's? It is an acknowleged thing, that after divine and natural law, the law of your worſhip, which is that of nations, is the moſt reſpected and obeyed of any in the world: and this too in caſes where the law of nations and that of nature may be different.——A controverſy in which I ſhall not intermeddle, as it ſignifies not a ruſh to my ſubject. But it is certain, that, let your worſhip once command, reſolve, decree, and determine any thing, All muſt neceſſarily obey; for your worſhip being All, and All being your worſhip, it is neceſſary that All do, what All would have done. I defy every hiſtorian to ſhew me ſo reſpected a legiſlator.

It ſeemed good in your worſhip's eyes, that certain men, knowing certain matters, ſhould be called wiſe, and that they who knew them not ſhould be called ignorant, though well inſtructed in other arts, more uſeful, or at leaſt as uſeful, to human life: and your worſhip has carried your point. Throughout the world, the divine, the lawyer, the phyſician, the philoſopher, the mathematician, the critic, in a word, the man of letters, are accounted wiſe: and the huſbandman, the carpenter, the maſon, and the ſmith, are reputed ignorant. To the former we ſpeak uncover-

ed,

ed, and treat them reſpectfully: we thou the latter and hear or command them with our hats on our heads. Why ſo? Becauſe it ſo pleaſes THE PUBLIC.

In conſequence of this—and to draw nearer to what more imports me—your worſhip alone, yes certainly, your worſhip alone, has the power to give or deny credit to writers and their works; your worſhip alone exalts or debaſes them as you think fit; your worſhip alone introduces them into the temple of fame, or condemns them to the dungeon of ignominy; your worſhip alone perpetuates their memory, or, as ſoon as they ſee the light, delivers them to the flames, and ſcatters their aſhes before the wind. I ſpeak with confidence, but at the ſame time with the greateſt truth. Writers, therefore, who want a ſhield to defend, a fortreſs to ſecure, or a patron to protect, them, have to ſeek it only in your worſhip.

Pardon me, an' pleaſe your worſhip, the weakneſs of quoting myſelf. In the eighth chapter of the firſt book of this hiſtory, which is of the paſt, the preſent, and the future, I laugh, and I think juſtly, at thoſe who dedicate their works to perſonages of high rank and dignity, thinking, and even telling them in their dedications, that they thereby place their ſaid works in ſecurity againſt the ſhafts of criticiſm, malignity, and envy. Poor men! Has not ſo long experience yet undeceived them? Never yet did any one ſingle individual of theſe dignified perſonages draw his ſword

to defend the author, who had ſought him for a Mecenas; nor, what is more, though he ſhould have drawn it and handled it with ever ſo much addreſs, was it in his power to defend him. Suppoſing him to be the moſt powerful monarch in the world—he might heap honours on the deſerving author; he might decree, that, in his dominions, nothing ſhould be written or ſpoken againſt him; and that a reſpect, an outward reſpect, ſhould be implicitly given to his works. But can he hinder the teeth of ignorance, of envy, and of malevolence from biting them, and tearing them to pieces in their ſecret dens? Can he prevent, out of his dominions, their being tilted at by critics of all denominations?

Let us then undeceive ourſelves: your worſhip only has this great power; becauſe your worſhip only in this and many other particulars——be it known I ſpeak of things under the moon——can do whatſoever you are pleaſed to do. Should THE PUBLIC will that no one mutter a ſyllable againſt a work, no one will mutter a ſyllable againſt it; that all ſhould celebrate it outwardly and inwardly, it ſhall be ſo celebrated by all; that it be reprinted a thouſand times, a thouſand times it ſhall be reprinted. Nor is this power limited to this or that country or dominion, but extended wide as the far-ſpreading circuit of the world. Wherever there are men, there is a PUBLIC; for the Public is all men: at leaſt THE PUBLIC to whom I dedicate my work, is, THE PUBLIC of Spain, of France, of Italy, of England, of Germany, of Tartary, of Muſcovy, of China, and of Califorina.

California. Now if I ſhould be ſo happy as that all men ſhould take it under their protection, of whom ſhould I be afraid? I am well aware that this good fortune is rather to be endeavoured at than hoped for.

But, ſir, whatever it may turn out, I ſhall chearfully ſubmit to it. Under your wing I ſeek for ſhelter, and ſolicit your patronage alone. Perhaps the work, ſuch as it is, may not merit it, but the intention is not undeſerving of it. I am with the moſt profound reſpect,

MOST MIGHTY SIR,

Your leaſt part,

FRANCISCO LOBON de SALAZAR.

THE

THE

PREFACE,

WITH AN

HELMET——

FOR——let us ſpeak plainly——a *galeated* preface would be too latinized a term for a work not profeſſedly divine. Though the hero of it is ſuppoſed to have been a preacher, and a prieſt of the maſs *, yet undeceive yourſelf, my good reader; for he ſaid as many maſſes as he preached ſermons. I conceived him, I brought him forth, I ordained him, and I licenſed him to preach; for all which I have the ſame authority and the ſame power as to make him a biſhop or pope. If you think not, tell me in true chriſtian ſincerity what reaſon there is—if Plato took the liberty to conſtitute

* In full orders.

ſtitute a republic in imaginary ſpace, Deſcartes to figure to himſelf a world at his pleaſure, and many modern philoſophers (Copernicus holding the candle and our friend Fontenelle giving it a ſnuff) to create in their fancy as many thouſands of worlds, as there are thouſands of fixed ſtars, and all inhabited by good and true men of fleſh and blood, neither more nor leſs than our very ſelves—tell me, I ſay, what reaſon there is, divine or human, why my imagination ſhould not divert itſelf in fabricating a little tight, briſk, well-ſhaven predicator, and making him act, think, and hold forth juſt as I ſhall take it into my head? Were the imaginations of theſe worthy gentlemen, and hundred others I could name, endowed with any particular privilege which is wanting to mine, tho' a poor and ſinful one?

What, then, you will ſay, was there never ſuch a perſon as Friar Gerund in the world?—— Fair and ſoftly. Let me take a pinch of ſnuff, for this queſtion of yours is a tight one. There, now I have taken it, and am about to anſwer you. Look ye, my good Sir, a Friar Gerund of Campazas, with this very name, there is not, there never was, and in all probability, there never will be. But preaching Gerunds, or gerundical preachers, with Friar and without, with Don and without Don, with cap and with cowl *, in

* Cap, the Graduates of univerſities and all the ſecular clergy: cowl, all monks and friars, that is, all the regular clergy.

The

in fine, of all habits, and colours, and ſorts, and ſizes, there have been, there are, and, if God does not prevent it, there will be as thus. When I ſaid "as thus" I brought all the ends of my fingers together in a bunch, as our cuſtom is to expreſs multitude. I do not ſay that in any of them are united all the abſurdities of my beloved Gerund, for though this is not abſolutely impoſſible, yet neither is it neceſſary; but that there are plentiful ſamples of them, ſcattered here and there, more falling to the ſhare of one, and leſs to that of another, is a thing ſo evident, that we may touch it, as well as ſee it, with our very eyes. Then what have I done? No other than what is done by all compoſers of uſeful novels and inſtructive epic poems. They propoſe an hero, either true or feigned, in order to make him a perfect model either of arms, or letters, or policy, or of the moral virtues—for of the evangelical we have enough and to ſpare, if we would but follow them. They gather from this, and that, and the other quarter, all which appears conducive to the perfection of this idol of theirs, in the character in which they would turn him out to you completely equipped. They apply it to him with invention, proportion, and grace, contriving ſuch events as they judge moſt natural to connect the hiſtory with the

The ſecular clergy are the pariſh-miniſters, &c. the regular, the profeſſed religious, who live together in communities.

the exploits, and the exploits with the hiſtory—and there's an epic poem for you, in verſe or in proſe, as daintily toſſed up as heart can wiſh.

What elſe, think you, did Homer with his Ulyſſes, Virgil with his Eneas, Xenophon with his Cyrus, Barclay with his Argenis, Quevedo with his Tacano, Cervantes with his Quixote, and Fenelon with his Telemachus? And, if you have a mind that we ſhew a little more learning at ſmall expence, do you ſuppoſe that the Works and Days of Heſiod, the Hero and Leander of Muſeus, or whoever he was, the Adonis of Marino, the Dragontea of Lope de Vaga, and the Numantina of Don Franciſco Moſquera, were any other than epic poems, more or leſs perfect, or more or leſs adjuſted to thoſe laws which the epopeiarcs and legiſlators have thought proper to promulgate? Come, don't turn up your noſe at me, and tell me that amongſt the works I have cited, there are ſome in proſe, and conſequently that they cannot belong to the claſs of epic poems Surely you are an ill-humoured creature! Whether verſe is, or is not, eſſential to an epic poem, is a queſtion which has warm eſpouſers for each ſide, and they have made the devil to pay about it. Take you the ſide which you think ſtrongeſt, knowing that hitherto no pope or general council has determined it, and thus you will not be obligto abjure, even *de levi* *, which ever the opinions you may follow.

But

* Alluding to the different abjurations in the inquiſition, *de levi & de vehementi*, according as the ſuſpicion or indication of the error to be abjured has been light or vehement.

But if you will ſtill obſtinately maintain that my poor Friar Gerund merits not the lofty ſeat and crimſon velvet of epic poetry, as well becauſe it is written in plain downright proſe, and mean enough o' conſcience, as becauſe my hero is indeed no emperor, or king, or duke, or not even a landgrave, which was the leaſt he could be to obtain a ſeat in the Epic Diet, according to the opinion of the poetical lawyer Horace;

Res geſtæ regumque ducumque & triſtia bella
Quo ſcribi poſſent numero monſtravit Homerus;

and laſtly becauſe the character, or principal perſonage, of every epic poem, which is *The Hero*, is wanting to my work, taking it for granted that the miſerable Gerund is not only not a deſcendent from the gods but not even from the Cid Campeador, Lain Calvo, or Nuno Raſura, which at leaſt was neceſſary to give him the inveſtiture of heroiſm, beſides the total want of other indiſpenſable qualities for his entrance into that order, ſuch as magnanimity, conſtancy, ſtature, robuſtneſs, and extraordinary ſtrength——I ſay, if for theſe and many other reaſons you are poſitively determined not to have this an epic compoſition, nor any thing like it, and tauntingly cry, an epic fool's-head! be it ſo, for I will not go to the breaking of heads with you for ſuch a trifle.

But I can ſee, methinks, that you have ſtill ſomething more within you concerning this matter of *epiciſm*, if I may ſo call it, which you want

to

to bring forth. You will tell me, as if I could hear you, that the principal end of all epic compoſitions is to inflame the mind to the imitation of heroic virtues by the example of the hero, true or feigned, whoſe exploits and atchievments are repreſented in them. And moreover, if you have a mind to tell me this in Latin, to frighten me a little, and that I may know you are ſkilled in theſe matters, and as we ſay, feel where the epic buſkin pinches, you will hit me in the teeth with the great authority of Father Paul, who ſays in his Commentary on the Poetics of Ariſtotle, "*Certum eſt heroico poemati: illud eſſe propoſitum, ut heroïs alicujus & ducis egregium aliquod factum celebret, in quo idea quædam & exemplum exprimatur fortitudinis ac militaris civiliſque prudentiæ.*" In conſequence of which you will ſay —and you will ſeem to have reaſon on your ſide ——that ſo far am I from ſetting before you a perfect model of heroic oratory which may excite imitation, that I rather obtrude upon you the moſt ridiculous pattern that can be imagined, and fit only to be avoided and abhorred.

Now you think you have caught me in the trap. But liſten to this ſcrap of erudition, which I read I don't know where, and it is not worth while now to loſe two or three hours in looking for the author to give you the quotation—ſuppoſe that Plutarch ſays it, or any other of the many authors you are moſt devoted to. Once upon a time there was at Athens a muſician——without doubt he ought to have been a maſter of the

chapel

chapel *——whoſe name neither do I remember —call him Pythagoras, an' you pleaſe, if you want a name—this man, to teach his ſcholars muſic, according to all the different modes, the Doric, Lydian, Mixt-Lydian, Phrygian, Sub-Phrygian, Eolian, what does you me this man, but carefully collect the moſt untuneable, the moſt harſh, the moſt ſour, the moſt bell-wether, the moſt out-of-compaſs voices that were to be found in the whole country? He made them ſing in the preſence of his ſcholars whom he charged to obſerve with care the diſguſtful jaring of theſe, the piercing ſcream of thoſe, the inſufferable bawling of ſome, and the intolerable galloping, jumps, curvets, and caprioles of others; then turning to his little ones, he told them with much pleaſantry, "Now, my "dears, in doing the direct contrary to theſe gen-"try you will ſing divinely."

I think you muſt now take my meaning; but if after all you have not yet hit upon it, I would not give two-pence for your underſtanding, and let us go to ſomething elſe; but we ſhan't go to fiſty-cuffs though you ſay that this work at the moſt is but a wretched novel, and as diſtant from an epic poem as earth from heaven.

Now you ſet yourſelf ſomewhat more ſedately to aſk me another queſtion. "Suppoſing, as you "ſay, and as I myſelf acknowledged, that, to "the diſgrace of our times, there are ſo many "preaching Gerunds, Friars and no Friars, Dons and

* The chief muſician who beats time to all the others.

and no Dons, of cap and of cowl, what motive had you to ſtick "Friar" before your Gerund, rather than ſimply "Father" or then give him his "Don" without any other addition?" It is a weighty queſtion, and requires a ſerious ſatisfaction. You ſhall have it; and I beg you to hear me diſpaſſionately. But before we enter upon the matter let me tell you a ſtory. A certain judge went officially, on I know not what buſineſs, to old Colmenar, a village of about twenty houſes, the inhabitants of which, during their examination, flung ſuch a ſtring of lies in his face as quite aſtoniſhed him: "Jeſus! Jeſus! cries he, croſſing himſelf and turning to the alcalde, or chief civil officer of this little place, "why they lie "here as much as in Madrid." "Pardon me, "your honour," replies the alcalde, bowing moſt reſpectfully, "though they lie in Colmenar "as much as poſſible, yet in Madrid they lie "much more, becauſe there are more who lie."

You will not deny me that the number of preachers who are honoured with the moſt noble, the moſt holy, and the moſt venerable diſtinction of Friar is much greater than of thoſe who are known by the title of Father or the epithet or Don. For one of theſe there are at leaſt twenty of the others; becauſe the mendicant fraternities, not clerical——who all uſe it——and the monkiſh— ſome of which uſe it and others not—are beyond compariſon more numerous than all the ſocieties of the regulars, into which it has not been introduced. Thoſe of the ſecular clergy who exerciſe the miniſtry of preaching, it is evident, cannot be compared

pared in number to thoſe who exerciſe it amongſt the profeſſed religious. Now then, though in all the reſt of the ſocieties, there is undoubtedly a moſt notable plenty of Gerundical preachers, there is not, nor can there be, ſo many as in thoſe who aſſume the title of Friar. And why ſo? For the ſame reaſon as the alcalde gave the judge, i. e. Though the Fathers and Dons preach as bad as poſſible, yet the Friars preach worſe, becauſe there are more among them who preach bad. So that the whole difference is in the number and not in the ſubſtance. And the ſole deſign of this work being to eradicate from the Spaniſh pulpit, the intolerable abuſes which have crept into it, particularly within the laſt century, it ſeemed moſt reaſonable to take the model whence the originals are moſt frequent, neceſſarily and ſolely becauſe the number is moſt copious.

If this preface were to be read by ſenſible men only, what has been ſaid would be ſufficient to make us agree upon this article; but as I truſt it will have a better fate, it may be neceſſary to ſay the ſame thing in another manner, ſo as to make it more plain and even palpable.

Tell me then, my honeſt man,---now I ſpeak to a ſturdy countryman, a well-meaning man, and one who knows how to read almoſt without ſtopping to ſpell the words---ſuppoſe, for my amuſement, and at the ſame time to correct the inordinate paſſion in our reapers for tobacco, the ſtrong inclination

inclination to wine in the *coritos* *, and the abſurd vanity of the *alejoros* †, I ſhould take it into my head to write the life of an imaginary alojero, corito, or reaper: would it not be natural, if my man was a reaper that I ſhould make him a Gallician ‡, a Mountaineer § if he was an alojero, and if he was a corito, an Aſturian? You ſee the thing ſpeaks itſelf; for though there are undoubtedly coritos, alojeros, and reapers in every province, yet in regard to the three which I have mentioned all the reſt are but an handful, and this would be requiſite to the propriety of the fiction.

Well

* *Corito* means a wine porter, from *Cuero*, the leather bag or bottle in which wine is conveyed, an occupation much followed by the Aſturians. There is a proverb which ſays, *al Aſturiano vino puro y lanza en mano*———The Aſturian muſt have pure wine and a lance in his hand: pure wine (becauſe the province is one of the moſt northern and cold, to keep him warm; and a lance in his hand, to defend him from wild beaſts, which were formerly very numerous there.

† An *alojero*, is a retailer of a kind of Metheglin called *Aloja*, and he is generally a Mountaineer.

‡ Gallicia is remarkable for its numerous poor, who migrate to other provinces for work at the time of harveſt.

§ A Mountaineer means, by antonomaſia, an inhabitant of the mountains of Burgos, the chief city of Old Caſtile, and one remarkably proud and vainglorious of his genealogy, &c. as in this city it is ſaid, that, though there are not above a thouſand families, there is an abundance of nobility and gentry.

Well then, apply it to the point before you, and don't ſplit my head.

But now you, my firſt reader, begin to frown at me again, and ſay angrily, "Well, well, let "the title of Friar paſs; but then the name of "*Gerund*, ſuch a fantaſtical, ridiculous, abſurd "name. This is turning ſacred characters into "contempt, and particularly thoſe who make "an honourable and glorious boaſt of the "epithet of Friar; for there can be no doubt but "that the ſcurrilous jeſter upon the name would "mean to comprehend the order to which he has "applied it.

Lord, Lord! how plain it is you don't know whom you are talking to! Look ye; if I thought there was a man in the world who ſurpaſſed me in the cordial, the profound, the reverent reſpect I profeſs to all the ſocieties in the church of God, without diſtinction of habit, colour, or inſtitution —if I knew there was any one who exceeded me in deteſting, and abominating, and deſpiſing thoſe, of whatever claſs, whoſe unworthy, fooliſh, and preſuming mouths profane the moſt religious name of Friar—if I believed there was one who could leave me behind in commiſeration of thoſe poor unhappy devotees (and to our misfortune there are ſome in all inſtitutions and profeſſions) who look with leſs love, charity, or eſteem upon the members of other ſocieties, either becauſe they do not agree in ſome trifling opinions, or from other motives merely human and worldly, foreign to that moſt pure, moſt noble, and moſt holy end to which

all

all ought to aſpire in their words and works, according to the peculiar and excluſive profeſſion of each particular---I ſay if I thought I could poſſibly be ſurpaſſed in any of theſe things, I ſhould account myſelf the moſt unhappy of mortal men, to whom the miſerable lot had fallen of being born amongſt the very dregs of Chriſtians and even of rational beings.

Do you think before God and in conſcience, that he who ſucked in theſe ſentiments with his milk, he who is indebted to the grace of God that a Chriſtian and liberal education has more and more deeply rooted them in his heart, he who has ſince confirmed himſelf in them by reading and ſtudy, (ſuch as it has been) and by a more than ordinary experience of the world---do you think, I ſay again, that a man of this character could entertain the idea of ſaying the minuteſt ſyllable that might come within a thouſand leagues of blemiſhing the moſt ſacred religious orders? It is not likely.

Come, let us go on calmly. In truth this very ridiculouſneſs of the name, and its improbability rather conſult the reſpect due to the order than tend to offend it; they ſtrongly imply that there never was, and probably never can be, ſuch a man of ſuch an order, and not only take off the imagined offence to the profeſſion, but likewiſe to the perſons who compoſe it. By feigning one who never has, nor never can exiſt, the general defects alone are laſhed without a ſingle ſtroke at the individuals. If any one of them ſhould find himſelf

ſelf comprehended amongſt thoſe who are mauled, let me whiſper him in his ear to hold his tongue and his patience too, for ſo muſt all we poor ſinners do when they give us our trimmings from the pulpit.

Well, now your features have taken a more pleaſing form, let us ſpeak with a ſomewhat more friendly freedom. Is there then in the world, or even in the church of God, any order of men ſo ſerious, ſo elevated, or ſo holy, that there are not to be found in it many moſt ridiculous, abſurd, and extravagant individuals? But are the extravagancies and abſurdities of the individuals thoſe of the order? Certainly not. And if any ſatiriſt or comic poet endeavours to correct them, by perſonifying what is ridiculous in order to render it more ſtriking, does he not always avail himſelf of a feigned name, and for the moſt part a whimſical or ſlovenly one, that the reproof may not even by accident fall upon any determinate object? You have but to aſk Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, Terence, Moliere, and many of our own poets.

Horace in the name of *Tigellius*, a man who never exiſted *in rerum natura*, cenſures a thouſand defects very frequent in men of all conditions. Juvenal dreſſes up a certain *Ponticus* to fall luſtily through him on the nobles who were proud of their genealogies, but not of imitating the virtues of their illuſtrious progenitors. Boileau, in the ſuppoſed perſon of the poet *Damon*, laughs with much grace at the affectation of the court, the phenomena which are beheld, and the artifices which are practiſed in it. But nevertheleſs, if you

are

are determined to reply that theſe were real men, who eat and drank juſt as we Chriſtians eat and drink, we won't quarrel for this neither; for your humble ſervant, in certain points of learning and criticiſm which ſignify not a ſtraw, is the moſt pacific creature alive.

But tell me; was there ever in the world a man called *Tartuffe?* And yet that rogue of a Moliere, in one of his moſt famous, and for ought I know, moſt uſeful comedies, under this name, lays about him ſo unmercifully on hypocrites of all profeſſions, as makes them ſhrink again. And to be ſure this muſt be mighty matter of concern to St. Franciſco Sales, or to any of thoſe who are truly virtuous. Did you ever know the name of *Triſotin* given at the babtiſmal font? Yet under the cover of it has the abovementioned author, in his fine comedy of the *Femmes Savantes*, ſoundly thraſhed the dolts who pretend to genius upon the ſtrength of three or four commonplace puns and half a dozen meagre witticiſms, which they watch for the moſt remote and often the moſt impertinent occaſions of lugging in. And what trouble will this Triſotin cauſe to Don Franciſco de Quevedo, or other real geniuſes. Do you think that any Marquis of *Maſcarilla*, or Viſcount *Jodelet*, ever rolled over the ſtones of Paris? Yet Moliere took the freak of giving theſe titles, free of all fees, to a couple of raſcally laquies, in order to make a moſt ſevere but well-deſerved mockery of the *Precieuſes Ridicules*. And I aſ-

ſure you that I never heard that the Marquis of Aſtorga or the Viſcount de Zolina ever loſt their reſt upon that account. Laſtly, won't you tell me in what font of Segovia the great *Tacano* was was baptiſed? Yet we do not find any of the originals who are repreſented by that copy, complain of its being derogatory to their employment and profeſſion. Come then, let us agree that in Friar Gerund no order can be offended, and that if it ſhould be prejudicial to any member, it will moſt certainly not be on account of the life which he profeſſes, but the abſurdities which he ſays. Do but correct Them, and we ſhall be the beſt friends in the world.

Shall I put the finiſhing ſtroke to the perſuading you of this truth, and bring you to confeſs, even in ſpite of your teeth, that greater circumſpection could not have been uſed than is uſed in this work to preſerve the decorum and reſpect upon all accounts due to the ſacred families? Make then the following reflexions. 1. The moſt generic and univerſal epithet amongſt them was ſtudiouſly choſen, that the imaginary individual of our hiſtory might not be determinately applied. 2. The ſame attention was had cautiouſly to avoid as many particular marks as might agree to ſome more than others amongſt thoſe who are honourably diſtinguiſhed by this epithet: and though it is true that in this or that deſcription there may be here and there a ſtroke which may not be applicable to ſome of theſe ſacred families, yet they are but very few in regard to the many to whom the

the likeneſs may be indifferently adapted. Laſtly and principally, obſerve well, that almoſt whenever Friar Gerund, or any of the ſame feather, are very excentric in a ſermon, diſcourſe, ſentiment, &c. there is always placed immediately by his ſide ſome judicious perſon of the profeſſion for reprehenſion and inſtruction. You will ſee it in Friar Blas with the ex-provincial Father, and in Friar Gerund with Father Prudencio, to ſay nothing at preſent of the Provincial, who with ſo much ſolidity expoſed the abſurdities of the lay-brother who had talked with ſo little reflexion to the boy Gerund concerning a religious life. Hence it is to be inferred, that if in a religious order we meet with ſome blockheads——a thing by no means impoſſible--yet that there will not be found, I need not ſay a profeſſion, but even a houſe, or ever ſo ſmall a community, in which there are not other men, truly wiſe, learned, exemplary, and prudent, who bewail, and would reform their follies. And what is this, but to venerate the ſacred families and to endeavour to maintain their honour!

Reſpect has likewiſe been preſerved to the authors whoſe works are diſapproved. Indeed when they give their productions to the light they make them *juris publici*, they ſubject them to the examination and cenſure of all, and every mortal may freely ſpeak his ſentiments, within the bounds of decency, civility, and religion. As long as the perſon of the author, nor the hem of his garment, is not touched——which is not al-

lowable, unleſs in caſes of religion from the affinity it has with the manners—as to what relates to the work, every one may have a pluck at it, if there be a motive for it, mark its ſpots, moles, and wrinkles, and call the father who begot it into judgment by his Chriſtian and ſurname, with all his titles, tags, rattles, bells, furbelows, and fringes. Notwithſtanding this liberty, which all poſſeſs, by the tacit conceſſion of authors, yet in this hiſtory of ours, the greateſt circumſpection is obſerved, that no one may have juſt cauſe to think himſelf offended. Cenſure is paſſed upon many ſermons, and non-ſermons, of regulars and irregulars, as occaſion preſents, but no author is named. The title is given of the ſermon, of the work, or whatever it be, and the generic profeſſion of the author may at moſt be hinted at; but as to coming to the particular inſtitution he profeſſes, and eſpecially to his name—ſilence! not a word! ſo that they only who ſhall have read the work and know the author, will be able to enjoy the critical repaſt; the reſt muſt faſt, and be content with knowing in general that ſuch an one wrote or preached ſuch a thing not fit to be preached or written. Can there be greater precaution?

In one inſtance only is there an exception to this general rule; and that is in the caſe of the Barbadino *, who is ſtripped of the holy outſide he had unworthily

* The arch-deacon of Evora in Portugal, author of a book called "The true Method of Study;" under the feigned name of Barbadino, a capuchin.

unworthily aſſumed, his aſcititious beard torn off, and brought into public view with his natural naked face, or at leaſt cloſe ſcraped; with his little, white, round, or rather oval bob; with his ſtarched band and collar, blued after the Italian faſhion; with his fur mantle airily thrown in folds upon the left ſhoulder like a moſt gallant arch-deacon; with his rochet, or ſhort ſurplice worn under the ſaid mantle, ſo nicely ſtitched and plaited that it ſeems fit for an holy father of Rome; with his badge of knighthood, the curiouſly and boldly embroidered croſs upon his veſt; with his ſmall, ſquare, ſmooth cap, leaning againſt his breaſt and ſupported delicately by the thumb and finger of his right hand, ſo that the man appears to take cap as others take ſnuff; with his enormous book, (which would make a good figure upon the ſtand in the middle of a cathedral choir) raiſed and open before him on the table, his left hand laid upon the upper part of it; and laſtly, with his vaſt ink-diſh ſhaped like the mouth of a well, and a pen in it with a twiſted feather ending in a fox-tail on the left ſide of its rib. This is the picture of the Signior Pſeudo-Capuchin which I keep in my ſtudy to divert myſelf with when the humour prompts.

This *Signor Abate*, this Italianized Portugueze only have I pointed out with my finger, and held up to the light with all his titles; yet his name notwithſtanding has been ſpared, though it is well known, and the font too in which he was baptiſ-

ed. For this exception to our general rule, I truſt there are good and lawful reaſons. For why is that man to be pardoned who pardons no man? Why is a reſpect to be preſerved for him who preſerves none even for the holy fathers, doctors, and lights of the church? Why is he to be gently ſtroaked with a ſoothing hand who lays ſo heavy and rude an one upon the maſters and princes of almoſt every faculty? Who is to have patience to coax, and wheedle, and bow moſt courteouſly to him who will incline his head only to the *Enſiſkmildes*, the *Scheucheros*, the *Baudandos*, the *Strauchios*, the *Beveregios*, the *Krancios* and other authors *ejuſdem farinæ*, and ſtalks with his hat on before the face of men of the greateſt veneration whom we all reſpect? He treats the very learned, wiſe, diſcreet, and reverend Signior Feyjoo as he would a little dirty altar-boy: and what is excellent, is, that in the points in which they both agree, this Barbadino avails himſelf of no other arguments than thoſe uſed by Signior Feyjoo, with this difference only, that the one urges them with beauty, modeſty, ſtrength, and efficacy, and in the hands of the other, obtruded by an empty, prating, contemptible boaſter, they loſe all their elegance and ſpirit.

Laſtly, it would be fine indeed that I ſhould go about ſtanding upon ceremony with a man who treats all us Spaniards as ignorant barbarians; ſince till he came into the world, we knew neither grammar, nor logic, nor phyſics, nor theology, nor law, nor medicine; and what is more, we did not know

know how to read or write, nor our very women to ſpin, till, in his great charity, the charge of inſtructing us was undertaken by this *Encyclopediſt* as he calls himſelf, or as I call him, by this *corrector-general of the human race*. Pardon me, my good reader, for I cannot oblige you in this point. He came to my pen ſeaſonably, or unſeaſonably—we won't diſpute about that now—my imagination was fired for the honour of the Spaniſh nation and of the Portugueze, both of which he equally abuſes, debaſes, and treads under foot; I was irritated by his pride and vanity, and the contempt with which he treats ſo many honourable men; I was diſguſted by the intolerable ſelf-ſufficiency and deſpotiſm with which he cuts, hacks, chops, tears, rends, pronounces, condemns, defines, and vomits forth oracles *ex tripode*; and in ſhort not being able to contain myſelf, I brandiſhed my weapon and thwacked him with it over the ſhoulders as you will find, ſtill reſerving the right of plunging my greygooſe dagger up to the hilts in his heart, if I ſhould hereafter take him in hand profeſſedly; for, believe me, the man wants a radical cure.

Perhaps you will ſay that this is not abſolutely diſpleaſing to you, but that you ſhould have been glad he had come more opportunely to my hand; for that it appears going much out of my way to fetch him from ſome garden at Rome, where the poor fellow might be diverting himſelf with hearing a fine ſerenata, only to ſing him another tune which he would not like half ſo well; that if he

had come before me of his own accord, it would have been another thing, but to drag him in, as I do, by the head and ſhoulders, beſides being very violent, ſeems to be ill breeding. Moreover that it is not very probable that a work ſo poliſhed, ſo exquiſite, and ſo rare (indeed it is not very eaſy to be found) as "The true method of Barbadino," ſhould be met with in the cell of ſo ſlovenly a ſimpleton, and of ſo bad a taſte, as Friar Gerund is repreſented. And here you raiſe yourſelf in your critical ſtirrups, telling me, that every improbability in a work of this kind is a crime of the firſt magnitude, and not to be forgiven in this world or the next.

O commend me to ſuch niceneſs, my moſt delicate Sir! Look ye, I am a ſincere man, and though it ſhould make againſt me, will tell you the truth. It is certain that from the moment I read this ſame curious "Method" (which by the by is as much of a method as the method to cure chilblains compoſed by that barber, or Latin ſurgeon, of which mention is made in this work; the parentheſis grows rather large; let us cloſe it) It is certain that from the moment I read this ſame curious Method, I was ſeized by a moſt methodical longing, not to be remedied, to give him a hearty drubbing. It is likewiſe as certain, that in this Hiſtory of our Friar Gerund, I might have ſought and diſpoſed another, better method, to give the drubbing: but pray now, am I obliged always to follow the better path? Will the man who is ſick at heart and ready to burſt from want

want of vomiting, have the patience, think you, to ſtand upon a choice of corners and go calmly to that in which he may diſcharge with the moſt cleanlineſs and leaſt incommodity? 'Twould be fine indeed that for your ſqueamiſhneſs, I ſhould have to reform ten or a dozen ſheets of this my moſt elaborate hiſtory only to drub this Signior Barbi-caſtron, this falſe-bearded wether-goat, more methodically, more tunefully and ſyſtematically? Go to, you man you! You don't know what this coſts a poor author, eſpecially if he is ſuch a lazy fellow as I am. But if, notwithſtanding, you ſtill paſſionately inſiſt that it is given out of its place, I beg we may ſettle the difference without law or bloodſhed, both which I mortally hate, and I immediately appoint as my arbitrator that alcalde to whom a woman went to complain that her huſband had ſtrapped her moſt unſeaſonably, "I de-" clare," ſaid the alcalde with great gravity, "I "declare this ſtrapping to be null and void, and "for the future let the huſband take care that it "be given in good time and ſeaſon."

As to the other article you mentioned, that it is not probable that ſuch a man as Friar Gerund ſhould have ſuch a book as "The true Method" in his power, and that improbability is a crime *læſæ proprietatis*, deteſtable, unpardonable, irremiſſible in a work of this kind, I confeſs you make me ſhrink by this canonical deciſion; for in truth, though I am a miſerable ſinner, I am timorous, and ſomewhat ſcrupulous, if I had not the teſti-

mony of a good conſcience. In the firſt place I declare to you and before God that I do not ſee what inſurmountable obſtacle there ſhould be why my poor Friar Gerund might not have the true method of Barbadino in his cell juſt as well as the Rhimes of Calainos, the Song of the ſeven Children of Lara, and the Hiſtory of the Twelve Peers. If becauſe it is a contraband book—rather upon that very account might it be found there, as it is known that contraband goods are often hidden in places we little ſuſpect. If becauſe it it poliſhed and exquiſite—certainly the writings of this methodiſt are not either ſo poliſhed as thoſe of the celebrated Monſieur de Piereſe, or ſo exquiſite as thoſe of the Cardinal Antonio Perrenot, otherwiſe Cardinal Granvela, or ſo myſterious and ſo fought for as thoſe of Antonio Perez; and yet notwithſtanding I know that many copies of the firſt found their way into the knapſacks, and afterwards into the piſtols of a company of banditti, who, thinking them ſomething elſe, had ſtolen them from a gentleman of Leyden; that a great quantity of the ſecond was redeemed from their captivity in chandlers' and cheeſe-mongers' ſhops; and that a volume of the third was ranſomed from a little dirty wine-houſe of Maragateria, * where it ſerved as a cover to a tin pot. If you don't know what

* Part of, or bordering on, Gallicia, and remarkable for the ruſticity of its inhabitants.

what a tin pot is †, aſk any Maragaterian; for I do not chuſe to tell you, that you may not know ſo much as I. So that it is not only true, as our old proverb ſays, that "whence we leaſt thinks ſprings the hare," but alſo that whence we leaſt think ſprings the book.

But if, by way of favour, we ſhould grant that there is ſome little improbability in the caſe, how can you poſſibly be ſo inexorable with *me*, and ſo complaiſantly ſilent to other offenders? Does it appear to you more probable that Sigiſmund, in the comedy of the "*Alcazar del ſecreto*" of the great Don Antonio de Solis, ſhould throw himſelf into the ſea on the coaſt of Epirus and arrive at that of Cyprus, embarked and ſuſtained only by his ſhield—unleſs indeed the ſhield was of cork, and Sigiſmund of paper? Is there more probability in the oracles, which at every turn interrupt our players, divining what they are about to ſay that the event may appear myſterious? Is there more probability in thoſe voices, which riſe from the orcheſtra ſo opportunely as to expreſs in ſinging the ſame thing the player is juſt about to ſpeak? Is there more probability in thoſe verſes, ſentiments, and conceits, ſpouted from two players, who, entering on the ſtage by different avenues, and without ſeeing or hearing each other, ſay each of them exactly the ſame thing, without any other

† Which might eaſily happen, as moſt of them are ſent from England, and they are not known in ſome parts of Spain.

other difference than the tone of their voices? In a word, if you would have more of theſe improbabilities, you have but to plunge into the poetics of Don Ignacio de Luzan, and you may drown yourſelf in them.

And think not i' God's name, that our Spaniſh authors alone are guilty of breaches of probability in their compoſitions, dramatic or not dramatic. There, amongſt the French, you have a Moliere, a Racine, and—notwithſtanding he wrote as we ſay with a running pen—a Monſieur de Boiſſy with his famous comedy of "Les Dehors Trompeurs, ou l' Homme du Jour:" read but that piece, and almoſt all thoſe of the other two authors, and you will find at every turn ſuch ſtrange improbabilities as will make you croſs yourſelf; for you will think, and with reaſon, that many of the events could be effected only by enchantment. And that you may not tell me that the firſt-mentioned of theſe authors knew it to be thus, and would not correct it deſignedly, laughing with much pleaſantry at the ſcrupulous rules to which critics would confine comic compoſitions, and laying it down as an univerſal maxim that the ſupreme and only rule was the art of pleaſing the public, I will preſent you, if you urge me too much, with the very Corneille himſelf, the ſovereign Corneille, acknowledged by all, Frenchmen and others, as the great reformer of the theatre, and as the moſt exalted genius of his own age and many others, to poliſh a dramatic piece to the laſt perfection. Nevertheleſs you know—or if you do not, know it now—that upon

upon this choripheus of tragedy were poured ſuch a ſhoal of cenſures by his own cuuntrymen, whether from envy or whatever motive, as would have ſuffocated him, if merit, like oil, did not in the end ever riſe over all triumphant. And though he cleared himſelf fairly of the other ſmall defects, created or exaggerated by his competitors and accuſers, yet in the chapter of improbability he ſeemed to duck his head a little as it were, and fled for defence to the examples of Seneca, Terence, Plautus, and other fathers and maſters of the ancient theatre, who were ſometimes rather inattentive to this article, and with four drops of luſtral water, exerciſed according to poetical rites by ſome prieſt of Apollo, thought themſelves duly purified from the venial crime. Therefore, my good reader—pray obſerve the courteſy and endearment with which I treat you—I beſeech you, with my hat in my hand, that you would not ſhew yourſelf ſo ſevere with me upon theſe minuteneſſes, niceneſſes, and delicacies.

It will be a different affair indeed if with a contracted brow and angry tone you ſhould take me in hand upon the general ſubject and main ſcope of this work: I confeſs I almoſt tremble with even figuring you to myſelf in the ſhape of a Minos or Rhadamanthus; for though I may be tolerably free of my ſpeech, I may ſtill be a puſillanimous and fearful creature. For ought I know you may diſpoſe yourſelf, with fierce and truculent mein, ſwearing by the Stygian lake, to rebuke, chaſtiſe, deteſt,

deteſt, and anathematize my boldneſs, addreſſing me in this weighty and loud-ſounding ſubſtance—

" Well haſt thou deſerved indeed, thou evil prieſt, inſenſate, raſh, and inconſiderate as thou art! Suppoſing that the pulpit of Spain, and likewiſe of other parts, be as much corrupted and depraved as this pernicious, deteſtable, abominable curſed work ſuggeſts—ſuppoſing that in our own and other countries there be preaching Gerunds, unworthy to exerciſe a miniſtry ſo ſacred—ſuppoſing that this corruption, this depravity, this plague (call it ſo if you pleaſe) require the moſt prompt and efficacious remedy—tell me, wretch, could a more grave and ſerious ſubject offer, to be treated by a learned, energetic, vehement, and majeſtic pen! Is there a matter more worthy to be handled with the greateſt dignity and nervouſneſs, with a ruſhing torrent of arguments and authorities, and another torrent, as copious and rapid, of the tears of the zealous writer! And was ſuch a ſubject to be treated as thou haſt treated it, unworthy clergyman! Was there ever in the world an authority for joining the moſt ſerious things with the moſt burleſque, the moſt ſublime with the moſt ridiculous, the moſt important with the moſt trifling! There never was, there never was, a judicious pagan loudly informs thee, to fill thee with ſhame and confuſion if thou wert capable to feel it. 'Tis a ridiculous thing, a ſenſeleſs thing, and, upon the point before me, I muſt add, 'tis an execrable thing, and verging cloſe upon ſacrilegious, to join light jeſting with atrocious evils, ſerpents

pents with doves, and lambs with tygers. The text is common, but not for that the leſs true.

Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.

" Rome burning and Nero fiddling! The ſavageneſs of that monſter, that abortion of human nature, could no farther go. Thou reſembleſt him in thy conduct whilſt thy Troy is burning, and thou ſuppoſeſt thy nation on the point of ruin. A choice method truly of extinguiſhing the flames —to ſnatch thy flute or Gallician bagpipe and whiſtle an idle tune!

" Ever ſince the Goſpel has been preached in the world, there have been preachers who abuſed the office; ever ſince there have been bad preachers there have been learned and zealous men who inveighed againſt them. But with what ſerioufneſs! What weight! What vehemence! This was a topic on which to have gone on diſcourſing, from age to age, down to our own times, of all the fathers, doctors, and authors of the holy church, who raiſed their voices and employed their pens againſt thoſe who in their times profaned the Goſpel and corrupted the word of God---this having been undoubtedly the true origin of all the errors, hereſies and ſchiſms which have in all ages afflicted our moſt holy mother, ſullying, ſtaining, tearing her fair and ſeamleſs garment, as is expreſſly ſaid and bewailed by St. Auguſtin in the ſecond book of his " Chriſtian Doctrine," " *Corruptio*

" *verbi*

"*verbi Dei viſcera eccleſiæ diſrumpit & tunicam dilacerat*"---to have conſidered how the fathers, doctors, and councils have declaimed againſt theſe corruptors of the ſacred ſcripture in the very chair of truth, the eſpecial throne of the Holy Spirit, which alone ſhould preſide, inſpire, excite, move, and dictate what is ſaid, in it. It would be eaſy for me to ſet before thee a long catalogue of the vehement invectives which have been made againſt this ſhocking profanation in all ages of the church, beginning with the apoſtle St. Paul, and ending with the moſt famous authors of the paſt and preſent age.---But to what is this Preface of thine to ſwell? When wilt thou have done with this converſation? Neither thou with thy pen, nor thy readers with their fooliſh curioſity, will arrive in a twelvemonth at thy pernicious hiſtory.

"I ſhall content myſelf therefore with drawing to a point what I have to ſay by aſking thee, if thou ever knew that any of the holy fathers, doctors, and ſacred writers followed the diabolical *rhumb* which thou followeſt to correct bad preachers? If thou ever met with any who put on the cap and bells, and the fool's coat, and took in his hand the ſtick with bladders to drive this infection out of the world? Arguments, texts, deciſions, canons, councils, conſtitutions, edicts, cenſures, fulminations, ſighs, tears, grief, beſeechings, exclamations, threats, promiſes, theſe indeed would do ſomething: of theſe thou wouldſt find a great, an infinite, quantity, and all of the choiceſt

ſort,

ſort, in innumerable writers, who directly or indirectly have treated on this moſt weighty point. But idle jeſts! buffoonery! ridicule! where, where haſt thou ſeen them employed upon ſuch a ſubject, temerarious and ill-adviſed clerk? I will drag thee, I declare I will drag thee before all the tribunals of the earth, that they may cenſure, that they may puniſh, that they may confound thee, and make of thee an example by which all future ages ſhall terribly be warned."

Manſueſcat te Deus Pater, manſueſcat te Deus Filius, manſueſcat te Spiritus Sanctus! In a moſt untoward humour didſt thou riſe this morning, my dear angry reader; but it is no fault of mine that you paſſed a bad night from the indigeſtion and crudities of your ſupper. I made a light repaſt, digeſted it quickly, ſlept well, and am as cool and as mild as a lettuce. Therefore hear me with ſerenity, if you think fit, if not, ſhut your eyes, which are the ears that author's talk to.

'Tis as you ſay, and you would have loſt nothing by having ſaid it with more temper and a little more civility, if for nothing elſe at leaſt for this crown * upon my head, which my barber keeps open for me from time to time—— that barber of mine, who is a very mould to caſt Sancho Panzas in.——If you were but to ſee him!——Oh if you were but to ſee him! Suffice it

* The circle of hair worn by Prieſts, &c.

it to ſay that his razors do not ſo much execution as his fingers, cloathed in ſeal-ſkin and tipped with wild thiſtlē, tho' in other reſpects there is not a better man in all Campos. But this digreſſion comes not to the point; and if it ſerves not to moderate your ire, as to any thing elſe it is quite beſide the purpoſe. Let us return then to our ſubject. Why, Sir, I grant that you have great reaſon in what you ſay; all thoſe who have treated on the ſubject on which I treat, have treated on it with the greateſt gravity, weight, circumſpection, vehemence, and ſerioufneſs. Only one Eraſmus of Rotterdam, whoſe name ſounds better to the humaniſt than the theologian, in a Latin book, called The Praiſe of Folly, ſaid an hundred pleaſant things againſt the bad preachers of his time. But as his principal deſign upon this occaſion was to ridicule the religious ſocieties which then flouriſhed, laughing at their habits, their ceremonies, their cuſtoms, their manners, confounding unjuſtly and perverſely the whole with a part, the uſe with the abuſe, and the exemplary life of thouſands of individuals with the licentious life of a handful of defective members, this ſame Praiſe of Folly was in general but coolly received, and is not at this day any more than at its firſt appearance thought much of but by ſuch only as may deſerve to be celebrated in it. Except this Signior Deſiderius Eraſmus, this altar-boy, monk, ex-monk, prieſt, ſecular, rector, counſellor, every thing and nothing, except this vagabond, and another

ther very recent, venerable, and circumſtantial author, all the reſt treated on this point with all that gravity which is of ſo much weight with your worſhip, though it weighs but little in itſelf I aſſure you, good Mr. Reader, and moſt circumſpect maſter of mine.

For, pray now, what effect was produced by theſe moſt grave authors, with their thunder, and lightning, and flaſhes, and bolts? Did they frighten the bad preachers? Did they oblige them to quit the field, or to fly for ſhelter to their cells, apartments, or houſes, even while the ſtorm was paſſing? Were the inſufferable diſorders of the pulpit corrected, in Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, Germany, and in all the world? If that had been ſo, writings would not have been ſhowered againſt this lamentable corruption in the two laſt ages. Neither Claudio Aquaviva, nor Juan Paulo Oliva, both generals of the ſociety of Jeſus, would have drawn ſuch deep-fetched ſighs, ſighs from the very bottom of the heart, in ſorrow for it; the one in a moſt grave inſtruction, and the other in a very ſenſible and diſcreet letter. Nor would the elegant Nicolas Cauſino have expended ſo much intellectual heat, oratory, and criticiſm in his vaſt work of "Sacred Eloquence." Nor would Don Chriſtoval Soreri, abbot of Santa Cruz in the Venetian ſtate (if I am not miſinformed) have given to the light that little golden book, "*Rudimenta oratoris Chriſtiani,*" which at his inſtance, and for his particular inſtructions,

was

was written by a certain grave, learned, and religious author. Nor would Antonio Vieyra in his famous Sexageſima ſermon upon the Goſpel, *exiit qui ſeminat ſeminare ſemen ſuum*, have declaimed with ſo much ardour againſt many preachers who in his days infeſted the ears and ſouls of men. Nor would the celebrated archbiſhop of Cambray have given himſelf the trouble to compoſe his admirable "Dialogues upon Eloquence "in general, and upon the Eloquence of the Pul-"pit in particular;" in which not only no quarter is given to what would appear as abſurd and extravagant to men of ordinary underſtandings, but even ſome ſermons which at firſt ſight might ſeem to many to be models of taſte, wiſdom and eloquence, are criticized without mercy. Nor would Father Blas Giſbert have publiſhed his excellent book, which is ſo well received by the world, on "Chriſtian eloquence both ſpeculative "and practical," and in which mortal blows are diſcharged on every ſpecies of bad preachers. And obſerve, for your comfort and for ours, that all the authors whom I have cited, except one, are ſtrangers; and that all of them declaim againſt the corruption of the Pulpit in their own and not in foreign countries. From whence you may infer that this pernicious evil is not peculiar to the Spaniards and the Portugueze as many are inclined, ignorantly or enviouſly, to believe.

And after all, with all theſe weighty, ſerious, nervous, majeſtic, and convincing writings, what have

have we gained? Nothing, or next to nothing. The Pſeudo-preachers *vont leur train*, as our neighbours ſay, or, go on in their old track, as as we ought to ſay ourſelves; the evil ſpreads, the infection dilates, and the havock continually encreaſes. Then, tell me now, thou bevinegared mortal of a reader! (for I am weary of treating thee with urbanity) if the experience of all ages demonſtrates that theſe narcotic, emolient, and dulcific remedies avail not, do not reaſon and charity demand that we try how the ſharp and the corroſive will ſucceed? Wouldſt thou introduce into the art of intellectual healing, to cure a diſeaſe of the mind (and ſuch a diſeaſe as we have upon our hands!) that barbarous aphoriſm which one of our moſt famous modern critics has juſtly treated as "The Exterminating Aphoriſm;" Omnia ſe-"cundùm rationem facienti, ſi non ſuccedat ſe-"cundùm rationem, non eſt tranſeundum ad aliud, "ſuppetente quod ab initio probaveris."——If the phyſician who proceeds upon the principle of reaſon ſhould not find correſpondent ſucceſs, ſtill he muſt proceed as he began without having recourſe to other remedies——and if the patients die,——they muſt be buried; and *Fidelium animæ per miſericordiam Dei requieſcant in pace?* Does it appear to thee juſt that in a matter of ſuch importance I accommodate myſelf to ſo barbarous a doctrine? Thou may'ſt go about thy buſineſs, for I cannot ſerve thee.

I will

I will rather try my fortune, and ſee if I ſhall have the happineſs to ſucceed in this matter, as many renowned authors have in divers others; firmly perſuaded of the truth of that maxim of Horace,

——————Ridiculum acri
Fortiùs & meliùs magnas plerumque ſecat res.

That is, that Ridicule hath generally been found more available to the correction of vicious manners than grave argument and reproof. By this mean, ſays a ſenſible Academician of Paris, Moliere did more in France with his *Precieuſes Ridicules*, his *Tartuffe*, his *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, his *Ecole des Femmes & des Maris*, and his *Malade imaginaire*, than all the books which had been written, and the declamations which had been thundered againſt the moral, civil, and intellectual vices ſatirized in theſe witty comedies. All the troops of the greateſt and beſt modern philoſophers united againſt the ingenious and ſpecious dreams of Deſcartes did not make him loſe ſo much ground, as the moſt witty, ſenſible, and ingenious "Voy-"age to the World of Deſcartes," written in French by Father Gabriel Daniel, and very well tranſlated into Spaniſh. But what need of more than to obſerve, that, till Cervantes came forth with his admirable Don Quixote, the extravagant turn for romantic hiſtory and adventure flouriſhed in our own country in all its vigour, detrimentally cheating innumerable readers of both their time

and

and taſte for other books which might have inſtructed them, notwithſtanding ſome of the greateſt authorities had declaimed againſt this groſs and ſilly inclination till they were hoarſe? Why then may not I hope that "The Hiſtory of Friar "Gerund de Campazas" may be as fortunate as that of Don Quixote de la Mancha, eſpecially as the matter is of a higher kind, and the inconveniences we endeavour to remove, of ſo much greater weight and conſequence?

You ſee too, my good reader (now I begin to fondle you again and ſtroke your back) that this manner is approved by the anonymous author of a very recent little performance, printed in Utopia, but which ſteals about here privately, intitled, "Wiſdom and Folly in the Pulpits of Nunneries." Towards the end of the preface—which is almoſt as tireſome as this——the author talks of having heard that "A French biſhop, ſeeing the "little utility of a prohibition that had been laid "upon fifty or ſixty preachers who diſhonoured "the word of God in the pulpit, thought it ex-"pedient to try if the making ſuch preachers ri-"diculous would not be more ſucceſsful than the "employing ſevere authority. He compoſed a "ſermon they ſay, filled with conceits, of which "our firſt-rate preachers would have been happy "to be the authors. The text he took was, "*Si-"cut unguentum quod deſcendit a capite in barbam "barbam Aaron——like the precious ointment upon "the head which ran down unto the beard, even "Aaron's beard.*" On the very day after this ſermon

" ſermon appeared, the bookſeller had not a " copy left, and above forty re-impreſſions of it " found as quick diſpatch. But the beſt of it is, " that it has baniſhed conceits from the pulpit, " and if any ſhould be inadvertently admitted by an " orator, it is ſufficient to ſay, that he preached " in the taſte of *Sicut Unguentum*.——This ap- " pears to me the moſt prompt and efficacious re- " medy."

Your Reverence is exceedingly in the right of it, my Reverend Father (I am now talking to the author of this pamphlet, whom I know as well as I do my own fingers, and know too that he is as much a Spaniard as I am a Frenchman, notwithſtanding he is pleaſed to honour us with making himſelf our countryman, an honour for which we thank him, but of which we are not over and above greedy) I ſay, your Reverence is as right in this, as in the religious zeal with which you ſnatched your pen to correct us, as well in the two abſurd ſermons by Spaniſh authors, which you compare with two others, really good and ſolid, by a celebrated French author, as in the firſt part of your preface; for however it may be made up of common places and trivial reflections, yet they are very true and loſe nothing by having been handled before.

Would that your Reverence had been as right in the little mercy you ſhew to all Spaniards in general, and the particular ſeverity with which you treat the reſpectable body of the king's preachers,

preachers, ſingularizing amongſt them the preachers *del numero* * *!* 'Tis charming to ſee how your Reverence begins from page 26 to lay about you, on all our preachers, without difference or diſtinction, cut and thruſt, right and left, up and down, fall as it may. "'Tis an age," ſays your Reverence, "ſince we have had any preachers. Inſtead of "Preachers we have Bawlers, Ranters, Mountebanks, Parrots, and Madmen." This indeed is ſomething like! This is truly to be a valiant man, to attack courageouſly the Whole, and not to go about ſkirmiſhing with parties and detachments! Your little war may do well enough for crafty, defenſive, puſillanimous generals, but your Alexders of the quill engage the enemy face to face, and ſeek the thickeſt of the army. So then we find, to come to the point at once, that the *Barcias*, the *Caſtejones*, the *Bermudezas*, the *Gallos*, and a very long liſt of others, alive and hearty, which I could add, are *Bawlers*, and *Ranters*, and *Mountebanks*, and *Parrots*, and *Madmen*, and may go and learn ſome other trade, for in ſhort, "it is an age ſince we have had any preachers!"

"We are not to be ſurpriſed therefore" (proceeds your reverence in the 27th and 28th page of your diſcreet, civil, and charitable preface) "that amongſt us there are no preachers who "make converſions, for there are none who form

* Thoſe who are appointed before the number is filled up are *del numero*, the others extra-numerary.

" the deſign of making them; and they might " themſelves well wonder if they ſhould ſee any " one converted, as they never thought of at- " tempting it." We might finiſh with this; and long live your Reverence for opening our eyes, which we have hitherto kept moſt miſerably ſhut, or at leaſt covered with cataracts! We were thinking that in this age, and in our own times, the indefatigable *Garceſes*, the moſt auſtere and zealous *Hernandeces* (Dominicans), the apoſtolic *Dutaris* and *Calatayudes* (Jeſuits), the moſt illuſtrious *Goiris*, and the Signiors *Aldaos*, *Gonzaleces*, and *Michelenas* (of the ſecular clergy) had made and were making many and moſt wonderful converſions. We imagined that this was the ſole deſign they formed in the continual apoſtolic excurſions with which they unweariedly traverſe, ſome the whole kingdom of Spain; and others, determinate kingdoms and provinces of the monarchy. We thought that in this they were imitated by other miſſionaries innumerable, if not of ſo great name, yet not of inferior zeal and ſpirit, who are almoſt perpetually viſiting and ſanctifying one part or other of our peninſula. At leaſt we had the comfort of thinking that the vaſt number of Evangelical preachers who in time of Lent declare bloody war againſt vice and ignorance, ſeeking to attack them in their very trenches, formed no other deſign than the converſion of ſouls; and that ſo far from wondering themſelves if any ſhould be converted, that they would have much more cauſe to wonder if many were not converted, for tho', to our misfortune, there may be ſome, or perhaps many amongſt theſe latter,

who

who either do not propoſe to themſelves this end, or are unſkilful in the means to effect it, yet it cannot be denied but that the greater part can neither have any other deſign nor avail themſelves of fitter means to accompliſh it, conſidering the genius of the nation and the circumſtances of their auditory. This is what we poor creatures were fancying; but, thanks to your Reverence who has delivered us from the illuſion. Neither the firſt, nor the ſecond, nor the third, 'ever formed that 'deſign or thought of attempting it, becauſe 'amongſt us there are no preachers who make 'converſions, or think of making them!' Tell me now ingenuouſly what medallion of the Emperor Caracalla had your Reverence in contemplation when you ſtamped ſo ſcandalous and injurious a poſition on our whole nation? But, what is very pleaſant, and perhaps without example, is, that not only the thought, but the phraſeology, and almoſt the whole preface is pilfered from a book written in the native language of the author, entitled, "The true Method of Preaching according to the Spirit of the Goſpel;" and to make this gallant exploit credible, behold a ſample for proof: "It ought not to cauſe ſurprize, therefore, that there are ſo few preachers who make converſions, there being ſo few who form to themſelves ſuch an important deſign; there are rather many who might juſtly wonder if they ſaw any converted by their ſermons, ſince they never thought of any ſuch thing." Literally tranſcribed from the tranſlation publiſhed in Madrid, in

1724. But the moſt curious part of the knavery is to come; for though there are many paſſages which ſpeak clearly of the French alone, as, from its author being a Frenchman, the above-quoted ſentence and the whole work is confeſſedly addreſſed to them, yet his Reverence, with a truly edifying candour, inverts it into an invective againſt our preachers, and an apology for his own. Can there be more bravery---or rather a baſer and more impudent piece of plagiariſm!

But preſently we ſee, in page 31, your Reverence ſoftens your tone, when you tacitly confeſs that ſome of our miſſionaries preach with this deſign, but err miſerably in the means they employ, and ſtill more miſerably deceive themſelves in the ſigns by which they judge of the effect of their miſſions. "They are afterwards much ſatisfied "with their fervour," ſays your Reverence, "be-"cauſe the people groaned and bawled with them, "and like them, in their acts of contrition; be-"cauſe an old woman was frightened, a pregnant "one miſcarried, a girl fainted away, and two or "three thouſand people communicated. But do "they obſerve that of theſe not two are converted "to newneſs of life? Why? Becauſe the heart, "rather terrified than perſuaded by their noiſe, "flies to the tribunal of repentance without any "ſettled purpoſe --and hardening itſelf ſtill more "and more in ſin, for want of ſuch purpoſe, they "depart ſtill farther and farther from true con-"verſion; which is juſt what the devil wiſhes;

"ſince

" ſince from theſe miſſions he draws innumerable " ſacrileges, and renews his hold upon miſerable " ſinners, who go from theſe howlings without " any inward penitence of ſoul."

My moſt reverend Father, I do not know that there is any miſſionary of conſideration in Spain, or preacher of good ſenſe, who is not perſuaded that neither the groans of the audience, nor the fright of the old woman, nor the miſcarriage of the pregnant one (ſuch examples have not been wanting), nor the fainting of the girl, nor the communion of three thouſand people, nor even of thirty thouſand, which has been ſeen more than once, are infallible ſigns of true converſion. They are well aware that they are equivocal ſigns; yet, after all, they are ſigns, if not of converſion, yet that the people are moved by what they hear. Motion is not far diſtant from commotion, according to that ſentence of ſcripture, *Ubi ſpiritus, ibi commotio.* And indeed St. John Chryſoſtom was well pleaſed with theſe exterior demonſtrations in his people of Antioch, when they wept if the Saint wept, groaned if the Saint groaned, and melted into tenderneſs if the Saint melted. Scarce will your Reverence read any homily of this moſt eloquent father in which you meet not with expreſſions of the comfort and holy complacency which this gave him. " At the ſer- " mons of St. Vincente Ferrer," ſays the hiſtorian of his life, " the audience was all tears, groans, " exclamations, faintings, and ſtrange ſymptoms."

And if your Reverence will exclude him from being a Spaniard, hear what the father Croiſet, who you know was not one, ſays, in his life of the ſame ſaint, as we read for the 5th of April in his celebrated "Chriſtian Year."

"He preached with ſo much zeal and power "that he filled even the moſt inſenſible hearts "with terror. Preaching at Tholouſe" (your Reverence will obſerve that this was not at Labajos, nor any other town in Spain) "upon the day "of judgment, all the audience began to be af-"fected with ſuch a trembling, as if they had "been ſeized by a violent ague fit. Frequently "was he interrupted by the cries and wailings of "his hearers, with whoſe tears the Saint, obliged "to be ſilent for a conſiderable ſpace, mixed his "own. On many occaſions, preaching in the "public ſquares or in the open field, various per-"ſons were ſeen to be ſtruck ſpeechleſs and im-"moveable, as if they had been ſtatues." And now let your Reverence tell me, do you really think that the Saint did not eſteem, as happy ſigns, theſe exterior demonſtrations and involuntary irruptions from the interior commotion of the heart?

O Lord! That in the miſſions *innumerable ſacrileges* ſhould be committed! But let this *innumerable* paſs, though it is difficult to ſwallow. Does your Reverence think that few are committed at the time of confeſſion and paſqual communion, which every Catholic is obliged to obſerve under pain

pain of excommunication, and ſomething more? Does your Reverence believe truly that many are not committed at the time of the moſt celebrated jubilees? And would it be well that thoſe zealous paſtors ſhould upon this account be deprived of what is their true joy, who rejoice ſo much in the Lord when they ſee all their pariſhioners comply with the rights of the church? Is it well, that your Reverence ſhould laugh at that ſpiritual comfort which every man, but of ordinary zeal and love for religion, feels, when he ſees an innumerable multitude of confeſſions and communions in fulleſt jubilee? Is it well that your Reverence ſhould aſſert ſo roundly that "this is juſt what "the devil wiſhes," that all confeſs and communicate as well in obedience to the Church at Eaſter as in the great jubilees? Good Father What's-his-name, another time let your Reverence proceed with a little more caution in propoſitions ſo general and ſo odious, weighing more leiſurely the arguments by which you pretend to prove them; and believe me, that, becauſe I am in haſte, and out of pure pity, I do not detain myſelf in examining other clauſes of this curious paragraph in which I ſpy foul groſſneſſes that would never paſs the ſieve.

But your Reverence cannot expect that I can in conſcience connive at the heap of moſt injurious and general propoſitions which follow. Page 28. "A doating old woman likewiſe can talk, a mad-"man can talk, and a parrot can talk. But are "theſe preachers? Yes, ſuch PREACHERS as

" OURS, who are only idle talkers and nothing " more." Page 32. " Then I ſay that OUR PANE- " GYRICAL PREACHERS know not how to, nor " cannot, preach, upon St. Joſeph, St. Benedict, " St. Bernard, &c. without ſpeaking hereſy." Page 34. " Can there be a more unallowable, or " more common liberty, than that which OUR " PREACHERS take, in always making the ſaints " whom they celebrate ſuperior to all thoſe of " both the Old and New Teſtament?" Page 43. " OUR PREACHERS draw together, as Paul for- " merly in the ſquares of Athens, an idle audi- " ence, who propoſe to themſelves no other end " than to hear ſome new thing." Page 53. " Amongſt a great number of Spaniſh books in a " library in Holland were ſome ſelect ſermons of " OUR GREAT PREACHERS, with a title on " the back of each volume, which ſaid in golden " letters, ARGUMENTATIVE ELOQUENCE OF " THE SAVAGES OF EUROPE."

Enough, enough; Will patience bear more, than that OUR PREACHERS are madmen, parrots, talkers, and nothing elſe! That OUR PREACHERS cannot celebrate the ſaints without ſpeaking hereſy! That OUR PREACHERS are mountebanks, who draw together an idle audience, as Paul formerly in the ſquares of Athens! Poor apoſtle! What honour is done thee! That OUR GREAT PREACHERS are the ſavages of Europe! And that we may buy this curious performance, printed notices are diſpatched every where by the poſt, from the place where it was privately

privately printed, to let us know where we may be treated for our money with this delicate fare. And are there Spaniards who have been eager to buy this charming flattery! And can the author of it, who ſo honours us, be now eating the bread of Spain.---As the great Brucen de la Martiniere, who in his Geographical Dictionary ſpeaks of us with ſo much negligence, ignorance, and diſeſteem, that it is plain he was paid for it by our enemies!

My choler was riſing, but I have thrown a cold ſtone upon it; for theſe affairs are beſt managed with patience. Well then, my Reverend Father, it cannot be denied but that there are amongſt our preachers ſome, that there are many, who are all that your Reverence ſays, and even more, if it were poſſible. But are ALL our preachers ſo? For this is implied in ſo general a propoſition. And do our preachers ALONE deſerve this character? For this your Reverence ſuggeſts in page 40, when you propoſe for our example, "our "neighbours the French preachers, who like "faithful dogs bark at the wolves, and keep them "from their flocks, and conſtantly wage lively "war againſt vice, &c." and afterwards your Reverence begins to relate by way of oppoſition what happens "here in Spain---the preachers, "ſilent againſt vice, ſuffer it to take root, to "ſpread, and multiply."

God defend me! How weak your Reverence's memory muſt be! Since you ſeem never to have done with telling that little ſtory (and with en-

chanting grace) of the French biſhop who ſilenced *fifty or ſixty preachers*, and ſeeing it had no effect, printed that burleſque ſermon, which was reprinted above forty times, upon the text of *Sicut Unguentum*, which, to read the wit with which your Reverence relates it, makes us be-ſlaver our own beards, pray, were theſe fifty or ſixty preachers, *our neighbours*, (of one dioceſe, as muſt neceſſarily be ſuppoſed that they might be ſubject to the juriſdiction of this Signior biſhop) the faithful dogs who barked at the wolves and kept them from their flocks? And are not theſe alſo to be numbered amongſt the ſavages of Europe? Let your Reverence calculate then at the rate of no more than fifty or ſixty preachers of the beard of Aaron to each of the 106 biſhoprics, contained in the kingdom of France, and allow but 100 more, of the ſame ſtuff, to each of the 18 archbiſhoprics in thoſe dominions, and you will find a body of near 8000 *ſavages our neighbours*---no bad ſupply for reinforcing the army of *The Savages of Europe*. But what do I talk of reinforcing? It will be well if the auxiliaries do not exceed the principals.

My reverend Father, do not let us miſtake. Not one of the vices which your Reverence notes in *our preachers*, are unnoted in *our neighbours* by the archbiſhop of Cambray and the Fathers Cauſino and Giſbert, in the works which they wrote to correct the abuſes of the pulpit, in their own countrymen alone, for they did not interfere with others, particularly the firſt and laſt. If it were worth while it would be eaſy for me to demonſtrate

ſtrate it *ad oculum.* But I am tired with being detained ſo long in your Preface, which has quite ſickened me. And ſhould *I* be well received in France, if, feigning myſelf a Frenchman, and availing myſelf of what the French themſelves declaim againſt their bad preachers, I ſhould ſpread abroad a pamphlet, or it may be called a libel, which, ſtriking at once at the root of all decency and common ſenſe, ſhould proclaim that, "OUR "PREACHERS are bawlers: OUR PREACHERS "are mountebanks: OUR PREACHERS are par-"rots: OUR PREACHERS are madmen: OUR "PREACHERS make no converſions: OUR "PREACHERS form no ſuch deſign:" and in ſhort, that "OUR PREACHERS are the Savages "of Europe!"

If I ſhould publiſh a book filled with ſuch ſtuff in France, taking by my own authority the right of naturalization would not all the parliaments ſhower more decrees of fire againſt this book, and of apprehenſion againſt its author, than were ſhowered ſome years ago againſt the pariſh miniſters for a buſineſs which your Reverence wots of*? Would they not all, men, women, and children, pluck me by the beard, with juſtice, and exclaim, *le Coquin! le Faquin! le Maraud!* To do *ſi criante* an injuſtice to all the great preachers which France

* The demanding always a certificate of their pariſhioners having performed the duty of confeſſion before they would admit them to the communion.—A piece of Janſeniſtical rigour not requiſite in the Gallican church.

France has produced, and is continually producing, only becauſe the pulpit is diſhonoured by a handful of fools and blockheads! Would they not hit me in the teeth with the *Bourdaloues*, with the *Colombieres*, with the *Fleuris*, with the *Flechiers*, with the *Segauts*, with the *Maſillons*, with the *Bretoneaus*, and an immenſe catalogue of truly apoſtolic orators, and zealous, eloquent, rapid, evangelical, ſolid, ſublime, and original models? Would they not recriminate alſo that the nation was not in need of a ſuppoſititious Frenchman to come and ſet himſelf about correcting the defects of their countrymen, ſince it had true legitimate ſons who might take the charge upon them with much more grace and much more judgment? Good Father, we are in the ſame caſe, and I beſeech your Reverence to excuſe me the application.

As I am a Chriſtian I would now wiſh to have done with it; for I find myſelf getting into a heat, and that is bad for the digeſtion. But yet I could not anſwer it to myſelf not to ſay one little word upon a certain digreſſion, the moſt impertinent in the world for the deſign, which your Reverence makes in page 50. " And, nevertheleſs, preach-
" ing thus, have many of them come to a mitre!
" As if mitres were made for heads ſtuck in a
" cowl! Shall we continue to let ſtrangers believe
" that this happens through any fault of ours?
" As they are not accuſtomed to ſee Friars made
" biſhops except in Spain, when they read in the
" gazettes that the king of Spain has given a
" biſhoprick to a Friar, they think that for want
" of epiſcopal eccleſiaſtics the king finds himſelf
" obliged

" obliged to confer it on a friar, ſince there are " none who can, or who deſerve to be made bi- " ſhops amongſt the graduates or ſecular clergy."

O let them ſet me this paragraph with precious ſtones of but two to the hundred weight, whilſt I blow my noſe, for I feel a defluxion, and the affair requires it! Look ye, Father, no one can ſpeak with more impartiality than I upon this ſubject; for your Reverence is to know that I am a poor graduate, I have not my head ſtuck in a cowl, and I cannot be a biſhop. What miniſter of St. Peter de Villagarcia had ever a mitre---I will not ſay ſet upon his head, but even in his fancy? The moſt we have had here has been a doctor of the little univerſity of Siguenza, or ſome ſuch thing, who has come to be a commiſſary of the holy office; and a veſtry was called to give him a *Vitor** painted in red ochre, a deſign which was abandoned becauſe the income of the pariſh could not pay the expence. As to me I was graduated in the famous univerſity of Valladolid, and am a phenomenon amongſt them. When they hear me ſay I was a competitor for the *cathedras* or profeſſorſhips (if at any time I ſay it) the good people croſs themſelves, and not a few of them

* A large piece of paper inſcribed with capital letters, or a canvaſs on which the letters are painted, containing a ſhort eulogy of ſome perſon, with his name, for ſome famous merit, and hung out to public view; ſometimes written on the Church-walls, with red ochre; and always beginning with this word VITOR—Conqueror! Hero! From the Latin VICTOR—as an interjection. Hence too a verb is formed, VITOREAR, to celebrate, to extol, to huzza.

them aſk if cathedras are things to eat. Let your Reverence judge if in this ſituation and with ſuch a title my ideas muſt not be humble, and if I can think of a mitre! With a little prebend of ſeven or eight hundred † ducats a year, I would not change conditions with a patriarch; and tell the king and his father confeſſor ſo from me: for whatever they two may think, the thing is done, ſince, as to my part, I aſſure you, the acceptance is already anticipated.

This being premiſed, tell me what your Reverence was thinking of when you had the hardineſs to write the firſt clauſe of this pleaſant paragraph, "And nevertheleſs, preaching thus, have many "of them come to a mitre!" That is, the mitre has been attained by various "Bawlers, Ranters, "Mounters, Mountebanks, Parrots, Madmen, "Preachers of Hereſy, Savages of Europe," for it is theſe who *preach thus*. Theſe have been recommended by the Chamber of Caſtile to be biſhops, confirmed by the council of nobles and father confeſſors, and nominated by the king to the mitre! Let your Reverence draw the conſequences which reſult from this, for I am ſomewhat in haſte, and my attention is called to the clauſe which follows: "as if mitres were made for heads ſtuck in "cowl!" Is it ſo? That mitres are not for heads ſtuck in cowls, nor heads ſtuck in cowls for mitres? Then ſtill leſs will they be for the Red Hat, and ſtill much leſs for the Tiara. And has your Reverence counted well the heads which from the cowl have attained to the hat, and after the hat have

† About an hundred pounds ſterling.

have been covered with the Tiara, without taking the many others into the account which have had the Tiara clapped on almoſt immediately upon the cowl? Has your Reverence read any thing of Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory? I fear you have only heard that there is a thing in the world ſo called; for if you had but once ſaluted it, you would know that for almoſt two hundred years (others ſay three hundred) the Tiara ſcarcely departed from the Benedictine cowl of the celebrated Monte Caſino. But what cowls were thoſe! But what Tiaras!

And the mitres of France, were they never made for heads ſtuck in a cowl! Poor intruder in Spain! how little does he know his own hiſtory? Is your Reverence ignorant then, that for more than three ages there was ſcarcely a biſhop in France who was not taken from the cowls hid in the celebrated monaſteries of Lerins, Pontigni, Tours, Fuente-Jean, Chalis, Mont-martre, Iſlabarba, Brou, and innumerable others, as well Benedictines as Ciſtertians, not to reckon Cluni or Ciſter, which in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were called *Les Pepiniers des Evêques*---the Nurſeries for Biſhops? Did you never read in your hiſtory that in the twelfth century it was as it were a ſettled thing, that in the council of the Clergy and People the Abbots of Ciſter, whoſe order then flouriſhed with the greateſt rigour of moſt exact obſervance, were to be propoſed for the vacant biſhoprics? Have you not met in it with the difficulty the clergy and citizens of Bourges were under at the death of their archbiſhop Sully, becauſe "there then flouriſhed in the Ciſtercian

" tercian order ſo many illuſtrious members that " the very multitude embarraſſed them in their " choice?" Theſe are the words of the hiſtory, and imply a neceſſity that the election ſhould fall upon one of that order. Tell me, thou Spaniſh Neophyte, were the Martines, the Guillermos, the Luvines, the Eucherios and an innumerable number of French biſhops I could name, canonized and not canonized, heads ſtuck in univerſity-caps or in cowls?

Your reverence ſays, that " as ſtrangers are " not accuſtomed to ſee friars made biſhops ex- " cept in Spain, when they read in the gazettes " that the king of Spain has given a biſhopric to " a friar, they think that for want of epiſcopal " eccleſiaſtics the king finds himſelf obliged to " confer it on a friar, ſince there are none who " can, or who deſerve to be made biſhops amongſt " the graduates or ſecular clergy." What! Are not ſtrangers accuſtomed to ſee friars made biſhops except in Spain? Are there no friars made biſhops in Italy? Are there none in Germany? Give it up, Father, for the love of God. Before your Reverence had publiſhed this propoſition would it not have been better and more eaſy to have ſettled the point with yourſelf, whether or no there were at this time in Germany or in Italy friars habited in biſhops' robes, than to waſte your natural heat in enquiring if two or three thouſand years ago the children of the pagans were habited as little gods and goddeſſes out of devotion, in like manner as the children of Chriſtians are at preſent out of devotion habited as little nuns or friars? A curious

rious piece of intelligence, which we owe to the indefatigable laboriouſneſs of your Reverence, but of which we were not in ſo much want (if any) as your Reverence was of knowing that ſtrangers are much accuſtomed to ſee friars habited as biſhops, and biſhops habited as friars, in other places as well as Spain.

But to cut the matter ſhort, let us go at once to the root of it. It is certain then, my good father, that in the firſt age of the inſtitution or foundation of Friars, the heads ſtuck in cowls (if there were cowls for the heads of thoſe firſt friars to be ſtuck in) were not only not made for mitres, nor yet even for the clerical crowns, or circle of hair, becauſe thoſe primitive monks, by a general rule, neither received nor wiſhed to receive holy orders. They were all as much lay perſons as the mothers who bore them, except here and there one, who after having been in orders retired to the monkiſh life. This was not owing to a want of men amongſt them as eminent for wiſdom and learning as for virtue, but becauſe their profound humility withheld them from that high ſtate. If your Reverence would be thoroughly inſtructed in this matter you have but to read Father Mabillon. Thus it was in the firſt age of the monkiſh inſtitution and profeſſion.

But afterwards, when about the year 390, Pope Siricius attentively conſidered the great good of which the church was deprived, and the great advantages it might derive from the promotion of grave, circumſpect, exemplary, and wiſe monks,

not

not only to all the orders but to all the offices and benefices of the church, after he reflected that there was no reaſon why the particular good, which humility ſuggeſted in this kind of life, ſhould prevail over the common good, and finally, after that in conſequence of theſe conſiderations, in the letter which he wrote to Himerio, biſhop of Tarragon, he tells him that he may not only ordain, but advance to all eccleſiaſtical offices thoſe monks who excelled in gravity, doctrine, purity of faith and holineſs, "*Monachos quoque, quos tamen morum "gravitas & vitæ ac fidei inſtitutio ſancta commen-"dat, clericorum officiis aggregari,*" it is pleaſant to ſee with what buſy zeal the Biſhops, the People, the Emperors, and even the Popes diſturbed, ſo to ſpeak, the holy quiet of monaſteries and deſerts, and drew from them the exſtatic Cenobites to be placed in the higheſt dignities, thinking it juſt, that thoſe who had firſt ſanctified ſolitudes and cloiſters ſhould afterwards ſanctify the public and the world. From that time, and for many ages after, ſcarce were there any other than monks ſeen in the firſt ſeats of the univerſal church, as well in the Eaſt as in the Weſt. Your Reverence ſees now *if mitres were made for heads ſtuck in a cowl.*

To conclude, I beſeech your Reverence in all ſubmiſſion that another time you meddle not with what you do not underſtand; that you ſhew more juſtice (ſince you are not diſpoſed to ſhew favour) to the Spaniſh nation; that when you intend to correct abuſes, you ſpeak with leſs univerſality; that you

treat

treat with more reſpect the reſolutions of the king, and the counſel of his prudent confeſſors and wiſe miniſters, and, laſtly that you would not forget this little Spaniſh proverb, "He that has glaſs "windows in his houſe ſhould not throw ſtones "at thoſe of his neighbour.

But that your Reverence may know that I proceed with candour, and do not cenſure for the ſake of cenſuring, I will tell you ingenuouſly, that had you been contented with the firſt part of your coat of mail Preface *, and, contracted the ſecond a little, without meddling with the delicate affair of the biſhops (infringing on antient eccleſiaſtical hiſtory;) without beſpattering all the king's preachers and particularly thoſe *del numero*, and with having made the compariſon of the two ſermons, French and Spaniſh, though with the parentheſes and gloſſes in bald Spaniſh, which you add to the latter, we ſhould not have quarrelled. I would have given up to your Reverence the two ſermons with their two preachers, and even had they been two thouſand ſuch, rather than we ſhould have drawn our ſwords. For indeed your Reverence has much reaſon in what you ſay of thoſe two ſermons and all others like them; I perfectly agree with you in this: and in the ſame cauſe do I now brandiſh my pen in this writing, with an endeavour to baniſh them, not only from Spain, but from

* In the ſenſe in which the author has ſtiled his own Preface, a Preface *with an Helmet*, i. e. a defence againſt unjuſt cenſure upon the intention of the work.

from the world, ſince all over the world there are crazy fellows with the name of Preachers. If *the ointment of Aaron's beard* cured in France ſo many diſordered preachers, as your Reverence ſays, I am not without hopes that the *tallow* of the underſtanding of my Friar Gerund may work equal miracles in Spain. At leaſt I ſhall have great comfort, if after hearing ſuch a ſermon, as there are too many of, in the preſent day, the audience ſhould cry, "Bravo, Friar Gerund! "Father Gerund has done wonderfully to-day. "The Signior Don Gerund himſelf could not "have done more."

In order to this, my good reader, (bleſs me, what a while it is ſince we talked together! I beg your pardon, but this fellow in diſguiſe hindered me in my way, and I was obliged to diſpute the point with him) in order to this, my good reader, I found it indiſpenſably neceſſary to quote many texts of Holy Scriptures, as they are quoted by the Friar Gerunds, to apply them, as they apply them, and to ſeem to underſtand them as they underſtand them. But what! Do not ſuppoſe, not even jocularly ſuppoſe, that I quote, apply or underſtand them ſeriouſly as they underſtand them: I have preſent to my mind as well the heavy decree of the council of Trent, as the Bulls of Pius V. Gregory XIII. Clement VIII. and Alexander VII. againſt this ſacrilegious profanation. I proteſt that I would ſooner burn a thouſand Friar Gerunds, than act in oppoſition, in the ſlighteſt manner, to ſo ſacred as well as ſevere a prohibition. But it was

not

not poſſible to ridicule the preachers who ſo miſerably and cenſurably infringe it without ridiculing the manner in which they handle the ſacred text, and conſequently without quoting it. Therefore, whenever you meet with any part of holy Scripture ridiculouſly underſtood, and ſlovenly applied, think it done with a deſign to laugh at, correct, and confound theſe preachers, and, of courſe, that this impiety is to be laid to their account and not mine. Be ſure to obſerve this, as it is of great importance; ſince, though in truth I am no more than a poor prieſt, as we ſay, of the maſs and the pot *---and that a very lean one---I have ſome fear of God before my eyes, I profeſs myſelf ſubjected and obedient to the laws of the church, and, to cloſe all, have a ſoul in my body which I love as much as his can be loved even by a Patriarch.

" But if thou art no more than what thou ſayeſt (this is your laſt reply) what put it in thy head to meddle with other people's matters, and ſuch matters as theſe! Is there a great want in Spain of moſt learned, moſt zealous, moſt erudite, and moſt maturely wiſe men, who might take upon them a charge of ſo much gravity and importance? Whence art thou on a ſudden enriched with the ſtock of literature, judgment, criticiſm, knowledge, and wit, neceſſary for ſo arduous an undertaking? To ſay nothing of the authority, titles,

* A ſecular prieſt living in a houſe of his own: the regular all living in convents and monaſteries and eating in common.

titles, ſame and credit which are requiſite? A chaplain of St. Louis, a miniſter of St. Peter de Villagarcia, a Lobòn, ſtuck up for a reformer of the Spaniſh pulpit! A Lobòn! Gracious Heaven! A Lobòn! We of his acquaintance know who he was! A Lobòn, who in three or four ſermons which he preached---and ſome of them on *the rhumb*---left far behind him all the paſt, preſent, future, and poſſible Friar Gerunds! And this fellow would inſtruct us! This fellow would reform us! This fellow ſhall take upon him to laugh at his betters! O Times! O Manners.

Yet, even ſo my good friend and reader; however it diſpleaſe you, it is even ſo. Yes, this very Lobòn, who was all that you ſay, and all that you have a mind to ſay, and more too, if you are not contented, is he who will venture upon ſuch an undertaking as this. To convert the world was a much greater, and for that, God did not avail himſelf of univerſity-profeſſors, but of a handful of poor fiſhermen: for, after all, my friend, the ſpirit of the Lord bloweth where, when, and on whom it liſteth. That it would have been done much better by almoſt any one than by me, I cannot deny; but as I hear multitudes bewail, and no one ſet about to cure this corruption, great men excuſing themſelves with this, that, and the other reaſon, I, who do not torment myſelf to be greater, and who cannot be leſs, ſpat in my hands, gave them a rub, and ſet them to the work with all that little ſtock with which

which the Lord hath bleſſed me. If I have in any wiſe hit the happy mean, his be the glory; if I have altogether miſſed it, give me credit for the good intention. And with this, farewel; for faith, I am tired with ſo long a colloquy.

17 JY 60

THE HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS PREACHER FRIAR GERUND.

BOOK I.

CHAP I.

The birth, parentage, and firſt education of Friar Gerund.

CAMPAZAS is a place of which Ptolomy has made no mention in his Geography; probably becauſe he had no knowledge of it, owing to its having been founded twelve hundred years after the death of this illuſtrious geographer, as appears by an ancient inſtrument preſerved in the famous archives of Cotanes. It is ſituated in

the province of Campos, between the weſt and the north, looking directly towards the eaſt from that part which is oppoſite to the ſouth *. Campazas certainly is not one of the moſt celebrated or moſt populous towns of Old Caſtile, but it might be ſo; and it is not its own fault that it is not as large as Madrid, Paris, London, or Conſtantinople; it having been clearly proved that it might have been extended ten or a dozen leagues towards any of the four quarters, without any impediment whatever. And if its moſt renowned founders (whoſe names are not known) inſtead of contenting themſelves with raiſing in it twenty or thirty cottages, which by a miſnomer they call houſes, had been able, and been willing, to build two hundred thouſand ſumptuous palaces with their domes and turrets, with ſquares, fountains, obeliſks, and other public edifices, without doubt it might have been at this day the greateſt city in the world. I know very well that a certain modern critic ſays this could not have been, becauſe at a league's diſtance runs the river we call Rio Grande, by which the town in this place muſt neceſſarily have been ſevered. But—though it was an eaſy thing to have ſucked up all the water of the river with ſpunges, as a French traveller informs us is cuſtomary in Indoſtan and at Grand Cairo; or at leaſt to have drawn off by a pneumatic engine all the air and foreign particles which mingle with the water, and then there ſcarcely would have remained enough to fill a vinegar crewet, as is frequently experienced by the modern philoſophers in the Rhine and Rhone—but what inconvenience would it

* Which, no doubt, will be as clear to the reader as the author intended it ſhould.

it have been that the Rio Grande ſhould have run through the city of Campazas, cutting it in two? Does not the Thames do ſo with London, the Molda with Prague, the Spree with Berlin, the Elbe with Dreſden, and the Tiber with Rome, without theſe cities loſing any thing upon that account? But in ſhort the illuſtrious founders of Campazas did not chuſe to trouble their heads with theſe matters, and were contented, for reaſons which might be well known to themſelves, with raiſing on that ſpot ſuch a thing as about thirty cottages (according to the moſt approved opinion) with their pyramidal roofs and coverings of ſtraw, which make one of the moſt delicious points of view imaginable.

Concerning the etymology of Campazas there are very different accounts in authors. Some will have it that it was anciently called *Campazos*, to denote the large fields with which it is ſurrounded, which probably gave the name to the whole province of Campos, whoſe weſtern point commences in that part; and this opinion is ſupported by Anthony Shearero, Blas Garlicketo, Domingo Sheepfoldos, and Paſqual Oniono, diligent inveſtigators of the things of this province. Others inſiſt that it was called, and ought at preſent to be called *Capazas*, from having given riſe to the uſe of the long *capas* or cloaks, which, till late in this century, were worn inſtead of the mantelets, by the women of Campos, otherwiſe called *the aunts*; drawing the hood, cut in a ſquare form, over their heads, and wearing fringes half way up their outer petticoat, which was the great bravery on the day of Corpus * and

* The day of Corpus, or the day of God, is the day on which the inſtitution of the moſt holy ſacra-

ment

St. Roque, or when *the uncle* of the houſe ſerved any majordomoſhip. To this opinion adhere Ceſar Cloutycloakon, Hugo Capet, Daniel Cover-all, nor is it materially diſſented from by Julio Caponi. But however as this affair of etymology is in general an erudition ad libitum, and as in the well founded etymologies of St. Iſidore no mention is made of that of Campazas, we ſhall leave the curious reader to follow the opinion he moſt approves, ſince the truth of hiſtory will not permit us, the writers of it, to take part in what is undetermined and uncertain.

In Campazas then, for ſo will we call it, conforming to the cuſtom of the beſt hiſtorians, who with regard to places, after having laborioufly pointed out the ancient, make uſe of the modern name—in Campazas lived, about the middle of the laſt century, a farmer, who was called the Rich Man *, or 'ſquire of the pariſh, becauſe he had two yoke of labouring oxen, a pyed mare, two carts, a long-legged dapple colt, (but mettleſome and nimble) to carry him to market, a flock of ſheep, half breeding and half barren, and his houſe was diſtinguiſhed from all the reſt in being the only one which had a covering of tiles.

One

ment is celebrated; the day of St. Roque, that of the birth or martyrdom of a ſaint of this name, who is highly venerated by the Spaniards, or at leaſt whoſe feſtival is highly honoured by them. Theſe are perhaps the two greateſt days in all the year. The majordomos are anſwerable to our ſtewards of feaſts.

* *Rico hombre*, formerly a title of high dignity and honour, equivalent to the preſent duke or grandee; *eſquire*, therefore, is the leaſt title we could give him. If the reader thinks that the *Rico* ſhould be continued to him he may ſubſtitute it for 'ſquire.

One approached it by a large court-yard, flanked with piazzas, in the language of that country called ox-ſtalls, outhouſes, &c. covered with thatch; and over the door of the houſe projected a coveing in the form of an upper eye-lid when it hangs horizontally, well white-waſhed on the inſide, and being ſtreaked at diſtances with red ochre; it looked like the ſkirt of a diſciplinant on Maundy-Thurſday. The entry, or paſſage, was beautified in the ſame manner, except the daſhes of ochre; and every Saturday care was taken that its face was waſhed with a freſh coſmetic. Immediately within the entry, on the left hand, in that part of the wall which faced the door when it ſtond open, was a ſide-board, which the natives call a ſhelf, whereon directly preſented itſelf to thoſe who were about to enter, the whole treaſure of the family; a dozen plates, as many porringers, three large diſhes, all of the beſt earthen ware, and in the middle two glaſs decanters with feet, a circle of blue near the mouth, and their handles knobbed or dentellated like a cock's comb. On each ſide of the ſhelf was a jutting-out from the wall, ſolid to the ground, about a yard high and a foot over, the fronts and ſides ſmeared with ochre, and the ſurfaces whitened, on each of which were made four round ſhallow cavities for the reception of four earthen pitchers, thoſe on one ſide containing ſpring-water for drinking, and on the other river-water for the occaſions of the houſe.

On the right hand, a little farther on in the entry, was the door of the principal room or parlour, which was good twelve feet ſquare, with its alcove of ſeven and a half. The furniture of the parlour conſiſted of ſix pictures, moſt choice ones, from the famous St. James's ſtreet, (the Harp-

alley) of Valladolid, repreſenting a St. George, a St. Barbara, a St. James on horſeback, St. Roque, our Lady del Carmen, and St. Anthony the abbot with his little pig by his ſide; a table with its coarſe woollen cloath bordered with tufts and fringes, a poplar bench, two chairs, croſs-framed like a pair of open ſciſſars, ſuch as are uſed for ceremony in the old college of Salamanca; another which ſeemed to have been of cane, ſuch as are in preſent uſe, but it had a back only, for where the ſeat ſhould be, appeared only the frame; a large cheſt, and near it a lockleſs portmanteau-trunk, which once had hair upon it. Before the alcove was drawn a gauze curtain, laced with figured ferret of five farthings a yard, its valance filled up with ſcapularies * run with red ribbons, and St. Thereſas of clay, in their little urns or troughs of paſte-board covered with floſs ſilk; all which were diſtributed and appointed with much grace. For our 'ſquire of Campazas was a brother † of many religious

* Theſe ſcapularies are two little ſquare pieces of cloth or ſtuff, no bigger than an hand or leſs, connected by a ribbon, and worn round the neck, hanging before and behind, but out of ſight, by lay-people out of devotion to the order they are related to, with a badge of which they are ſometimes wrought.

The ſcapulary, which makes a part of various religious habits, is a breadth of cloth or ſtuff, hanging over every thing elſe from the neck to the feet, both before and behind, with an hole in the middle to put the head through.

† Theſe brothers are of great uſe to the religious orders, as will be ſeen in the ſequel, being generally very charitable and hoſpitable to them; and in return they are intitled to certain indulgences, of great conſequence, ſuch as eating fleſh on ſome faſt days, &c. which

religious ſocieties, whoſe letters of admiſſion he kept, not out of ſight, but ſtuck againſt the wall, ſome with wafers and others with chewed bread, in the ſpaces between theſe Harp-alley pictures; and when the reverend fathers, or other friars who had been confeſſors to nuns, were entertained in his houſe, ſome of them gave to the aunt Catanla (ſo was the ſquire's wife called) but more to her daughter Petrona, who was a plump girl of no bad appearance, theſe pious trifles in acknowledgment of their hoſpitality, recommending devotion to them, and ſetting forth the benefit of the indulgences granted to their reſpective ſocieties.

For my ſins had I like to have forgotten the moſt highly valued pieces of furniture in all the room. And theſe were the *Theſes*, printed upon crimſon taffety of a certain act which had been defended in the college of St. Gregory of Valladolid, by a brother of the ſquire, who having been the firſt member of the celebrated college of St.

which have been granted by the pope to the order; and likewiſe to the fruit of the prayers and penances of every friar belonging to it. Hence the whimſical proverbial ſaying, *yo ſoi el culo del fraile*, I am made a friar's a— of; ſaid by him on whom hardſhips are impoſed for the advantage of others. "It is an unworthy phraſe, (ſays the Madrid dictionary) though much uſed, being taken from the piety with which the religious undertake to do penance for the ſins of their neighbours."

Of ſuch people as this farmer of Campazas are the majordomos, juſt mentioned, generally made, elected yearly by this kind of lay-brethren of the order. A majordomo is the chief manager of a feſtival, appoints and pays the preacher, bears the expence of proceſſions, ſolemn maſs with muſic, dinner, &c.

The conventual lay-brother, which is a diſtinct kind, differs little from a domeſtic ſervant,

Froylan of Leon, which is related to many of the ſmaller colleges of Salamanca, was afterwards a penſioner * in that of St. Gregory; he came in time to be the gymnaſiarc or chief tutor, an important poſt, which he merited by his laborious ſtudy; he then obtained by his exerciſes of competition, the vicarage of *Ajos* and *Cebollas* in the biſhopric of Avila, and died in the flower of his age, having likewiſe paſſed the firſt trials for the rectory of *Verraco* †. In memory of this moſt learned man, the ornament of the family, were the ſaid theſes preſerved in a deal frame, blackened with printer's ink; and there was a tradition in the family, that having intended to dedicate them firſt to a biſhop, afterwards to a nobleman, and then to a judge, they all excuſed themſelves, becauſe they ſmelled an expectation of reward; upon which the deſpairing gymnaſiarc (my aunt Catanla always called him the *Hereſiarc*) dedicated them to the Holy Chriſt ¶ of Villaquexida, the expence being borne by an uncle of his, a commiſſary of the inquiſition.

His brother the 'ſquire of Campazas, who had been a ſtudent at Villagarcia, and had attained to the fourth claſs, or that in which the uſe and conſtruction of the parts of ſpeech are taught, knew by

* A boarder, one living at his own expence.

† *Ajos*, *Cebollas* and *Verraco*: there are places of theſe names in Spain; but the two firſt words ſignify likewiſe garlic and onions, and the laſt a boar-pig, which gives a ludicrous equivoque in the original.

¶ The number of Chriſts and our Ladies in the church of Rome is almoſt countleſs, and may be extended to infinity; as any one who has ability to endow a chapel, found a feſtival, or erect a ſtatue, may make one with what title he pleaſes.

by heart the dedication he had prepared for either of the three Mecenaſes, who would have accepted of it; for the gymnaſiarc had ſent it to him from Valladolid, aſſuring him that it was the performance of a young friar, one of thoſe who are called * collegiate fathers, who dealt in dedications, orations, arguments for the ſchools, &c. as he was one of the moſt furious and thundering Latiniſts that were ever known till then, and who had got much money, ſnuff, handkerchiefs, and chocolate in this kind of traffic; *for in ſhort* (ſaid the gymnaſiarc in his letter) *the Latin of this Friar is a very intoxication, and his ſonorous phraſes are a Babylon:* therefore ſcarce had the 'ſquire read the dedication, croſſing himſelf and aſtoniſhed at its elegance, but he reſolved to get it by heart, which he compaſſed at the end of three years, retiring every day behind the church which ſtood out of the village for the ſpace of four hours: and when he had perfectly learned it, he quite frightened the clergy of the neighbourhood who aſſembled at the feaſt of the patron ſaint, and likewiſe thoſe who went on the pilgrimage of Villaquexida, ſometimes pouring it all out, and other times ſprinkling the fare with it at the tables of the majordomos. And as the ſly rogue never let any one know whoſe performance it was, they all took it for his own, by which he paſſed amongſt all their reverences on this ſide the Rio Grande, and even amongſt all thoſe of the Deſert †, for the

* One of thoſe who has finiſhed his ſtudies of philoſophy and divinity, and is waiting for a vacancy of a maſter's chair to be a candidate for it.

† The Deſert, *Paramo:* though the ſtrict meaning of this word is deſert, it is not to be underſtood in its

moſt redoubted grammarian that Villagarcia had ever turned out: inſomuch that ſome went ſo far as to ſay he knew more Latin than Taranilla himſelf, that famous *Domine*, whoſe tempeſtuous and incomprehenſible Latin ſtunned all the region of Campos; witneſs that famous piece of it, with which he examined his ſcholars, beginning thus, *Palentiam mea ſi quis*, which ſome of them conſtrued, "If any one piſſes in Palencia;" but as this did not ſound well, and might give offence to the people of the place *, and as it was not probable that the Domine Taranilla, in every thing modeſt and circumſpect, and much given to poſterior application, ſhould ſpeak with indecorum of a city upon ſo many accounts reſpectable, other of his ſcholars conſtrued it in this manner; *ſi quis mea*, "my little one," *fuge* (underſtood) "flee," *Palentiam*, "from Palencia." On all theſe did the mercileſs Taranilla lay inceſſant whippings; becauſe the firſt loſt all reſpect to the city, and the ſecond he thought bantered him; beſides, that by either conſtruction he muſt be ſuppoſed capable of making Latin filled with ſoleciſms. Till at laſt, after having puzzled the whole ſchool, as no one gave into the recondite ſenſe of the emphatic clauſe, the domine, taking out his ſnuff-box, giving

its moſt rigorous ſenſe, but as ſignifying the moſt open and leaſt cultivated part of the province of Campos, that which lay on the other ſide the Rio Grande, or great river, from Campazas; for there are farms and even towns in this deſert, though not ſo numerous as in the other part of the province. However, *el Paramo* ſeems to be uſed by the author with an humourous idea, which would be loſt in tranſlating it by a term leſs ſtrong than the Deſert.

* There is a city of this name in Leon.

giving two taps upon the lid, offering the devoted grains intermittedly to his noſtrils, by which they were drawn in with the greateſt guſt, arching his eye-brows, hollowing his voice, and ſnuffling with much ſedate confidence, vouchſafed to conſtrue it in his own way—*mea*, " go," *ſi quis*, " if thou art able," *Palentiam*, " to Palencia." The boys were thunderſtruck, looking at each other with much aſtoniſhment at the profound knowledge of their domine; for though it is true, the thing rightly conſidered, that there were in his conſtruction almoſt as many abſurdities as words; as *meo* does not ſignify to go any how, but to go round about, meandering, nor *queo* to be able in any manner, but to be able with difficulty; yet the poor boys did not underſtand theſe niceties; nor indeed is the penetrating into the propriety of the various ſignifications which correſpond to verbs and nouns that appear ſynonimous and are not ſo, a buſineſs for beardleſs grammarians, nor even for their teachers.

Now as the clergy of the Deſert were not much initiated into theſe myſteries, they held Tarranilla for the Cicero of his age; and when they heard the ſquire of Campazas repeat the ſonorous dedication, they ſet him two cubits higher than Taranilla himſelf. And as the greateſt part of the hiſtorians who have written on the affairs of our Friar Gerund agree, that this ſame dedication had a great ſhare in the formation of his delicate and exquiſite taſte, it may not be beſide the purpoſe to give it place immediately; leſt in the courſe of this true hiſtory it may be forgotten thro' the heat of the narration.

CHAP II.

In which, without performing the promiſe of the firſt, other matters are handled.

THUS ran, then, the recondite, abſtruſe, and be-deviled dedication, the titles being omitted which the gymnaſiarc did not think proper to tranſcribe.

Haclenus me intra vurgam animi liteſcentis inipitum tua beretudo inſtar mihi luminis extimandea denormam redubiare compellet ſed antiſtar gerras meas anitas diributa & poſartitum naſonem quaſi agredula: quibuſdam lacunis, baburram ſtridorem averruncandas oblatero. Vos etiam, optimi viri, ne mihi in anginam veſtræ biſpiditatis arnanticataclum carmen irreptet. At rabiem meam magicopertit: cicureſque conſpicite ut alimones meas carnatoreis quam cenſianes extetis. Igitur conramo ſenſu meam returem quamvis vaſculum Pieridem aclutum de vobis lamponam comtulam ſpero. Adjuta namque cupedia preſumentis jam non exippitandum ſibi eſſe conjectat. Ergo benepedamus me hac pudori citimum collocari cenſete. Quam ſi hac non treperat extiterint nec fracebunt quæ ballucinari, vel ut vovinator adductus ſum voti vobis damiumuſque ad exodium vitulanti is cobacmentum. Quis enim meſonibium & non murgiſſonem fabula autumabit quam mentorem exfaballibit altibuans, unde favorem exfrebruate: fellibrem ut applaudam armonie tenſoro a me velut ambrone collectam adoreos veritatis inſtruptas.

This

This is the famous dedication which the gymnaſiarc of St. Gregory's, vicar of Ajos and Cebollas, and in election to the rectory of Verraco, ſent from Valladolid to his brother the 'ſquire of Campazas: which after having run through the moſt celebrated univerſities of Spain with the applauſe it merited, paſſed the Pyrenees and penetrated France, where it was received with ſo much eſtimation, that they preſerve in print a punctual, exact, and minute genealogical account of all the hands through which the M S. deſcended, with the very moles and marks of its poſſeſſors, till it fell into thoſe of the curſed enlarger of the *Menagiana*, who printed it in the firſt volume of the four which he ſpoiled with his moſt impertinent notes, ſcholia, and additions. It is ſaid then, by this ſcholiaſt of my ſins, that the firſt MS. copy that was known to arrive in France, was poſſeſſed by Jean Lacurna, a notable man and bailiff of Arnaidel-Duque; that it went afterwards to the learned Saumaiſe; and from him was inherited by his eldeſt ſon Claude Saumaiſe, who died at Beaune in the 34th year of his age on the 18th day of April, in the year 1661; that upon the death of Claude it was added to the library of Jean Baptiſte Lantin, a counſellor, who was joint legatee with another counſellor to the MSS. of Saumaiſe: and that Jean Baptiſte Lantin bequeathed it to his ſon the Sieur Lantin, counſellor at Dijon.

All this is very well; punctual, minute, exact; for it is plain that it would have been a great loſs to the republic of letters if it had not been known with all individuality, through what hands, from father to ſon, ſo important a manuſcript had paſſed: and had all inveſtigators been as diligent

and

and minute as this moſt learned and exact enlarger, there would not be at this day ſuch diſputes and ſuch a to-do amongſt our critics about who was the real author of "The Flea" of the Licentiate Burguillios, which ſome attributed to Lope de Vega; and others to a friar, led into the miſtake, undoubtedly, becauſe at the end of the MS. from which the firſt impreſſion was made in Seville, were theſe letters, Fr. L. d. V. ſuppoſing the Fr. ſtood for Friar, things as different and diſtinct in themſelves as poſſible, as the very children of Malabar * can tell you; nor would there have been thoſe pitched battles fought in England, the beginning of this century, between two wiſe antiquaries of the univerſity of Oxford upon the origin of Spurs and the primitive invention of ſaddle-bags, both grounding their opinions upon two manuſcripts which were in the library of the ſame univerſity, but without its being known at what time, or by whom they had been introduced into it, which was the deciſive point to have reſolved the queſtion.

But if thanks are due to the enlarger of the Menagiana upon this account, I cannot give them upon another account; becauſe with his chronology upon the manuſcript of the Dedication he embroils

* Meaning, the moſt ignorant of all children; much of the refuſe of Spain, as of every other mother-country, being ſent to its ſettlements abroad. In the ſame idea we meet further on in the work, with *Malabar* Authors, and *Malabar* Preachers. It is proverbially applied to any character, but was taken probably at firſt from the miſſionaries ſent thither moſt curiouſly qualified to teach religion, enlighten the underſtanding, and improve the heart.

embroils me in an hiſtorical difficulty, which I do not know how to diſengage myſelf from, without committing an anacroniſm—an hard Greek word, which ſignifies a contradiction in the computation of time. Monſieur the enlarger ſays, that Claude Saumaiſe died in the year 1661, and that when the MS. came to him, it had already paſſed through two other hands, to wit, thoſe of his father, the learned Saumaiſe, and thoſe of the bailiff Jean Lacurna; and it is very obſervable that he does not ſay it paſſed from hand to hand as the Gazette, or the Almanac of Torres is wont to paſs, but gives it ſufficiently to be underſtood that it was by way of inheritance, and not of donation *inter vivos*. This being ſuppoſed, it is as clear as water that the Dedication was known in France ſo early as the year 1600, it not being much to allow ſixty years to the Sieur Lacurna, and twenty or thirty to Saumaiſe; for, though it ſhould be ſaid that they were both born at the ſame time, it is not probable that any private man, however learned he might be, ſhould live ſo long as a bailiff, even though this bailiffſhip in France ſignify little more than the conſtableſhip of a pariſh; but, in ſhort, in the ſight of God, the bailiff of Arnai was as much a bailiff as that of Lora. And as we have ſaid, or at leaſt ſuggeſted, in the beginning of this true hiſtory, that the dedication was compoſed by a collegiate father who ſtudied in Valladolid when the laſt century was already pretty much advanced, ſuppoſing that no mention is made till the middle of it, of the 'ſquire of Campazas, in the annals of that poſſible city, and that it was ſent to him by his brother the gymnaſiarc, how was it poſſible that it ſhould be known in France ſo early as the year 1600.

To

To ſolve this difficulty, there is no other way than by ſaying, that the collegiate father might have read this ſtupendous piece in ſome little French Book, and palmed it upon the good gymnaſiarc as his own work; for theſe tricks we ſee played at every turn in our own times, not a few of thoſe who are called authors, and who appear to be honeſt men, when their "Life and Miracles" * are afterwards examined into, being found to be little dirty ſcribblers, who, ſtealing from this and that quarter, come out in a night's time in the gazette with the pompous titles of *Mathematician*, *Philologer*, *Philoſopher*, *Electrician*, *Proto-critic*, *Anti-ſyſtematic*, when after all they are no more in reality than true *Panto-mimics*.

But, leaving this point undecided, what cannot before God and in conſcience be forgiven in this moſt impertinent Enlarger, is the unjuſt and inſipid criticiſm which he makes upon the ſaid Dedication, treating it as the moſt perverſe, ridiculous, and extravagant thing imaginable, and adding that the language, though it ſeems to ſound like Latin, is of a barbarous, monſtrous, and ſavage Latinity. But, with leave of his ſurlineſs, I ſhall tell him flatly to his face, that he does not know what is your true Latin, and that it is plain he never in his life ſaluted the Chriſts in genuine Latinity; for, I give him to know that neither Cicero, nor Quintilian, nor Titus Livius, nor Salluſt, ever made ſuch a thing, or were ever capable of making it. And as to what he adds with a ſneer, that though in this moſt poliſhed Dedication are to be found ſome ſuch words as are met with in the gloſſes of Iſodore

* *The Life and Miracles of, &c.* is the conſtant title to their numerous hiſtories of Saints.

Iſodore and Papias, and in the collection of Du Cange, yet that he is much miſtaken, or there is not a tranſlator ſo ingenious, as to give the true meaning of the whole, I anſwer, that, to convince him how much he is indeed miſtaken, the ſame collegiate father who gave the Dedication in Latin to the gymnaſiarc, whether it was his own or another's compoſition, gave it him likewiſe turned into fine, flowing, natural, clear, perſpicuous Spaniſh, as is ſeen by an authentic copy found in the book in which the 'ſquire of Campazas kept account of his labourer's wages and his ſheep-ſkins. But we forbear the tranſcription of it, as it is to be apprehended the reader will be ſatisfied with the Latin. But if he ſhould not, let him read, which will do as well, the dedication of ——, to the ——, or the dedication of —— to the moſt noble —, or that of ——, to the right honourable —, &c. &c. &c.

CHAP. III.

In which the promiſe of the firſt is proſecuted.

THIS 'ſquire of Campazas, full brother to the gymnaſiarc, was called Antony Zotes, a family rooted in Campos, but ſpread all over the world, and ſo fruitfully propagated, that there is not to be found a kingdom, province, city, town, village, or even farm-houſe in which the *Zotes* or the family of the *Blunderheads* *, do not ſwarm like

* To which the Spaniſh word *Zote* (in the ſingular) is equivalent. Perhaps from the Saxon rot- whence our word, ſot. Johnſon.

like peas in a porridge-pot. Antony Zotes was a farmer, as we have ſaid, in tolerable circumſtances; a man for old ewe-mutton, hung-meat, and houſe-hold bread, on ordinary days, with a leek or onion for deſert; beef and ſauſages on feaſt-days; a raſher uſually for breakfaſt and ſupper, though for the latter now and then a ſlice of meat with ſome oil and vinegar; the meagre ſtuff made from water paſſed through the ſqueezed grapes was his uſual beverage, except when he had in his houſe any of the reverend brotherhood, eſpecially if he was of conſideration in his order, for then he would ſet upon the table wine of Villamanan, or of the Deſert, a bountiful diſpoſition in appearance, but at the bottom, rather than not, ſuſpicious, envious, intereſted, and haggling; in ſhort, a true legitimate *honus vir de campis*. His ſtature middling, but well ſet and ſtout; his head large and round, a narrow forehead, ſmall eyes, unequal, and ſomewhat ſubtle; ſhort locks after the cuſtom of the Deſert, and not flowing and conſiſtorial like thoſe of the tax-gatherers of Salamanca; broad ſhouldered, fleſhy, freſh-coloured, and wrinkled. Such was the inward and outward man of the uncle Antony Zotes. Though he had attained in his youth to the fourth claſs of his ſchool with an intention of taking orders (for it is ſaid that there was a chapelry * in the family which would have come to him upon the death of an uncle of his, the chief prieſt of Villaornate) yet a girl of the place put in her plea ſo ſucceſsfully, that in the end, my uncle Antony found it neceſſary to betake himſelf to the church, not for the ſervice of the choir or the altar, but to be joined

* Equivalent to a living.

joined in holy wedlock. Now the thing happened on this wiſe.

He was ſtudying at Villagarcia, and already in the fourth claſs, as has been ſaid, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. The fortnight's vacation, for the Holy and Eaſter weeks arrived, and he went home to his own town, as is the cuſtom for all the ſtudents whoſe home is within diſtance. The devil, who never ſleeps, tempted him to play the penitent on Maunday-Thurſday *; for as our young ſtudent was now well ſhot up and his beard grown, he looked lovingly upon a damſel, who had been a neighbour of his ever ſince they went to ſchool together to the clerk of the pariſh, to learn the horn book, and in order to court her in the moſt winning manner, he thought it expedient to go forth as a diſciplinant: as this, the reader is to know, is one of the gallantries with which the women of Campos are moſt pleaſed, where it is a very old obſervation, that the greateſt part of the marriages are concerted on Maunday-Thurſday, the day of the Croſs of the May †, and the evenings on which there is dancing, ſome of the women being ſo very devout and compunctious that they are more delighted with ſeeing the inſtruments of diſcipline applied than with the rattling

* The day before Good-Friday, and the great day of diſcipline.

† The Invention of the Croſs, a feſtival celebrated on the third of May, in memory of St. Helena the mother of Conſtantine's finding the true croſs of Chriſt on that day, deep in the earth on Mount Calvary, where we erected a church for the preſervation of part of it, the reſt being depoſited in the church of The Holy Croſs of Jeruſalem at Rome.

rattling of the caſtinet. Nor, conſidering the thing diſpaſſionately, is it to be wondered at. For, figure to yourſelf this diſciplinant, with his great cap of five quarters of a yard, ſtarched, upright and pyramidal; his hood covering the face as well as head, with the eye-holes neatly ſtitched, and terminating in a point below his chin like the wattle of a turkey-cock; with his white waiſtcoat of ſtrong linen nicely ſmoothed, fitted to the ſhape, and buttoning very tight over the breaſt, by which two pieces of dry, firm, elevated fleſh, ſhew themſelves out of the two large holes cut in the back of the waiſtcoat, divided by the ſeam, and as they are cut in an oval form and nearly in the ſhape of the hind-quarters of a pair of breeches, it ſeems no otherwiſe than as if the nether-cheeks were mounted to the ſhoulders, eſpecially in thoſe who are plump and fleſhy; and with his full, pompous, puffed-out white ſkirt or petticoat, to this be added that the gallant or voluntary diſciplinants uſually wear white ſhoes with black heels and toes, not ſo thoſe of the fraternity, for they are permitted no ſhoes at all, except to the *Penitents of light*, who are the exempt or the *emeriti* of the order: then conſider that this diſciplinant whom we are deſcribing, takes out his little ball of wax, ſtuck with points of glaſs, and hanging, ſecurely faſtened, to the end of a ſmall cord, which he meaſures with much gravity and compoſure from his hand to his elbow in order to have the juſt length; that he takes hold, with his left hand, of the point of his hood hanging below his chin; that he fixes his right elbow to the hip of the ſame ſide (unleſs indeed he be left-handed, and then, it is neceſſary to obſerve, all theſe poſtures will be directly contrary) that without moving the elbow,

elbow, and playing only the lower half of his right arm, he begins to work himſelf with this ball, ſwinging it on one ſide and the other, knowing certainly that in this manner it will fall nearly on the centrical points of the two poſterior carnoſities, by infallible rules of anatomy left in writing by a young ſurgeon of Villamayor, who had been apprentice to another at Villarramiel: finally, let it be obſerved how the blood begins to ſtart, ſo that in ſome, if not in the greater part, the two ſhoulders appear as pitchy fountains, charitably oozing matter for the ſecurity of the ſeams of our borrachas or leather bottles; how it ſprinkles the petticoat, how it flows in ſtreams down its folds, how it wets it, and how it ſops it, till it is choaked up with duſt on the legs of the poor diſciplinant ——let this object I ſay be contemplated as it deſerves, and let the moſt envious of the glories of Campos tell me ſerenely if there can be in the world a more gallant and airy ſpectacle? If there can be any reſiſting ſuch a witchcraft, and if the girls have not a good taſte, who go after theſe penitents, as the boys do after the giants and the ſerpent *Taraſca* * on the day of Corpus.

The rogue of an Antony was not ignorant of this inclination of the girls of his town, and therefore went out as a diſciplinant on Maunday-Thurſday, as we have already ſaid. At a league's diſtance he might have been known by Catanla Rebollo (which was the name of his ſweet-heart, neighbour,

* The figures of gigantic men and a large ſerpent are carried about on this day, by way of ſhewing the conqueſt of Chriſt over the powers of earth and hell. The Serpent is called *Taraſca*, ſay the etymologiſts, from Τέρας, unde τὸ τεράστιον & in plur. τὰ τεράστια. *monſtra, portenta, miracula.*

neighbour, and old-ſchool-fellow) becauſe that, beſides that there was no other cap in the whole proceſſion ſo ſpruce or ſo ſtiff-ſtanding as his; he wore as a mark, a black girdle, which ſhe herſelf had given him upon his taking leave on St. Luke's day to go to Villagarcia. She never took her eyes off from him during the whole ſolemnity, and he, who knew it well, took great pains, what with croſſing his arms, bending his body, and ſtretching his ſhoulders, to ſqueeze out as much blood as he was able, making her by the way, unobſerved by others, two little amorous obeiſances with his cap, which is one of the tender paſſes which never fails to penetrate the marriageable girls, who are very attentive to it; and the bumkin who ſhall know how to do it with the moſt grace may pick and chuſe amongſt them, though at the ſame time he may not be the moſt expert at the rural games and exerciſes of any in the place. At length as Antony had made haſte to give himſelf a plentiful bleeding, it happened that he was bid to go home and take care of himſelf by one of the majordomos who ſuperviſed the proceſſion, before it was over. Catanla took herſelf after him, and being a neighbour, followed him into the houſe, where there ſtood ready the wine, roſemary, ſalt, and tow, which is all the apparatus for theſe cures: they well waſhed and preſſed his ſhoulders, leſt any particles of the glaſs might remain, and applied the pledgets; after which he put on his uſual cloaths, and wrapped himſelf up in his grey cloak; all the reſt went out again to ſee the proceſſion, except Catanla, who ſaid ſhe was tired and would ſtay to keep him company. What paſſed between theſe two is not known; only it appears by the annals

of

of that time, that, Antony being returned to Villagarcia, a malicious whiſper began to be circulated about the place; it appears too that his relations intended he ſhould ſoon be ordained on the title to the chapelry; that he, underhand, ſet the girl to weaving of impediments to it; and that, to make ſhort of the matter, they were married: and that it might be ſeen with how little fear of God, and how much wickedneſs thoſe evil reports had run round the town, the good creature of a Catanla was not delivered till the competent and legal period.

CHAP. IV.

In which the promiſe is fulfilled.

THE aunt Catanla Rebollo * then brought forth a babe as fair as a flower; and his godfather was the Licentiate Quixano de Perote, a chaplain of Campazas, who formerly had a mind to marry his mother, but forbore upon finding that they were kindred in a prohibited degree † The godfather was very urgent to have the child called

* In Spain women retain their maiden names after they are married.

† But he muſt have been very poor if he could not afford to purchaſe a diſpenſation.

" In Napoli, ſi dice, che le aſſoluzioni ſon coſi a buon mercato che le puttane, delle quali vene ſono venti mila. Allorche mi trovava colà, un uomo di bel tempo aveva infornato il malaguida ad un becco, e dopo

called Perote, in memory or alluſion to his own appellative, or place-name; for though this name is not in the calendar, neither is there that of Lain, Nuno, Triſtan, Tello, nor Peranzules; yet it is plain that theſe were eſteemed men of great valour and conſideration: thus ſaid the licentiate Quixano, alledging in ſupport the hiſtories of Caſtile; but as Antony Zotes had not read them, it made little impreſſion on him; but when the licentiate happened to add, that, in the calendar, neither were the names of Oliveros, Orlando, Floriſmarte, nor that of Turpin, and notwithſtanding it did not hinder him from being an archbiſhop, he cried out, "Well, and who's an aſs now! Not I; ſince I know all that as perfectly as if I had never ſtudied any thing elſe all my life."——For indeed my uncle Antony was much verſed in the hiſtory of the twelve peers, which he knew by heart almoſt as well as the dedication of the gymnaſiarc—"Let him be called Perote, and let us have no more words about the matter." But the parſon of the pariſh, who was preſent, obſerved, that *Perote Zotes* did not ſound well, adding, not without ſome ſlyneſs, that *Zote* was conſonant to *Perote*, and that he had read ſomewhere, he could not tell where, that this ought to be avoided when we ſpeak in proſe. "Don't let your Reverence trouble yourſelf about that," ſaid the father of the child, "for neither do Sancho Revancho, Alberto Retuerto, Geromo Palomo, Antonio Bolonio, ſound well, and yet we ſee and hear

e dopo compratone l'aſſoluzione dal confeſſore reverendiſſimo, un ſuo amico gli addomandó il prezzo per cui l'aveva comprata: mene coſtó, riſpoſe egli, quattro ducati, e *per quattro altri avrei ottenuto una Diſpenſazione per ammogliarmi colla beſtiaccia.*" Lettere famigliari.

hear nothing elſe in our country. Beſides that this is eaſily remedied by calling him Perote de Campazas, giving him for an appellative, the name of this town of ours in which he was born, as was uſual formerly to do with great men according to what the moſt authentic hiſtories * inform us, in which we find mention made of the Oliveros de Caſtilla, of Amadis of Gaul, of Arthur of Algarve, and of Palmerin of Hyrcania, when at the ſame time it is plain that theſe were not their true appellatives but the names of the provinces or kingdoms which gave birth to theſe great knights, who after having honoured them by their exploits would in this manner perpetuate the memory of their country to all poſterity. And this was the cuſtom not only with thoſe who profeſſed arms, but thoſe likewiſe who were men of letters and wrote many famous books as the *Piſcator de Sarrabal* the *Dios Momo*, the *Carantamaula* the *Lazarillo de Tormes*, the *Picara Juſtina* †,

* Notwithſtanding the efforts of Cervantes it has not been poſſible to extirpate the rage of the lower Spaniſh people for romances. It is ſo rooted in them, that their favourite "Hiſtory of the Twelve Peers" is in ſome places called the *Laus perennis de los Zapateros*—the Prayer book of the ſhoe-makers or mechanics. However neceſſitous a workman be, he will ſave money to provide himſelf with ſo entertaining and beautiful a romance; and this with others of the ſame ſtamp, which Anthony Zotes calls the moſt authentic hiſtories, are read every day at their idle hours, in their houſes, or at their *Solejars* or ſunning-places, where, in winter time, to ſave fuel, which is very ſcarce, they frequently aſſemble, men, women, and children, in great numbers.

† Almanacs, Books of Jeſts, and Hiſtories of arch Rogues and wanton Jades in a popular ſtyle. The *Piſcator*

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and many others which I have read, whoſe authors, leaving their proper appellatives, took that of the places where they were born in order to make them illuſtrious: and my heart preſages to me that this boy will come to be an extraordinary man, and ſo at preſent let him be called *Perry* de Campazas, till with time and age we may call him full out *Perote*.

"Not whilſt I am alive," cried my aunt Catanla eagerly. "*Perote* indeed! *Perote* ſounds juſt for all the world like *Perol*, or pipkin; and ſhall the ſon of my bowels go about with a name like the pipkins which are toſſed about the kitchen!" "Silence, good folks! Sow up your mouths! (ſuddenly exclaimed Antony Zotes) for the moſt ſtupendous name has juſt ſtruck me that was ever given to man born of a woman, and which ſhall be given to my little one. GERUND is his name, and no other name ſhall he have, though the holy father of Rome ſhould come a ſuppliant before me and beſeech it on his very knees. Firſt and foremoſt, becauſe Gerund is a name that is ſingular, new, and out-of-the-way, and that is what I wiſh for my ſon: ſecondly, becauſe I remember very well, that when I was a ſtudent with the Theatines at Villagarcia, I once took

Piſcator de Sarrabal was the title of an annual publication by an ancient aſtrologer of Milan, and is ſtill continued. There are likewiſe other *Piſcators*, as, *de Andaluſia*, *de Salamanca*, &c. Theſe *Piſcators* contain, after the manner of our Almanacs and Diaries, great variety of uſeful and entertaining matter, as Riddles, Anagrams, and Conundrums, with prognoſtications of many rare and intereſting articles, as, when it will rain, unleſs it be fair weather, and when corn ſhall moſt advantageouſly be cut, &c.

took ſix places in my claſs for a *Gerund*, and it is my laſt and final will to make the memory of that exploit immortal in my family.

And Gerund, accordingly, he was named, neither more or leſs; and very early did the child give great ſigns of what he would one day be. For before it could be expected from his years, he could already call his mother a *Sut* [Slut] with much grace, and ſaid, "*dont mind zoo*" [I don't mind you] as natural as if he had been a man grown; inſomuch that he gave great diverſion to all the neighbours, who all agreed that he would come to be the honour of Campazas. A lay friar paſſing that way——who was accounted a ſaint, becauſe he thoued every body, called women, *ſarpunts*, and the virgin, *the ſhe-lamb*——ſaid that this child would hereafter be a friar, a great litterato, and a ſtupendous preacher. The event fulfilled the prophecy. For, as to a Friar, that he was as much as any one; as to a great Litterato, if it was not verefied in his having many letters, yet as to thoſe he had being very fat and bulky, it was completely verified; and as to his being a ſtupendous preacher, heart could not wiſh for more; for this preſently became the moſt diſtinguiſhed talent of our little Gerry, as will be ſeen in the courſe of this hiſtory.

Even before he knew how to read or write, he knew how to preach: for as ſo many friars, eſpecially thoſe of the begging and meſſenger kind, the Sabatine preachers, and thoſe who in time of Lent and Advent, went about preaching at the neighbouring market-towns, called at his father's houſe, and as theſe, ſometimes aſked by uncle Antony, and his good woman my aunt Catanla, and at other times (which more frequently happened) without waiting to be aſked all, brought out

their papers upon the table, and read their contents, juſt as if they had been in the pulpit, in an audible and preaching voice, our youngſter took great pleaſure in hearing and afterwards in imitating them, imprinting moſt readily on his memory their greateſt abſurdities; inſomuch that theſe abſurdities only ſeemed retainable by him; and that, if by miracle any good thing dropped from them, he had not a faculty to take it.

Upon a certain occaſion there came to the houſe, in the time of the harveſt-queſt, a ſmart little father, with a bit of toupet on his frontiſpiece, ſtrait-necked, red-bearded, his habit clean, and the folds handſome and regular, a neat ſhoe, buckſkin breeches, and a great ſinger of hiſtorical ſongs to the guitar, from whoſe knee Gerry would never ſtir, becauſe he gave him ſugar-plumbs. The good father was made up of an equal mixture of the coxcomb and the blockhead, and was fond of relating how, when he was a member of a convent in Salamanca, his ſuperior ſent him to preach the All-Souls ſermon at Cabrerizos, a village in the neighbourhood of that univerſity, and how he had been honoured by having many of the ſenior fellows, doctors, and profeſſors of it for his hearers, on account of the credit he had got upon the occaſion of a rector of a minor college's having taken his degree, who was already in full orders, and of whom there was a public report, that, after having obtained the ſub-diaconate ſurreptitiouſly, he had been confined a year in the eccleſiaſtical priſon in his own part of the country, becauſe three modeſt young women had laid before the Signior Proviſor, three contracts of marriage made by him with the ſaid young women. This affair was made up as well

well as it could, and, being a lad of genius, he went to profecute his ſtudies at Salamanca. At the taking his degree, our little Father, who was his countryman, made for him at his deſire one of the orations, which began with *Apprehenderunt ſeptem mulieres virum unum*; afterwards he lugged in *Filii tui de longe venient & filiæ tuæ de latere ſurgent*; nor would he omit, or leave in the inkhorn as we ſay, ſo opportune a text as, *Generatio rectorum benedicetur*. And though texts and paſſages of Holy Scripture in ſuch compoſitions, purely rhetorical and profane, are as diſplaced and impertinent as the verſes and fables of heathen poets are when immoderately uſed in ſermons; and notwithſtanding the ſpeaker of it ran fairly into the excommunication fulminated by the council of Trent againſt the abuſe of Scripture, by ludicrous and ſatyrical application of it, yet this oration had its applauſe as a wonderful performance, and our ſaid father was dubbed a man of conſequence upon it.

As it was known then that he was to preach the All-Souls ſermon at Cabrerizos, it is true enough that many of the loungers of Salamanca (and there are ſuch of all orders and degrees) who are pleaſed with whatever is extraordinary, went to hear him: and the good father remained ever after ſo ſatisfied with his ſermon, that he frequently repeated many clauſes of it in all the houſes of the brethern in which he was entertained. "Now hear, Gen-"tlemen, I conjure you how it began," ſaid he the firſt night after ſupper, to Anthony Zotes, his wife, and the parſon of the pariſh, who had ſtepped up to my uncle's when the cloth was taken away, to pay his compliments to the ſtranger, and drink a welcome to him, as is the cuſtom in all places where people are well-bred.

" Fire, fire, fire! the houſe is on fire! *Domus*
" *mea domus orationis vocabitur.* Now, Sexton,
" touch the loud-ſounding bells: *In cymbalis benè*
" *ſonantibus.* Do it ſo; for to toll for the dead,
" and to toll for fire is the ſame thing, as the ju-
" dicious Picenelus remarks: *Lazarus amicus noſter*
" *dormit.* Water, Sirs, water! for the world is
" burning; *quis dabit capiti meo aquam?* the in-
" terlineal, *quierant in hoc mundo*; Pagninus, *et*
" *mundus eum non cognovit.* But what do I ſee!
" alas, Chriſtians, the ſouls of the faithful are in
" flames! *Fidelium animæ!* and the voracious ele-
" ment feeds on flowing pitch; *Requieſcant in pace,*
" *id eſt, in pice,* as Vatablus explains it. Fire of
" God, how it burns! *ignis a Deo illatus.* But
" now rejoice with me, for behold there deſcends
" the Virgin del Carmen to deliver thoſe who
" have worn her holy ſcapularies; *ſcapulis ſuis.*
" Let juſtice be done, ſays Chriſt; Mercy defend
" us! ſays the Virgin. *Ave Maria.*"

Anthony Zotes was aſtoniſhed; my aunt Catanla drivelled with delight; the parſon of the pariſh, who had been ordained by letters dimiſſory from a vacant ſee, and underſtood the prayers he rehearſed every day as well as any nun would do, looked at him with amazement, and ſwore by the four Holy Evangeliſts, that though he had heard the moſt famous Sabatine preachers of all the country round about preach at Campazas in the Holy Week, yet that none of them could touch the heel of his ſhoe. He could never enough extol the facetiouſneſs of beginning an All-ſouls ſermon with *Fire, fire, the houſe is on fire*! And then what an ingenious thought was that of its being the ſame thing to toll for the dead and to toll for fire! " Ay but Sir," interrupted the Farher, holding him out his box to take a pinch, " there is more ſoul in that than

than appears at firſt ſight. The ſouls of the defunct are either in heaven or they are in hell, or they are in purgatory: for the firſt, there is no occaſion to toll, for they want not our prayers or aſſiſtance; nor for the ſecond neither, for they will not profit them; we toll then only for the third, that God may deliver them from thoſe flames; now this and the tolling for fire—why, you ſee, there it all goes together. Now go on, good Sir, with your obſervations, for they pleaſe me much, and I ſee you are a ſenſible man, and not like a certain ſenior in our ſociety, who though he has weight in the order, and is thought to have learning and underſtanding, told me, (becauſe he has owed me a grudge ever ſince I refuſed him my vote for being ſuperior of the convent,) that the ſermon was nothing but a heap of abſurdities, and ſuch as were cognizable by the inquiſition."

"We are all but men (replied the parſon) and thus we ſee even thoſe who profeſs religion are not exempt from envy. In troth, I believe his Reverence, this ſenior, never in his life hit upon ſo clever a thing as that of Water, water, for the houſe is on fire; ſince, after having tolled the bells for fire, it came in excellently pat to call for water." "Add to this, Sir, (ſaid the Father) that here too, alluſion is made to holy water, which, as you know is one of the moſt powerful aſſiſtances to the poor ſouls in purgatory." "That is clear (anſwered the parſon) becauſe fire is extinguiſhed by water, and ſo I explained it in the maſs to my pariſhioners," "Ay, Sir, (ſaid my aunt Catanla briſkly) and ever ſince I heard your worſhip preach, I take care to *ſhluiſh* my mother's grave well with it; for they ſay that every drop of holy water that falls upon it puts out a drop of the fire of *purgatory*." "What

I moſt admire (continues the parſon) is the propriety of the texts; for it ſeems no otherwiſe than as if your paternity carried them in your ſleeve, and, when you ſpeak of water, directly took out a text that ſpeaks of water; when of a houſe, of a houſe; and when of the world, of the world; all ſo clear, that any one might underſtand them though he had never ſtudied Latin." That is the nicety of it (anſwered the Father): but I will lay a wager you don't know why I brought in the text of *Lazarus amicus noſter dormit*, when I ſaid that to toll for the dead, and toll for fire was the ſame thing." "I confeſs, I did not underſtand it (ſaid the honeſt parſon) and though it ſeemed to me beſide the purpoſe, yet as I ſee the great genius of your paternity, I attributed it to my ignorance, and immediately ſuppoſed it muſt undoubtedly conceal ſome great myſtery." "And ſo it did to be ſure (proceeded the Father;) for, pray tell me, when Chriſt raiſed Lazurus, was not he dead? So ſays St. Auguſtin, Lyra, Cartagena, and many others; and there is no doubt but that this is the moſt probable ſenſe; becauſe though the text ſays he ſlept, *dormit*, it is becauſe death is called ſleep, as is learnedly obſerved by the moſt wiſe, Idiota. Well now, I having talked of *tolling for the dead*, it came in moſt charmingly, like a pearl, as we ſay, to ſet a dead man before you. And why ſhould I chuſe Lazarus rather than any other? Here again is the nicety of it; for the majordomo of the Fraternity of All-ſouls at Cabrerizos was called Lazarus, and was a great friend to our convent, to which he ſent every year, in charity, a lamb and a couple of gallons of wine; for that reaſon I ſaid *Lazarus amicus noſter*; and at hearing it the Alcalde, the Regidor, and the Notary, who were ſitting on the juſtice-ſeat, nodded their heads and looked much at one anothe r

The

The parſon could not contain himſelf, but riſing from his ſeat, and throwing his arms round the father's neck, ſaid almoſt weeping with joy, "Father, Father, your paternity is a very devil!" And Catanla added, "Bleſſed are the wombs which bear ſuch ſons!"

Little Gerry was very attentive to all this, and never took his eyes off the preacher. But as the converſation grew long, and it was ſomewhat late, he became ſleepy and fell a-crying. His mother put him to bed; and in the morning, (as he had ſlept with the ſtuff he had heard from the father in his head) as ſoon as his eyes were open he got upon his legs in his little ſhirt upon the bed, and began preaching the over-night's ſermon with much grace, but over and over, without connection, beginning, or end, repeating only the words moſt eaſy to be pronounced by his tender tongue, in his own manner, as, *fire*, *water*, *benns*, *ſexſon*, *unken Nazarus*, *Vatabnus*, &c. becauſe he had not yet power to pronounce the *l*. Antony Zotes and his wife were ſwallowed up in rapture, gave him a thouſand kiſſes on his divine little mouth, awakened the collegiate father, ſent down directly to his houſe to call the parſon, and bid the child repeat the ſermon before them, which he did with ſo much ſpirit and freedom, that the parſon gave him a farthing to buy nuts, the father ſix carraway comfits, and his mother a bit of plumb-cake which ſhe had brought from a pilgrimage *: and the pious ſoul of a Catanla relating the pro-

* Pilgrimages, though made from pious motives, to viſit the image of a particular ſaint, make offerings to it, and implore the interceſſion of him it repreſents, are

phecy of the bleſſed lay-brother——ſo ſhe always called him——they all agreed that this child was appointed to be a great preacher; and that it was neceſſary without loſs of time to ſend him to ſchool to Villaornate, where there was a very famous maſter.

CHAP. V.

Of the abſurdities which he learned in the ſchool of Villaornate.

THIS maſter was a lame man; having broken one of his legs when he was ten years old by a fall in climbing after a bird's neſt. He had been ſcholar to a famous maſter in Leon, who at one ſtriking could make a bird, at another a canopy, and with an A or an M at the beginning of a page filled all the firſt line with flouriſhes. He wrote pieces which he dedicated to great perſonages, who generally paid him well, and though for this he got the name of the maſter *Huntpenny*, he was not diſturbed by the ſneerers, nor hindered by them from paying his ridiculous court. Above all, he was eminent for deſigning thoſe pieces of what we call ſmoaky letters, from their being extravagantly be-flouriſhed; and in truth he would paint you a motet with letters ſo ſmoaky, that if they ſhould come near the flame of a candle they would catch fire. Of this illuſtrious maſter had the cripple of Villaornate been a ſcholar; and there

are generally attended with circumſtances of a very different complexion; as appears from the common proverb, that "In even a ſhort pilgrimage there is much wine and little wax"---much jollity, and little devotion.

there was a report that he proved at leaſt as tip-top a flouriſher as his maſter himſelf.

It being an agreed thing that your lame folk are generally, from their more ſedentary lives, learned and knowing folk, the Dot-and-go-one of whom we are ſpeaking did not diſgrace the maxim, though it muſt be confeſſed he was ſomewhat of a coxcomical and eccentric turn. As he proved ſo excellent a penman, he immediately thought of turning it to the beſt account by becoming a ſchool-maſter; and to put the finiſhing ſtroke to his acquiring a freedom of hand, he hired himſelf for two or three years as a writer to a notary of St. Millan, who was a curious man, and had a parcel of books, all in our own language, ſome good and ſome good-for nothing. Amongſt theſe were three little books of orthography, whoſe authors followed very different and oppoſite courſes; the one inſiſting that a ſtrict regard ſhould be paid to the etymology or derivation of words; the other that we ſhould write exactly as we pronounce; and the third that all was to be ſubmitted to cuſtom. Each one brought out into the field, rank and file, his arguments, proofs, examples, and authorities, citing academies, dictionaries, lexicons, *ex omni lingua, tribu, populo, et natione*; each one maintained his pretenſions with ſuch obſtinate valour as if upon this point depended the preſervation and eſſence, or the univerſal ruin and deſtruction, of the whole literary world. In one article they all agreed—— that orthography was the true *clavis ſcientiarum*, the foundation of all good knowledge, the principal door to the temple of Minerva, and that if any one entered into it without being a good orthographer, he entered by a falſe door, ſince there was not in the world a more lamentable thing than that they

they ſhould be called writers who did not know how to write. Upon this ground did each author lay about him, and make the devil of a duſt in defence of his own particular opinion. As to the Etymologiſt, his very heart was riven with grief at ſeeing innumerable Spaniards write *Eſpana* [Spain] without an H, in extreme derogation to the honour of their own country, this name being derived from *Hiſpania*, and that from *Hiſpaan*, the hero who performed ſo many valorous exploits in the chace of conies, whence the whole country, remarkable for its number of conies, came in the *Punic* tongue to be called *Hiſpania*. Or if you will have it derived from *Heſperus*, it has a ſtill more noble origin, ſince it comes from no other than the bright evening-ſtar, who is lord of the bedchamber to the ſun, and gives him his night-cap when he goes to bed, which, as it is very plain to be ſeen, he always does in the celeſtial territory of our beloved country: to take from it the H with ſacrilegious impiety, is to obſcure all the ſplendor of its illuſtrious deſcent. And are they who do this to be called Spaniards! O indignity! O indecorum!

But where he loſt all the ſtirrups of his patience and his reaſon too, was, in the baſe and barbarous, the ſcandalous cuſtom, or corruption rather, of ſubſtituting the Greek *Υ*, as the conjunction *and* in the place of the Latin *I*, which, beſides, being more neat and trim, has more affinity with the *n* of the ſame language from which we take our *I*. The *Υ* moreover, has a moſt groſs and ruſtic form, ſince it reſembles the great fork with which clowns load hay upon their carts, and was it for no other than this moſt weighty reaſon, it ought to be baniſhed from all poliſhed and elegant writing. "Therefore (ſaid this Etymologiſt) when I ſee people

people write *y* Peter, *y* James, *y* John, inſtead of *i* Peter, *i* James, *i* John, my bowels *Y*earn, I become *Y*ond, and cannot refrain from *Y*elping between my teeth, *Y*okes and *Y*ellings be your portion! And on the contrary I think I can never ſufficiently bleſs the moſt celebrated authors who know what is their true conjunction, and amongſt others the two profeſſors of famous univerſities, both the immortal honour of preſent, and the envy of future times, who in their two moſt important treatiſes on orthography, have laboured to reſtore the Latin *I* to the throne of his anceſtors with glorious zeal; for which I do ſay and will ſay a thouſand times that amongſt all the bleſſed they are moſt bleſſed."

He was not fallen ſhort of by the other author, who, deſpiſing etymology and derivation, maintained that in living languages, we ought to write as we ſpeak, without a ſingle letter's being taken away, that was, or being added that was not, pronounced. It was pleaſant to ſee how he warmed, how he mounted, how he grew infuriate, againſt the introduction of ſo many *hh*, *nn*, *ſs*, and other impertinent letters which are not founded in our pronounciation. "In the name of God and the king—ſaid this chap, who could be no other than a Portugueze by his ſwaggering and arrogance—if we pronounce *onour*, *our*, *eir*, *erbs*, without this aſpiration, or perſpiration, that there is ſuch a fuſs about, why are we to ſtick to theſe words the uncalled-for, intruding *h*, which is as much a letter as it is a fool's head, and but a note or aſpirative point? Then as to the *nn*, *ſs*, *pp*, and other double letters which we waſte in the moſt miſerable manner in the world——if *paſion* ſounds the ſame with one s as with two, and *inocent*

cent as well with a ſingle as a double n, *ut quid perditio hæc?* What is this but to waſte ink, paper, and time, againſt all the rules of good economy? I ſay nothing of the prodigality with which we ſquander away a prodigious ſtock of *u's*, which though they are of no ſervice to us, might be of great aſſiſtance to many a poor nation, which has ſcarcely got an *u* to its mouth; as for example; *queſtion*, *quality*, *quarter*, and indeed all the words beginning with this letter, which comprehends in itſelf the pronunciation of the *u*; they may therefore be written, *qeſtion*, *qality*, *qarter*, &c. and a great ſtore of *u's* laid up againſt a time of need."

On the contrary the orthographiſt who held cuſtom to be the guide and directreſs in this matter delivered himſelf very ſimply and unaffectedly, and laughing at thoſe who conſumed their natural heat on ſuch trifles, ſaid, that to write as our grandſires had written was a ſufficient rule; eſpecially as in this affair of orthography as yet there were but few certain and generally-admitted principles eſtabliſhed, and that in the reſt every one framed thoſe which his fancy ſuggeſted. Maſter Martin (ſo was our hopping pedagogue called, and ſometimes Maimed Martin) Maſter Martin, who, as we have hinted, was rather inclined to follow an eccentric *rhumb*, read all the three treatiſes? and as he ſaw that the thing was for the moſt part arbitrary, and that every one walked in the paths of his own heart, a moſt ſtrange idea took poſſeſſion of his imagination. It ſeemed to him that he had as good pretenſions to be the inventor, founder, and patriarch of a new ſyſtem of orthography, as any jackanapes of them all; and his vanity even flattered him that he might perhaps come

come out with one, till then never heard or thought of, which ſhould be more juſt and rational than any hitherto diſcovered; figuring to himſelf, that, if he ſhould happily effect this, he ſhould be the moſt famous maſter that had ever been in the world from the foundaton of ſchools to the inſtitution of *Eſculapiuſes* *, *incluſivè*.

Full of this idea he began thus to reaſon with himſelf: God defend me! Are not words the images of our conceptions, and were not letters invented to repreſent words, by which, when all is ſaid and done, do not they alſo come to be repreſentatives of conceptions? Well now, thoſe letters which ſhall beſt repreſent what is conceived, muſt of courſe be the moſt proper and adequate; and thus, when I conceive a ſmall thing, muſt I not write it with a ſmall letter, and a great conception with a great letter? For inſtance, can any thing be more impertinent than, ſpeaking of a Leg of Beef, to write it with an *l* as ſmall as if I was ſpeaking of the *leg* of a *lark*; or when treating of a *M*ountain, to make uſe of ſuch a little ſcoundral *m* as if I was talking of a *m*ouſe? This is not to be borne, and has been a moſt groſs and fatal inadvertency in all who hitherto have written. A pleaſant thing indeed, or to ſpeak properly, moſt ridiculous, to equal Zaccheus in the Z with Zabulon and with Zorababel! The firſt, it is plain from ſcripture, was a little tiny fellow, almoſt a dwarf, and the two others any perſon of judgment conceives to be at leaſt as great and corpulent as the biggeſt giant on the day of Corpus. And to think that they did not fill as much ſpace of

* A corruption from *Eſcuelas pias*, ſchools of charitable foundation.

of air as they fill of the mouth, *proportione ſervata*, is an idle ſtory. Now behold, let zaccheus and Zabulon go forth on paper, and being or having been ſo unequal in their bulk, is it juſt, is it reaſonable, they appear equal in the writing! It can never be; 'tis moſt highly ridiculous. Item, if one is ſpeaking of a man in whom all things were great, as if one ſhould ſay a St. Auguſtin, ſetting forth his Talents, his Genius, his Comprehenſion, muſt we write and paint upon paper theſe gigantic endowments with letters as minute and indiviſible as if we were ſpeaking by compariſon of thoſe of the author of *The Epic poem on the life of St. Anthony*, and others of the ſame ſtamp? This would be not only ridiculous, but highly offenſive to the greatneſs of an holy father of ſuch magnitude. Beſides, what ſkill can be greater than to enable any reader, with only opening the book, and before he reads a word of it, to know by the ſize and multitude of the great letters that Grand, Magnificent, and Huge Matter is contained therein; and on the contrary, in ſeeing that all the letters are of regular and even ſtature, except here and there one, which by its particular make over-tops the reſt, like a few ſmall enſigns in a proceſſion, he may immediately ſhut the book and not loſe his time in reading it, knowing at one caſt of his eye that it treats only of very ordinary and common things? I will explain this in an example from a ſtupendous ſermon preached upon this very Saint, the beſt I ever heard, or expect to hear, in all the days of my life. The preacher was putting a queſtion—to be reſolved by himſelf—why St. Auguſtin was called *The Great Father of the Church*, and no other holy father or doctor of it had this *Epiteet* (ſo maimed Martin called it) and anſwered——

" Becauſe

" Becauſe my Auguſtin was not only the Great Father, but the Great Mother, and the Grandfather of the Church. Great Father, becauſe before his converſion He had many ſons, though no more than one of them was gained. Great Mother, becauſe He conceived and brought forth many books. Grandfather, becauſe He begot the Hermits of St. Auguſtin, and the Hermits of St. Auguſtin afterwards begot all the Mendicant Fraternities, who follow His holy rules and courſes, and who are all grand-daughters of the Great Auguſtin. And let the Judicious Hearer obſerve by the way that the Courſes deſtroy the Maternity, and the Courſes were what ſecured the Paternity of my Great Father. MAGNUS PARENS."

" This piece of a ſermon—that I heard with theſe very ears, which the earth has to ſwallow, and a poor ignorant crazy wretch, though he had the credit of being a ſcholar and a man of judgment, treated as filthy, ſtinking, ſtupid, and worthy of fire; but to me it appeared, and does ſtill at this day appear, the greateſt thing in the world ——I ſay that this piece of a ſermon, written as it is written, that is, with capital and majeſtic letters in all that relates to St. Auguſtin, calls at firſt ſight the attention of the reader, who ſeeing it muſt treat of grand affairs, and not able to contain himſelf, is carried by an irreſiſtible propenſity, regardleſs of conſequences, to read it: whereas on the contrary, had it been written with ordinary letters, he would have very ſlightly regarded it, and perhaps returned it to its ſhelf without reading a ſingle word. So that the advantages of my orthography will be, in the firſt place, the ſuitableneſs of the letters to the conceptions which they repreſent; ſecondly, the preſerving of decorum

rum towards the perſonages who are treated of; thirdly, a powerful excitement of the attention of the reader; and in the fourth place I may add, an encreaſe of beauty to the writing itſelf; ſince capital letters are upon paper what large trees are in a garden, which at once both dignify and adorn it, and immediately give all beholders to underſtand that this is the garden of a man of affluence and taſte; whilſt a book all of equal and ſmall letters looks at beſt but as a mere kitchen-garden, fit only to lie behind a convent of friars, or furniſh cabbages for the market."

With theſe wiſe and weighty conſiderations the extravagant Maſter Martin became ſo enamoured of his new orthography, that he reſolved to proſecute, and to teach it. And the ſchool of Villa-ornate being then vacant, by the promotion of the late maſter to the Notaryſhip of Cojezes, he ſtood candidate for it, and got it with a wet finger, for his fame was already ſpread abroad by the clients who flocked to the Notary with whom he lived at St. Millan. From the report of ſo ſtupendous a maſter, children tumbled in from all parts of the neighbourhood as thick as hops; and Antony Zotes and his wife reſolved to ſend Gerry thither, that his aptitude for learning might be properly cultivated. Maſter Martin received him with much endearment, and immediately began to diſtinguiſh him from amongſt the reſt of the children. He ſeated him cloſe by himſelf; cut him ſtyles, or little ſticks to point out his letters with; wiped his noſe; gave him nuts and the parings of his apples; and when the child wanted to go forth, being but lately acquainted with breeches, and not very ſkilful in the management of them, the maſter himſelf let them down for him, and, tucking up his ſmall meaſure of linen,

held

held him out in a proper poſture in the yard 'till his little occaſions were performed. All was not gold that glittered; and the ſly rogue knew very well that his kindneſſes to Gerry would not be loſt, or put in a rent ſack, as we ſay, for the good folks at home were delighted beyond meaſure with them; and beſides paying him very punctually the ſix-pence a month, the Saturday's cake (and what their ſon brought was the beſt and largeſt) and always accompanied by a couple of turkey eggs as large and fair as the ivory balls uſed to play with at *Trucos* *—beſides this, I ſay, when they killed a hog, there were three black-puddings made ſure of, with a good piece of the flake, without taking into the account the rectum ſtuffed with black-pudding, and two good yards of ſauſage, which were carefully hung by as a regale for the day of the Saint whoſe name he bore. And when Madam was brought to bed—ſo the children called the miſtreſs—it was a known thing that the aunt Catanla ſent her a preſent of the two fatteſt fowls of any ſhe had in the yard, and a pound of choice biſcuits, which were ſent for on purpoſe from Villamanan. With this Madam and Sir almoſt vied who ſhould make moſt of Gerry, inſomuch that Madam cut his nails every Saturday, and once a fortnight diſpeopled his head.

CHAP.

* A game reſembling Billiards, but the balls are much larger than thoſe uſed at Billiards.

CHAP. VI.

By which the fifth Chapter is divided, as it grows long.

NOW with this care which the maſter took of Gerry, with the application of the child, and with his quickneſs and good parts, which he really had, he learned eaſily and expeditiouſly whatever was taught him. His misfortune was to fall ever into the hands of ſlovenly and whimſical maſters, like the maimed Martin, who, in all the faculties, taught him a thouſand follies, forming him from a child to ſo particular a taſte for every thing that was ridiculous, impertinent and extravagant, that he could never leave it; and though he often met with able, wiſe, and experienced men, who endeavoured to open his eyes that he might diſtinguiſh good from evil (as will be ſeen in the courſe of this punctual hiſtory) it was never poſſible to diſmount him from his hobby-horſe---ſo ſtrong a tincture did his mind retain of the firſt abſurdities that were poured into it. Maſter Martin invented every day greater and greater follies; and having read in a book, intitled *The Maſter of School-Maſters*, that particular care ſhould be taken to teach children their native and mother-tongue with purity and propriety,---becauſe experience ſhews that the incongruity, barbariſms, and ſoleciſms, with which many natives ſpeak all their lives are owing to the bad manner, impropriеties, and wrong phraſeology which ſtick to them in childhood---he was very ſtudious to make them ſpeak the Spaniſh tongue tell. But it happened

that he himſelf could not poſſibly ſpeak it worſe than he did; for as he was ſo whimſical and ſtrange in his mode of conceiving, in like manner as he had invented a moſt extravagant orthography, he had alſo taken it into his head that he could invent a language no leſs extravagant.

Whilſt he was writer to the Notary at St. Milan, he had obſerved in various proceſſes ſuch expreſſions as theſe, *Mary Gavilan, the fourth witneſs, being examined, &c. Ann Palomo, the eighth witneſs, &c.* this hurt him infinitely; for ſaid he within himſelf, if a man is a witneſs, a woman muſt neceſſarily be a *witneſſeſs*, ſince otherwiſe, the ſexes are confounded, and inſtead of Spaniſh, it ſeems the barbarous dialect of Biſcay. Neither could he ſuffer that the author of "The Life and Miracles of St. Catharine" ſhould ſay, *Catharine, the ſubject of our hiſtory*; ſeeming to him that *Catharine* and *ſubject* were falſe concord, ſince it amounted to the ſame as to ſay *Catharine, the man of our hiſtory*, it being a plain caſe that men only ought to be called *ſubjects*, and women *ſubjecteſſes*. But if he met in a book with ſuch an expreſſion as, *She was not a common woman, but a genius and an elegant writer*, he totally loſt his patience, and ſaid to his ſcholars, all furious and flaming with wrath, "Intolerable! What is there more to be done, but to take off our beards and breeches and put them upon women! Why ſhould it not be ſaid, *She was not a common woman, but a geniuſeſs and an elegant writrix?*" And by this ſame rule he taught them that they ſhould never ſay *el alma*, for *la alma*, *el agua* for *la agua*, &c. where the maſculine article is joined with a feminine noun to prevent the hiatus of the open vowels; ſince to comply with cuſtom in this particular was amongſt

amongſt the *riducularia* of the learned, intolerant, and intolerable Barbadino.

Above all he was exceedingly diſturbed at thoſe words in Spaniſh which begin with *arre* *, as *arrepentirſe*, *arremangarſe*, &c. ſwearing and forſwearing that he would not reſt 'till he had baniſhed them from all the dominions of Spain, as it was impoſſible but that they muſt have been introduced by ſome of the carriers who conducted the baggage of the Goths and Arabs. He told the children that to ſpeak in this manner was ill-breeding, and to treat people like mules and aſſes. And to this purpoſe he related, that a certain reverend father walking in the ſtreets of Salamanca with a young Iriſh friar as his companion, who was lately tranſplanted, and not yet well acquainted with our language, met in River-ſtreet with a parcel of water-carriers following their loaded aſſes, and crying *arre*, *arre*. The young Iriſhman aſked the father what was the meaning of *are*---pronouncing the *r* ſoftly, as it is cuſtomary with ſtrangers---the father anſwered him that it was intended to make the aſſes get on. Soon after the father meets an old friend, and ſtood talking with him in the ſtreet ſo long that the Iriſhman was out of patience, and not knowing how to expreſs himſelf otherwiſe, he took hold of his companion's ſleeve, and ſaid to him with great pleaſantry, "*Are*, *Father*, *Are*," which was celebrated throughout Salamanca with much laughter. "But now (ſaid Maſter Martin very much incenſed) whether *arre* goes alone, or accompanied by other letters, ſtill it is always *arre*, and it is always

* The *gee ho* of the Spaniards, or expreſſion to quicken the motion of their cattle; two ſyllables, and the accent ſtrong upon the firſt *r*.

always a moſt ſhameful diſcourteſy to treat rational creatures in this manner: and therefore I give you notice (and mind you remember it!) that if any of you unhandſomely *arre* my ears, I will unhandſomely *arre* his a---" and he out with it roundly. Juſt at this time one of the little ones, who was not yet in breeches, being tâken with a neceſſary call, ſet himſelf before the maſter, and making the uſual ſign, aſked him to go forth with much innocence, but added, that he did not know how to *arremangarſe* or tuck up his coats.—"Then I'll teach thee, thou greateſt of all raſcals," ſaid Martin in a rage, ſnatching the rod; and, no ſooner ſaid than done, he threw back his ſkirts, and laid him on a ſound whipping, repeating between whiles, "There, there, ſee how you *arre* me again in a hurry!"

All theſe leſſons did our little Gerry take admirably well; and as he likewiſe learned in a little more than a year to read print, and written hand, and law-proceſſes, and alſo to make pot-hooks and hangers, and was almoſt in whole joining, the maſter thought it incumbent on him to cultivate him more and more, teaching him all the moſt abſtruſe and recondite matters he was himſelf acquainted with, and with which he had ſhone at more than two meetings of the fraternity he belonged to, in the preſence of ſome of the clergy, who were eſteemed the moſt mighty moraliſts of all the country; one of which, who had all *Laraga** at his fingers' ends, and was a man that ſoared out of ſight, was thunderſtruck and dumbfounded upon hearing him on ſuch an occaſion.

Now it happened, as his evil genius or ill-luck were ever ſetting before poor Martin all manner of

* A book of morality in which candidates for orders are examined.

of ridiculous things, and as he had the knack of making whatever was the reverſe appear to be ſuch in his mouth, that a Spaniſh comedy, entitled, *El Villano Cavallero*, or, The Clown turned Gentleman, a bad copy of one written in French by the incomparable Moliere, with almoſt the ſame title, fell into his hands. In this comedy is a pleaſant banter on thoſe pedantic pedagogues who waſte their time in teaching children things impertinent and ridiculous, of which the ignorance is of as much importance as the knowledge; and to exemplify this a maſter is introduced to the new-made gentleman to teach him how the vowels and conſonants are pronounced. Now what does you me this maimed Martin, this *Diable Boiteux* o' my ſins, but learn all this pleaſant paſſage by heart, and, being as maimed in his noddle as he was in his ſupporters, underſtand it all with the greateſt ſerioufneſs in the world, figuring to himſelf what in reality was no other than a moſt delicate ſatire as a leſſon ſo important, that without it there could not be a ſchool-maſter, who, before God and in conſcience, ought to be one!

One day then, having corrected the taſks with more haſte than uſual, he called Gerry to him, made him ſtand before the table, rung the bell for ſilence, ordered all the boys to be attentive, and addreſſing himſelf to our youngſter ſaid, with great gravity, "Tell me, ſon, how many letters are there?" "I don't know, Sir," anſwered Gerry readily, "for I have not counted them." "Then you are to know (continued Martin) there are twenty four, and if you doubt it, count them." The child counted them, and ſaid with intrepidity, "Sir, in my book there are twenty-five." "Thou art a blockhead (replied the maſter) be-

cau

cauſe the two firſt A a are but one letter with a different form or figure:" he ſaw he had hurt his beloved little ſcholar, and, to reaſſure him, added, "but I don't wonder that you, being but a child, and not having been above a year at ſchool, ſhould not know the number of the letters, for many men do I know who are full of grey hairs, who are called moſt learned, and who are ſeen in high poſts and dignities, who yet do not know the letters of the alphabet—but thus goes the world!" And upon ſaying this he drew a moſt profound ſigh. "The fauſt of this fatal ignorance is to be laid to the ſtate and magiſtracy, which admit for ſchool-maſters idiots who are not fit to be made altar-boys; but this is not for you, nor for this place; the time will come when the king ſhall know what paſſes. Let us go on.

"Of theſe four and twenty letters ſome are called conſonants, others vowels. The vowels are five, a, e, i, o, u; they are called vowels or *vocales*, becauſe they are pronounced with the mouth or *boca*." "Then perhaps, Sir, (interrupted Gerry with his natural vivacity) the others are pronounced with the ———", making uſe of a word which ſet all the boys a laughing very heartily. Martin was a little out of countenance, but taking it as a joke, he contented himſelf with looking ſomewhat ſerious, and bidding him not be ſo bold, but to let him go on with what he was ſaying. "I ſay then that the vowels or *vocales*, are called thus becauſe they are pronounced with the mouth or *boca*, and purely with the voice; but the conſonants are pronounced with the addition of vowels. This is better explained by example. *A* the firſt vowel is pronounced by opening the mouth wide, A. As ſoon as Gerry heard this he opened his little mouth, and looking round on all ſides,

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repeated many times, "a, a, a; our maſter is in the right of it." Martin proceeded, "the E is pronounced by drawing the under jaw nearer to the upper one, e." "Let us ſee, let us ſee, ſaid the child, "as I do now, Sir, e, e, e, a, a, a, e; Jeſus, what a clever thing this is;" "The I is pronounced by bringing the jaws ſtill cloſer together, and drawing back, equally, the extremities of the mouth towards * the ears, i, i." "Stay, Sir, let me ſee if I do it, i, i, i." "Neither more nor leſs, my ſon; you pronounce the i to perfection. The O is formed by opening the jaws, and then joining the lips at their extremities, their middle parts ſomewhat protruded and open, of themſelves forming a round thing which repreſents an o." Gerry with his uſual intrepidity began immediately to make the experiment, and to bawl o, o, o. The maſter would know if the reſt of the boys had learned this moſt important leſſon, and ordered that they ſhould all at once, in a loud voice. pronounce the letters he had juſt explained to them. Directly was ſet up a noiſe, confuſion, and uproar, as of all the infernals. Some bawled a, a, a; others e, e, e; others i, i, i, and others o, o, o. Martin hopped about from form to form looking at ſome, liſtening to others, and correcting all; one's jaws he opened, another's he cloſed, held together the lips of a third, ſtretched wide thoſe of a fourth, and, in ſhort, ſuch the rude noiſe was, and the wild diſorder, that, if things religious may be like theſe, trifling, the ſchool ſeemed neither more nor leſs than the choir of the holy church of Toledo on the Veſpers of the Expectation †.

With

* The i in Spaniſh is pronounced like our double ee.

† The feſtival of our lady of O, in expectation of delivery, ſo called from the ſeven preceding anthems to

With a head chock-full of theſe impertinences, and moſt profitably ſtored with folly and extravagance, reading badly, and writing worſe, did our Gerund return home to Campazas; for the maſter had told his parents that his conſcience would not ſuffer him to keep him longer at ſchool, as he was a boy who ſoared out of ſight, and charged them, not to delay putting him immediately to grammatical learning, for that he would become the honour of the whole country. Our young ſcholar, the very night he arrived, failed not to make an oſtentation of his abilities, and the great matters he had learned at ſchool, before his father and mother, the parſon of the pariſh, and a friar who was upon his journey of going from one convent to be ſettled at another, for of theſe ſort of gentry the houſe was ſcarcely ever clear. "What ſhall I lay, Sir, (ſays Gerry to the parſon) that you don't know how many letters there are in the alphabet?" The parſon was ſurprized by a queſtion he had never heard made before, and anſwered, "Son, I never counted them." "Then count them (proceeds the boy) and I will lay an halfpenny, that even after having counted them you don't know how many there are." The par-

to the *Magnificat* beginning with O, ſung ſeven days before the birth, *O Sapientia*, &c.—*O Adonai*—*O Radix Jeſſe*—*O Clavis David*—*O riens*—*O Rex Gentium*—*O Emmanuel.*—All theſe O's are ſignificant expreſſions of the vehemence with which the prophets deſired the coming of the Meſſiah; and to theſe O's of the patriarchs are conſonant the O's or deſires of the Virgin—O when will that day come—O when will that happy hour arrive, when I ſhall ſee with my eyes and hold in my arms the Son of God and me! O when, O when, &c. This feſtival was inſtituted by a biſhop of Toledo." Bluteau.

ſon counted five and twenty, after having blundered two or three times in the a, b, c; and Gerry, clapping his hands with great glee, and crowing, ſaid, "Ah, ah, ah! I have caught you! I have won! For you reckon for two letters the two firſt A a which is but one letter written in different manners." Then he ſaid to the Friar, "I will lay another halfpenny that you don't know how aſs ſhould be written, whether with a great A or a little one." "Son, replied the good Religious *, I have always ſeen it written with a little one." "No Sir, no Sir, if the aſs is a little tiny one indeed and ſtill at ſchool, it is written with a little a; but if it is a great aſs, ſuch an aſs as my father, I ſay, if it is ſuch an aſs as my father has, it muſt be written with a great A; becauſe my maſter ſays, that things are to be written as they are, and upon that account that a leg of beef requires a much larger I than a leg of mutton." The reaſon was convincing to them all, aſtoniſhed as well at the profound wiſdom of the teacher as at the progreſs of the diſciple: and the good Friar confeſſed, that though he had gone through the courſes of the two univerſities of Salamanca and Valladolid, he had never heard in them any thing like this; and turning to Antony Zotes and his wife, aſſured them with much weight and conſideration, "The money was well ſpent, my good brethren, that was paid to the maſter of Villaornate, and you have not in the leaſt to *arrepentirſe* or repent yourſelves of it." As ſoon as the child heard *arrepentirſe*, he began ſpitting and ſpawling in abhorrence of it, exclaiming, "Jeſus, Jeſus, what a vile phraſe! *Arrepentirſe!* No, Sir, no, Sir, *arrepentirſe* is never ſaid, nor any thing with *arre*; for

* When this word is uſed ſubſtantively it means always one of the regulars or profeſſed.

for that my maſter ſays is fit only for mules and aſſes, and not for Chriſtians, who ought to ſay *enrepentir enremanger*, &c." The parſon was amazed, the Friar croſſed himſelf, the good Catanla wept for joy, and Anthony Zotes could not contain himſelf without crying out, "O 'tis a moſt ſweet folly!" An expreſſion with which a thing never heard or ſeen before is extolled in Campos.

As Gerry ſaw the applauſe with which his wit was celebrated, he would not leave any ſtop in his intellectual organ untouched, and addreſſing himſelf again to the parſon, ſaid, "Sir, aſk me ſomething about the vowels and conſonants." The parſon, who underſtood not a ſyllable of what the child meant, anſwered, "of what Bowels, ſon, the bowels of a man or the bowels of a woman?" "No, Sir, of the letters called vowels and conſonants." The good parſon was out of countenance, and confeſſed that he had never been inſtructed in ſuch deep things. "But I have," continued the child, and directly lugged in the whole ridiculous affair, from ear to tail, without miſſing a jot, which he had heard Maimed Martin deſcant upon concerning the vowels and conſonants; and when he had done, to ſee if they underſtood him, he ſaid to his mother, "Mamma, how is A pronounced?" "How ſhould it be pronounced, ſon, but thus, A," opening the mouth?" "No, mother; but how is the mouth opened?" "How ſhould it be opened, ſon, but thus, A?" "'Tis not that, Madam; but when you open it to pronounce the A, what is it that you do?" "Open it, my ſon," replied the moſt good Catanla. "Open it! this is ſaying nothing; you open it likewiſe to pronounce the E, and to pronounce the I, O, U; but you do not thus pro-

nounce the A: look ye, Madam, to pronounce the A, we lower one jaw and raiſe the other, in this manner," and laying hold of his mother's jaws he diſtended them pretty handſomely, telling her that the more ſhe opened her mouth the better would be the A ſhe pronounced. Then he made his father pronounce the E, the parſon the I, the Friar the O, and he himſelf choſe, as the moſt difficult of all, the pronunciation of the U, charging them, that they ſhould all, at the ſame time, pronounce the letter fallen to their ſhare, raiſing their voices as much as they could, and obſerving the form of each other's mouth, that they might ſee the punctuality of the rules which he had been taught by Maſter Martin. The tone of their voices was very different, my aunt Catanla having a rough and maſculine, Anthony Zotes a hollow and thin, the parſon a ſnuffling and naſal, the Friar, who had narrowly miſſed being vicar of the choir, a corpulent and bell-wether, and Gerry a treble and ſqueaking, voice. Each began to play his part, and to pronounce his letter with all the noiſe he could make; the room was rent, the houſe thundered: it was a ſummer evening, and all the neighbours were taking the air at their ſtreet-doors: they all ran to the horrible uproar in Anthony's houſe, thinking either that it was on fire, or that ſome terrible misfortune had happened; they entered the parlour: behold the ſtrange figure; hear them continuing their noiſe, and, ignorant of what had paſſed, ſuppoſed they had all ſuddenly run mad. They were preparing to bind them, hand and foot, when a thing, hardly to be credited or imagined, put an inſtant ſtop to the bawling, and had well nigh turned their merry muſic into a melancholy dirge. As the good Catanla,

tanla, in her zeal to pronounce an extraordinary fine A, opened her mouth moſt extraordinarily wide, and as bountiful nature had provided her with that organ in moſt abundant meaſure, being a woman, who could at once take in a pound-pear up to the root of the ſtalk, it was her miſhap to diſlocate her jaw ſo dreadfully, that ſhe ſtood a fit object for the maſk of the puppet-ſhow, all the entrance of the eſophagus being diſcovered, with the ſalival ducts, ſo clear and diſtinctly, that the barber ſaid he perceived even the lymphatic veſſels, by which the reſpiration is ſent forth. They were all ſilent; they were all frightened; every diligence was uſed to reſtore the jaw to its place, but without effect, 'till it occurred to the barber to give her a ſudden and forcible chuck under the chin, which directly ſet it in its natural poſition, though, as ſhe was unprepared for it, ſhe bit her tongue a little, and ſpat red after it. With this the performance ended in laughter; and the neighbours being informed of the motive of it, they were aſtoniſhed at the knowledge of the child Gerund, and all told his father, that he muſt be ſent to his ſtudies, for that without doubt he would come to be a biſhop.

CHAP. VII.

He ſtudies Grammar with a Domine, who, with regard to intellect, could not be married to Maimed Martin without a Diſpenſation.

THIS was what Anthony Zotes was already thinking of; and all the doubt was, whether he ſhould be ſent to Villagarcia, or to a certain place not far from Campazas, where there was a

Domine who had amazed all the country, and, as ſome ſaid, was a greater Latiniſt than the famous Taranilla. But Madam Catanla, inſpired like a fury, proteſted, that her ſon ſhould ſooner be thrown down the well than be ſent to Villagarcia, that the Theatines might kill him; for that her huſband had ſtill the marks of a whipping-bout which they had given him, only becauſe he had now and then drank two or three quarts of wine more than his ſtomach would bear, and uſed to divert himſelf with the girls of the place, which were all but trifling matters and things which the beſt young men would do, and that without ſpoiling their fortune, or omitting to comply with all religious duties like any old and pure-blooded Chriſtian. Upon which, in order to content her, it was finally determined to ſend the boy to his ſtudies with the Domine; and, as an additional motive, my uncle Anthony aſſerted with an oath, that he only had conſtrued the elegant dedication of his brother the gymnaſiarc without the leaſt miſtake, a thing which not the greateſt moraliſts of all the deſert, nor any one of all the many learned and reverend brethren whom he had entertained in his houſe, though ſome of them were Definers*, had been capable of doing.

As ſoon then as St. Luke's day arrived, Anthony himſelf went with his ſon to preſent and recommend him to the Domine. And for a Domine they

* A Definer is a kind of Counſellor who gives advice either to a Provincial concerning the buſineſs of a province, or to a general upon affairs relating to the whole order. There is a ſettled number of theſe Councellors; the firſt are called Definers-Provincial, the ſecond Definers-General. *Ex*-Definer is one who has paſſed the office; and ſo of *Ex*-Provincial, &c.

they found a tall, upright, dry, old man, with bushy eye-brows luxuriating on each other's territory, hollow eyes, a long and Roman nose, a black beard, a sonorous, grave, deliberate, and imposing voice, a furious snuff-taker, and perpetually inclosed to his heels in an old-fashioned grey cloth cloak, with a cap of marked leather (something between such an one as ties under the chin and a scull cap) which in its primitive institution had been black, but was now of the same colour with the cloak. His conversation was inlaid work of Latin upon Spanish, quoting at every turn sayings, sentences, hemistics, and whole verses of the ancient and modern Latin poets, orators, historians, and grammarians, in support of any nonsensical position. Anthony Zotes told him, that this boy was his son, and that, as a father ought, he was desirous of giving him the best education in his power. "*Optimè enimvero,*" interrupted the Domine directly, that is the first obligation of parents, *maximé* when God hath given them sufficient ability; Plutarch says, *Nil antiquius, nil parentibus sanctius quam ut filiorum curam habeant, iis præsertim quos Plutus non omnino insalutatos reliquit.*" Anthony Zotes added, that he had likewise studied his little matters of grammar, and was anxious that his son should study it—"*Qualis pater, talis filius,*" replied the Domine, "though it was better said by another, speaking of mothers and daughters.

De meretrice puta quod sit semper filia puta,
Nam sequitur leviter filia matris iter.

Which you see, Sir, may easily be applied to sons in respect to their fathers; and know, sir, *obiter*, that these verses by us scholars are called leonine;

becauſe, as when the lion (*animal rugibile* the philoſopher defines him) turns up his tail, the extremity of it (*cauda caudæ*, the tail of the tail, I called it in a dedication to the city of Leon) falls upon the middle of the back of this roaring animal, ſo the tail of the verſe, which is the laſt word, if it were turned up, would fall upon the middle of the ſaid verſe. Obſerve it, Sir, in the hexameter; *puta puta*, exactly fitting, and as if born to go together; then in the pentameter *leviter*, of which *iter* is the echo. For though a modern, (*quos Neotericos dicimus cultiſſimi Latinorum*) chuſes to ſay, that this echo or rhime is a puerile, ridiculous, and very late invention, *face tanti viri*, I will tell him to his face, that ſo early as the time of Martial it was very uſual with the Greeks, *juxta illud, nuſquam Græcula quod recantat echo.* And if there were need to cite Ariſtotle, Euripides, Callimachus, or even Gauradas himſelf, who, though he may not be a poet much known, yet has his good two thouſand years of antiquity, I could ſhew him *luce meridiana clarius* whether this affair of the echo was or was not a modern invention; and I would firſt aſk him if it was probable, that a puerile and ridiculous thing ſhould be invented by a man who was called *Gauradas. O furor! O inſania maledicendi!*"

"As this child, Sir," proceeded Anthony Zotes, "ſhews much vivacity, though he is but ten years old"—"*Ætas humanioribus literis aptiſſima*," (interrupted the pedant) as Juſtus Lipſius ſaid; and ſtill with more elegance in another place, *decenis Romanæ linguæ elementis maturatus.* For though there have been ſeen in the world children at that, and even under that age, who were perfect grammarians, orators, and poets, *quos videre ſis apud Anium Viterbienſem de præcocibus mentis partubus*;

partubus; yet theſe are with reaſon called, monſters of nature, *monſtrum horrendum, ingens.* And Quintus Horatius Flaccus, *quem lyricorum antiſtitem extitiſſe mortalium nemo iverit inficias*, was not fond of thoſe anticipated fruits, as it ſeemed to him that they never came to good, and therefore *ſolemne erat illi dicere, odi puero præcoces fructus.* "And the lame maſter of Villaornate with whom he was"—did the good Anthony endeavour to proceed,—"Hold, Sir," cut him off ſhort the be-latinized Domine; "*Siſte gradum, viator*; was this child with the lame maſter of Villaornate?" "Yes, Sir," anſwered the father, "*O fortunate nate!* (exclaimed the moſt erudiate preceptor) O child a thouſand times happy! Many famous cripples did antiquity celebrate, as you may have read, Sir, in the curious treatiſe *de claudis non claudicantibus*, taking the preſent for the preterite, according to that rhetorical figure *præſens pro præterito*, which we call *enallage*; a treatiſe compoſed by a *prevôt des merchands* at Lyons in France, called *Monſieur Pericon*; for know, Sir, by the way, that in France even the *Pericons* * are *monſieurs*, and may be *prevôts des merchands. Immo potuis*, without recurring to ancient times, *noviſſimis his temporibus*, in our own days, there was in this very France a moſt celebrated cripple, called *Gil Menage*, who, though he was not a cripple *natura ſua*, yet, however it be, he was a true and real cripple, that is, a cripple *realiter & a parte rei*, as the philoſopher elegantly explains himſelf; and notwithſtanding his being a cripple, he was a moſt wiſe man—*Sapientiſſimus claudorum quotquot fuerunt & erunt*, as Pliny the Younger ſaid learnedly. But, *meo videri*, in my poor opinion, all the ancient

* *Perrico*, in Spaniſh ſignifies a little dog, which is what the Domine here alludes to.

antient and modern cripples were ſucking cripples in reſpect to the cripple of Villaornate; I ſpeak *intra ſuos limites*, in his walk of ſchoolmaſter, and therefore I ſaid, that this child had been a thouſand times happy in having ſuch a maſter: *O fortunate nate!*"

"He is not leſs ſo (proceeded Anthony Zotes) in having you, Sir, for his preceptor." "*Non laudes hominem in vita ſua, lauda poſt mortem.*" ſaid the Domine gravely; "theſe are the words of the Holy Spirit, but the Heathen poet hath better ſaid,

Poſt fatum laudare decet, dum gloria certa."

"Better than the Holy Spirit, Sir!" aſked Anthony in a fright. "What! are you ſcandalized at this, Sir," ſaid the Domine, "how often muſt you have heard in the very pulpit, from preachers who ſoar out of ſight, Thus ſays the royal prophet, thus Jeremiah, thus Paul, but *I* ſay it in another manner? What is this but to tell us, I ſay it better? *Præterquam quod* I do not aſſert that the ſaying is better, but that it is better ſaid, becauſe the words of the Holy Scripture are but little ſuitable to confirm the rules of grammar, *verba ſacræ ſcripturæ grammaticis exemplis confirmandis parum ſunt idonea.*" "That I read in I know not what book (ſaid the good Anthony) when I ſtudied at Villagarcia, and yet I could not help being ſcandalized at it." "Ay this (ſaid the Domine) the theologiſts call *ſcandalum puſillorum*, an offence to the weak-minded; and though they tell us, that ſuch are not to be deſpiſed, and in this particular I think they have reaſon, yet they likewiſe ſay a thouſand other things very contemptible, notwithſtanding it is they who ſay them."

"I do

" I do not meddle with ſuch deep things" (ſaid honeſt Anthony) " and what I beſeech of you, Sir, is, that you will take care of my boy, for I will take care to thank you as I ought, and that you will look to him as if you were his father. " *Prima magiſtrorum obligatio*", anſwered the Domine, *quos diſcipulis parentum loco eſſe decet*, ſaid Salluſt to this purpoſe; it is the firſt obligation of maſters to treat their ſcholars as their children, for they are in the place of parents. And tell me, ſon", ſpeaking to our little one, ſomething between gravely and kindly, " have you yet ſtudied any grammatical inſtitutes?" " No, Sir," anſwered Gerry readily, as it ſounded to him (in the language it was put) like a queſtion of crow quills, " No, Sir, the quills I have are not crow quills, but gooſe quills, which my mother pulls from a great gooſe we have in our houſe; i'n't it ſo, father?" The preceptor ſmiled at the quickneſs and intrepidity of the boy, and ſaid *non quæro a te hoc*, I do not aſk you that; I aſk you if you have any pocket, any thing yet in your little budget?" " Sir, I had a pocket when I wore petticoats, but when I was breeched my mother took it away from me." " *Non valeo a riſu temperare*," ſaid the Domine, and in the midſt of his great gravity, burſt into laughter, adding " *ingenium errando probat:* ſon, what I aſk you is, if you have learned any thing of the Accidents?" " O, yes, Sir; I have already got as far as *muſa, æ.*" " You ſhould not ſay ſo, my dear, but *muſa muſæ.*" " No, Sir, no, Sir; my Accidence does not ſay *muſa muſæ*, but *muſa æ.*" " Ay, ay, according to that I ſee that thou haſt ſtudied the Accidents of Nebrixa." " No, Sir; in my Accidence there is no picture of a lizard (to which the name of that grammarian

grammarian has ſomething of a ſimilar ſound in the Spaniſh) but a fine bold lion; look, Sir;" ſhewing the lion, a device of the printer, in the frontiſpiece.

The candour of Gerry did not fail to be well received by the rigid ſeverity of the preceptor, who, turning to the father, ſaid, in weighty accent, " *Ecce tibi ſeboſus*, behold here one of thoſe errors, groſs as a tallow candle, which I obſerve in the Accidents of Nebrixa, or of la Cerda, though it is that made uſe of by the fathers of the company of Jeſus, with whom alſo I ſtudied. It is certain that they are moſt wiſe men, but yet they are but men, and *hominum eſt errare*; they are ſharp, they are good, wits, and very lively; but very lively and very good was the wit of Homer, and, notwithſtanding, *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*. To begin grammar with *Muſa, Muſæ*, is to begin where it ſhould end; *cæpiſti qua finis erat*; becauſe the Muſes, or poetry, is the laſt thing to be taught to youth, and follows rhetoric. This is an argument with which I have attacked many Jeſuits, moſt famous men, and not one of them could give me an anſwer; but how indeed ſhould they anſwer me, when there is no anſwer to be given? *Deinde*, as to the printing of the Accidents, inſtead of putting *nominativo muſa, genitivo muſæ, dativo muſæ, accuſativo muſam*, at full length and due extenſion, to ſave paper they abbreviate, *nom. muſa, gen. æ, dat, æ, acc. am.* And what follows? Either the poor children pronounce thus, *quod video quam ſit ridiculum*, or it will be neceſſary to miſpend our time in teaching them to pronounce properly, *& nihil eſt tempore pretioſius*. But where the inconveniences of theſe abbreviations is palpable *ad oculum*, is, in the dictionaries,

tionaries, whether that of Salas or of Requejo. A child goes to book, *exempli cauſa*, for the Latin for *mother*, and inſtead of meeting with *mater matris*, he finds *mater tris*; he looks for *to ſend*, and inſtead of *mitto mittis*, has *mitto is*; he wants to know what is for *ſhirt*, and for *ſubucula ſubuculæ*, reads only *ſubucula æ*. He is minded, ſuppoſe, like the boy they tell us of, to write his mother a Latin letter, to ſhew her what a progreſs he has made, in which he tells her that he has ſent her a foul ſhirt to waſh, and brings in ſuch a ſtring of abſurdities as this, *mater tris, mitto is, ſubucula æ, ut lavo as.— Quid tibi videtur?* What do you think of it, Signior Anthony Zotes?" "What I cannot help thinking, which is, that, though I had heard a thouſand things of the moſt ſtupendous knowledge of your worſhip, and had indeed had ſome experience of it, but having heard you now, I am quite aſtoniſhed, I cannot help thinking, I ſay, Sir, that, upon my return home I have many thanks to give to my Catanla, becauſe it was ſhe who put the ſending my ſon to Villagarcia out of my head, and conſequently to her, under God, it is owing that he has the great happineſs of having ſo very learned a preceptor." With this he took leave of the Domine, placed Gerry at a Dame's or boarding-houſe in the town, and returned to Campazas; where, as ſoon as he arrived, he told his wife and the parſon of the pariſh, who were ſtanding waiting for him at the door, that if Gerry had been lucky in meeting with Maſter Martin, of Villaornate, yet that his fortune was ſtill greater in lighting upon ſuch a preceptor as the Domine, with whom he had left him, who could dumbfound the devil himſelf with Latin, and that all the Theatins of Villagarcia together, did not come

to

to the heel of the ſhoe of his knowledge. "Lord Lord, it was a very Gabilon! [Babylon] More than one full hour were we at it, hand to hand; and to every word I ſaid, he produced, directly, ſuch heaps of proofs and quotations, all in Latin, that it ſeemed for all the world as if he carried them in the breaſt-pocket of his large cloak. In ſhort, the cripple of Villaornate may well be the paragon of what we call ſchool-maſters, thoſe who have children only under them, but in the line of preceptor, the Domine of Villamandos is the man *per omnia ſæcula ſæculorum*, nor while Campos is Campos, will there be one who ſhall eclipſe him."

In truth the parallel could not have been more juſt; for, if the moſt poliſhed Martin had an innate propenſity to whatever is extravagant, as to the orthography and propriety of the Spaniſh language, the Latiniſſime Domine could not have a more ſlovenly taſte in all that pertained to Latinity, beginning with Latin orthography, and ending with poetry. He certainly underſtood the writers in that language tolerably well, and had read many of them; but he was moſt pleaſed with the leaſt excellent; and, above all, thoſe were his greateſt favourites who were moſt bombaſtical and unintelligible. He preferred the affected pompoſity of Ammianus and Pliny the Younger, to the grave majeſty of Cicero; the obſcurity and aſperity of Valerius Maximus, to the ſweet elegance of Livy; the enthuſiaſm of Statius, to the ſublime and judicious elevation of Virgil; he ſaid that Martial was inſulſe, in reſpect to Catullus*; and that all the graces of the inimitable Horace were not worthy to unlooſe the ſhoe-latchets of the jokes

* Martial was a native of Spain.

jokes of Plautus. The conceits of Seneca gave him great delight; but what he was moſt furiouſly enamoured of, was the jingling and clattering and rattling of the ſtyle of Caſſiodorus, though he had never read any of it but in the approbations prefixed to books, which he was always eager to peruſe, aſſured that he ſhould find few but what were ornamented with his moſt poliſhed fragments, for an approbation without Caſſiodore is the ſame (as we ſay proverbially) as a ſermon without St. Auſtin, and an olla podrida without bacon.

To his taſte nothing was more grateful than a book with a ſonorous, pompous, high-ſounding title, eſpecially if it was allegorical, and the allegory well purſued. On this account he made a ſupreme eſtimation of the famous work intitled, *Petacontarchus, ſive quinquaginta militum ductor, ſtipendiis Ramirezii de Prado conductus, cujus auſpiciis varia in omni literarum ditione monſtra profligantur, abdita panduntur, latebræ & tenebræ perveſtigantur & illuſtrantur*; that is, "The Pentacontarch, or captain of fifty ſoldiers in the pay of Ramirez de Prado, under whoſe auſpices are put to flight various monſters in all the dominions of literature, hidden things laid open, and darkneſſes and lurking holes penetrated and illuſtrated." Now, though there could not in reality be a more ridiculous title, eſpecially when we find that after all the parade, the whole buſineſs of the Signior Pentacontarch is to attack fifty errors, which the good Ramirez de Prado thought he had diſcovered, in various faculties, and, notwithſtanding the allegory is preſently deſtroyed, ſince we never heard of regiments or companies of ſoldiers being raiſed in order to give chace to monſters and wild beaſts, and much leſs that it is incumbent on the ſoldiery to examine dark holes

holes and corners, performing the office of candles, which are the chief foes to darkneſs, yet the bleſſed Domine did not boggle at theſe minuteneſſes, but raviſhed with the ſtreperoſity of pentacontarch, captain, ſoldiers, and ſtipendiary, told his ſcholars that never was there title of a book like this invented, and that this was the way to baptize a work with elegance and ſonoroſity. Upon the ſame principle he had much favour for the Latin parentation, made on the death of a certain perſonage, called Fol de Cardona, a pious man and bleſſed with many heavenly comforts, to which were given this moſt ſuitable title, *Follis ſpiritualis, ventro conſolatorio turgidus, acrophytio Sacræ Scripturæ armatus, manuque Samaritani applicatus*, that is, "The ſpiritual bellows, inflated by the ſpirit of conſolation, applied to the organ of the Holy Scripture, and blowed by the Samaritan." "Who has ever yet excogitated," ſaid the moſt pedantic preceptor, "ſuch an elegant and judicious thing? If any thing can come into competition with it, it is the incomparable title of that moſt eloquent book, printed in Italy in the cloſe of the laſt century, with this harmonious inſcription, *Fratrum Roſeæ Crucis fama ſcancia redux, buccina jubilæi ultimi, Evæ hyperboleæ prænuntia, montium Europæ cacumina ſuo clangore feriens inter colles & valles Arabiæ reſonans*—The declining fame of the brothers of the red croſs recovered, the trumpet of the laſt jubilee, the forerunner of the hyperbolic Eve, ſtriking with its clangour the tops of the European mountains, and reſounding amongſt the hills and vallies of Arabia.—This is to elevate and ſurprize; every thing elſe is but crawling on the ground. The affecters indeed of criticiſm and polite learning have now given into the cuſtom of putting

ſuch

ſuch ſimple, clear, and natural titles to books, that any old woman may underſtand the ſubjects of which they treat at the firſt caſt of her eye, endeavouring to perſuade us that this ought to be done, and that the reſt is all pedantry—a filthy word and of very bad ſound," and in ſaying this the Domine was poſſeſſed by furious wrath. " All the reaſon they alledge for ſo low and vulgar a taſte, is, that neither Cicero, nor Livy, nor Cornelius Nepos, nor any other author of the Auguſtan age ever uſed ſounding titles, but always ſimple and natural ones—*Ciceronis Epiſtolæ, Cicero de Officiis, Hiſtoria Titi Livii, Annales Cornelii Taciti*—and then they are for ever harping upon the age of Auguſtus, the age of Auguſtus for ever, till they be-age and be-Auguſtus our very ſenſes; as if in all ages it was not a common thing to have men of bad taſte, and who committed a thouſand errors, as the Holy Church herſelf ſays expreſsly in a prayer which begins, *Deus qui errantibus*, and ends *per omnia ſæcula ſæculorum*. Let Cicero, let Titus Livius, let Tacitus, and let a hundred Tacituſes, a hundred Livies, and a hundred Ciceros, ſay what they will, all that they ever did never came near the heel of that moſt ſtupendous work intitled, *Amphitheatrum ſapientiæ eternæ, ſolius, veræ, Chriſtiano-cabaliſticum, divino-magicum, necnon phyſico-chymicum, ter-tri-unum-catholicum; inſtructore Henrico Conrath*—" The Amphitheatre of wiſdom, eternal, ſole, true, chriſtiano-cabaliſtical, divino-magical, phyſico chymical, three-in-one-Catholicon; conſtructed or fabricated by Henry Conrath. —Let them ſhew me in all antiquity, though their Auguſtan age be in it, a thing to equal this. I omit the beauty of the concatinated adjectives, each with its ſlippery dactyle, denotative of the matters

matters treated in the work. After having called this work an *Amphitheatre*, what could be more acute, more ſuitable, or more to the purpoſe than to ſay *conſtructed* or *fabricated*, and not *written* or *compoſed* by Henry Conrath, purſuing the allegory to the very laſt morſel. If this be not elegance, may I be bereft of the chriſm of true Latinity!"

CHAP. VIII.

Gerund leaves the ſchool of the Domine, being become a furious Latiniſt.

AFTER the Preceptor had uttered ſo terrible a malediction upon himſelf, which, if for our ſins it had been effectual, would have defrauded the preceptorial Latinity of one of its moſt ridiculous ornaments, he went on to inſtruct his diſciples in the chief parts which a good Latin book comprizes. After the title of the book, he told them, followed the names and titles of the author; and as the ſtrepitous, magnificent, and intricate reſonance of the title, naturally excited the curioſity of the reader, ſo the titles, honours, and employments of the author, give all the world to know at once the merit of the work. "For it is clear, ſeeing a book compoſed by a Doctor of divinity, by a Regius-profeſſor, and particularly if he is a fellow of a college, by an Abbot, by a Prior, by a Definer; but what if an *Ex* be added to many of the titles, as Ex-Definer, Ex-Provincial, &c. and, moreover, it be ſaid that he is a Divine of the Nunciature, of the Council of the Conception, Counſellor of the Supreme, a King's Chaplain; above all, if in the titles are ſeen half a dozen *Protos*, with a few *Arches*, as Proto-phyſician,

cian, Proto-philo-mathematician, Arch-hiſtorio-grapher; it is indubitably the greateſt recommendation of the work; and any one who has his underſtanding rightly placed, and his judgment where it ſhould be, wants nothing more to be perſuaded that an author ſo decorated cannot produce a thing which is not exquiſite in its kind, and falls to the book with ſo high a conception of the wiſdom of the author as amazes him. Bleſſings attend our countrymen, the Spaniards, and the Germans likewiſe, who in this reſpect have ſet a moſt laudable example to the republic of letters; ſince, if they print but a pamphlet, whether in Latin or their own language, a ſermon, an oration, or even a moral advice, they ſet in the front of it all that they are, all they were, and even all that they might have been, that the reader may not be miſinformed, but may know certainly who it is that ſpeaketh; for what but this is meant by, Paſt-lecturer, *olim ſocius*, Ex-provincial, Secretary-general, Viſitor, and one who was thought of for a biſhop, by having been mentioned in the council? And thus it ought to be; for beſides what this conduces in recommendation of the book, another advantage is gained by it, which few have worthily conſidered. It is now the cuſtom every where to have catalogues or accounts of the writers of all nations, in which it is neceſſary to expreſs at leaſt the country, the age, the profeſſion, and the works which each writer has given to the world. Now by this method of the writer's ſetting forth all his titles, and particularly if he takes care to declare the country in which he was born, as many are laudably accuſtomed to do, that it may not be defrauded of its due hohour, ſaying, *N. N. Generoſus Valentinus, nobilis Cæſar auguſtanus, clariſſimus Cordubienſis & reliqua*, the

the induſtrious compoſer of ſuch catalogue or account is ſpared much trouble, enquiry, and expence, becauſe, immediately upon opening any work, he finds, before every thing elſe, the life of the author written by himſelf.

"And upon this principle I not only do not condemn, but I greatly praiſe certain modern writers, who, if a good occaſion offer, let fall, in any little performance, an information of all the other works they have before publiſhed, as well that the curious reader may there ſee them all together, as to prevent any evil-minded perſon from fathering an offspring that is not his own, leſt we ſhould not be able to judge concluſively by the difference of ſtyle of a ſuppoſititious child. From this moſt important motive was an individual notice thought requiſite to be given of all, or almoſt all, the productions with which hitherto the republic of letters hath been enriched, by a certain neoteric writer, a poliſhed, terſe, elegant, exact orthographer, even to prolixity, even to ſcrupuloſity: a *columbine* and *ſerpentine* author, both in one, as to ſhew his wiſdom and his harmleſſneſs, he called himſelf *Fr. Columbo Serpiente*, and publiſhed a little treatiſe, intitled, *The Rout of the Alans*, againſt the moſt learned, moſt eloquent, and moſt modeſt M. Soto-Marne, thus I call him; for though the king and council may be of a different opinion, and deny him licence to write or print any thing againſt that poor man, Signor Feyjoo, yet we are not to be deprived of the liberty of judging as we ſee fit. It was ſuſpected and ſaid in a certain community, that this routed or routing paper, was written by Doctor ——. Now what an atrocious injury was this ſuſpicion! What a public affront! the diſcourſe of three or four

four friends in the cell of a convent! The irritated Doctor flies into a rage, ſets his grey-gooſe lance in its reſt, and writes a letter to a certain brother of his, who was almoſt lecturer, or lecturer as-it-were, of the ſaid community, prints it, and diſperſes it over Spain, that all men might know the injury he had received, and the ſatisfaction he had taken, which, without doubt, was very great. And after having treated this *Rout* as it deſerved, calling it "The Rout of Conſcience and Urbanity, the Rout of the Spaniſh "Language, the Rout of Erudition, the Rout of "Wit, the Rout of Method, the Rout of Orthography; and, in ſhort, the Rout of all the "Routs followed by the moſt noble pens in the "ſea of criticiſm and literature;" he adds, "not "one thing is there in it which can be called "mine: neither the phraſe, nor contexture, nor "tranſitions, nor the manner of conveying knowlege, nor the want of elegance, nor the impropriety of the words, nor the groſſneſs of the "raillery, nor the lowneſs of ſome of the jeſts, "nor the extravagance of others, nor, to ſay it "in one word, that total abſence of a moſt ſubtile ſpirit, which diſtinguiſhes authors in their "writings, and is perceived but by thoſe underſtandings which have open pores." Which is the ſame as to ſay, brother, if your friars were not of ſuch cloſed pores and conſtipated underſtandings, they might ſmell at a thouſand leagues diſtance, that *The Rout* was not, and could not be, my work; becauſe in all my works the phraſe is terſe and poliſhed, the contexture natural, the tranſitions unforced, the manner of conveying knowlege as if it came in a ſedan chair, the words moſt proper, the raillery delicate, and the jeſts, inſtead

inſtead of low, with a heel-piece above four fingers high. Though it ſhould be only by the orthography, any one, who had not a cold might ſmell, that if the Rout were mine I ſhould never permit it to be printed as it is printed, though I ſhould be degraded, and loſe my doctor's cap for it. Would I permit that the conjunction be expreſſed by the Greek *y*, and not by the Latin *i!* Would I ſuffer, that in my works appear *de el padre*, *de la agua*, and not with the apoſtrophe, giving ſo much ſalt and ſavour to them, *de l'agua*, *d'el padre!* No, no; 'tis to be groſsly wanting in judgement, and not to have the olfactory faculty for that moſt ſubtile ſpirit which diſtinguiſhes authors in their writings; and he who ſees not that my writings are full of this ſpirit, can be no genuine dog, I declare him a cur. Let the peremptory proof of what I ſay be my productions.

" Now comes what I was telling you before, (continued the Domine, ſpeaking to his ſcholars) of the care taken by writers of the moſt note, not only to authorize their works with all their titles, but to let fall in ſome of them the important information of all the preceding ones. " And not to ſpeak here," proceeds our author, " of my " Latin works," which, at the time when this letter was written, it was well known, might be ſuch a thing as half a dozen harangues, and ſuch another ſample of dedications " of thoſe I have " written in Spaniſh, in proſe and verſe, ſome " keep cloſe quarters in the retirement of my " cell; others go about modeſtly cloaked in an " enigma, and ornamented with an anagram; " and, others again, bear all the train of my " names, appellatives, and bells." And you are are to know, my ſons, (here interrupted the wag of a Domine) that as to this affair of the bells, many

many are the authors who wear them. "Of this "caſt (that is, of the caſt of the bells) are the "approbation I gave to a ſermon of the father "M. —— that which I made for the ſermon of "——— that which is in the book of feſtivals "of —— an oration which I pronounced in a "chapter of my order —— another which I ſpoke "at the funeral of —— the book of feſtivals of "——and I know not what beſides." You ſee here a curious, individual, and minute information of certain works of the greateſt importance, which any author who would to-morrow continue *The Spaniſh Library* of Don Nicholas Antonio, finds ready to his hand, in this letter, or at leaſt may know punctually, as far up as the year 1750, all the works publiſhed by our moſt weighty writer, *whith his names, appellatives, and bells.*

"I am well aware that ſome modern critics turn this method into ridicule, treating it as quackery and title-madneſs, with other words diſſonant, offenſive, and the abhorrence *piarum aurium*, pretending that it is a vain oſtentation, and wholly uſeleſs as to the recommendation of the work; the merit of which, they ſay, is to be conſtituted, not by the titles of the author, but by what is well or ill ſaid in it. They bring us the example of the French and the Italians, who ordinarily put no more than the name, or at moſt the profeſſion of the author with it, even in works moſt celebrated, and of the longeſt breath, (a phraſe I am much pleaſed with) as, *Hiſtoria Romana, by M. Rollin*; *Mabillon Benedictinus, of the congregation of St. Maur de re diplomatica. Hiſtoria Eccleſiaſtica, by the Abbé Fleuri, Specimen Orientalis Eccleſiæ Authore Joan. Bapt. Salerno, Societatis Jeſu.* And though they are pleaſed to tell us that the titles,

as well magnificent as ridiculous, which ſome academies, particularly of Italy, have adopted, are no other than a pleaſant ſatire upon the titles with which ſome conceited authors come forth into public view, and that upon this account ſome academies call themſelves "The Seraphic, the Ele-"vated, the Inflamed, the Olympic, the Parthe-"nic, the enthroned; and others, on the contrary, "the Obſcure, the Barren, the Obſtinate, "the Dark, the Idle, the Sleepy, the Aukward, "and the Fantaſtical;" yet let theſe barbarous deſtroyers of laudable cuſtoms, uſages and rights, ſay what they will, theſe greateſt of buffoons, and indecent mockers at things the moſt ſerious, the moſt eſtabliſhed, and moſt received of grave, learned, and pious men, I ſhall always attach myſelf to a book whoſe author walks majeſtically amidſt his accompaniment of a dozen titles, rather than to another, whoſe author comes forth upon the public ſtage as he came out of his mother's womb, without ſo much as a rag to cover his nakedneſs. This might do very well for a writer in the ſtate of innocence, but we are not in that ſtate now. "The Works of Friar Luis of Gra-"nada, of the Order of Preachers---How in-ſulſe! "The Works of Father de la Puente, of "the Society of Jeſus"---A fit companion! and how do we know who this Friar was? And whence does it appear that this Father was not perhaps a bailiff of ſome little convent, or ſteward of a cottage?

And ſince we are talking of this ſociety, I muſt ſay, that, though as to other matters I have a great veneration for it, yet in this affair of the titles of books and authors, I cannot help being diſguſted at it; thoſe of the former are generally quite

quite plain and ſimple, and the latter come forth with hardly any covering but their ſkin---their name, appellative, and profeſſion, and now and then, their country, that they may not be confounded with others of the ſame name, and—— good night to ye. Their moſt grave authors, thoſe of the firſt magnitude, ſeem to ſtudy to intitle their books in ſuch a manner as if they were but a Life of Lazarillo de Tormes, and to preſent themſelves to us in no better a guiſe than might be done by a paltry lay-brother. *De Religione, Tomus primus. Authore Franciſco Suarez Granatenſi, Societatis Jeſu. De Concordia Gratiæ & liberi arbitrii; Authore Ludovico de Molina Soc. Jeſu. De Controverſiis, Tom.* 1. *Auth. Roberto Bellarmino Soc. Jeſu.* And if any one adds *Preſbyter*, it ſeems to him to be as complete as poſſible. I cannot praiſe this method, or rather madneſs; and, however, they may think to perſuade me that it is modeſty, judgment, prudence, decency, and even in ſome degree, greater authority and gravity, yet all that dig and plough will never convince me of it; and theſe ſeem to be the moſt perſuaſive orators hitherto diſcovered. For, pray tell me, are all pretenſions to modeſty, decency, prudence and gravity, given up by thoſe Jeſuit-authors (they are not many) who give magnificent and ſonorous titles to their works, ſuch as *Theopompus, Ars magna lucis & umbræ, Pharus Scientiarum, &c.?* And the others who omit not to ſay if they are, or were Doctors of Divinity, Profeſſors, Rectors, &c.? And tell me farther, do not we ſee that even kings put all their titles and denominations in their royal edicts, to give them more authority; and that the ſame is done by

arch-biſhops, biſhops, proviſors, and all who have any thing at all to put, though it be but titles *in partibus*, or of the calendar, which give rank alone, without the charge of reſidence? The Pope, indeed, only contents himſelf with ſaying, *Benedictus XIV. Serus Servorum Dei*, and there was an end of the matter; but that is a humility for the head of the church, which makes not a conſequence for others, and ought not to be brought into compariſon." Theſe laſt arguments, though ſo ridiculous, were of great weight with our illuſtrious preceptor, who endeavoured to imprint them ſtrongly on the minds of his diſciples, that they might know how to chuſe and eſtimate books properly.

From the title, both of books and their authors, he paſſed to the dedication. In the firſt place he highly extolled the uſeful and polite invention of introducing this kind of urbanity into the literary world; ſince, beſides that, ſometimes a poor author, who has no other income than what his pen produces, may live handſomely by ſuch lawful and honeſt means; he is furniſhed by it with a fair opportunity of praiſing three or four friends, and making his court to half a dozen great perſonages, who, if they ſhould not be all that it is ſaid they are in the dedications, will at leaſt know what they ought to be. In the ſecond place, he was furiouſly irritated againſt the author of the *Obſervationes Halenſes*, and a few others of the ſame ſtamp, who, at the inſtigation of the devil, and not having the fear of God before their eyes, ſay, that this dedicating of books is a kind of beggary, *Dedicatio librorum eſt ſpecies mendicandi*; and one of them, I don't know which, goes ſo far as to aſſert that the firſt inventor

ventor of dedications was a mendicant friar. "Blaſphemy!!" exclaimed the Domine, "Malignity! Moſt ſupine ignorance! For, do we not know that Cicero dedicated his works to his relations and friends? And was Cicero a mendicant friar? Do we not know that Virgil dedicated, or at leaſt intended to dedicate, his Æneid to Auguſtus? And was Publius Virgilius Maro a mendicant friar? Laſtly, is it not known, even by the authors of Malabar, that Horace dedicated all he wrote to Mæcenas, and that hence whoever a book is dedicated to is called Mæcenas, *Mæcenati meo plurimum colendo*, though his real name may be Pedro Fernandez?* And in what order of mendicant friars ranked the reverend father Quintus Horatius Flaccus? So that, my ſons, this cuſtom of dedications is very ancient and very laudable, and practiſed not only by the for-god's-ſaking and begging authors, as theſe buffoons aſſert, but by popes, emperors and kings; ſince we ſee that St. Gregory the Great dedicated his book of Morals to St. Leander, archbiſhop of Seville; Charles the Great compoſed a treatiſe againſt a certain heretical conſpiracy in Greece to deſtroy the holy images, and dedicated it to his ſecretary Eginardus; and Henry the eighth of England dedicated to the pope and the holy catholic church, from which he afterwards ſeparated, the book he wrote in defence of the faith againſt Luther."

"And how, Sir," aſked one of the boys, "are dedications to be made?" "In the eaſieſt manner in the world," replied the preceptor, "let a certain modern half-author ſay what he will,

* As if we ſhould ſay, John of Nokes, or Thomas Stiles.

who is ever and anon tranſlating French trumpery, and would make us believe he is ſomebody, only becauſe he does with the French what any boy in the fourth form would do with the Latin; for hitherto we have ſeen nothing of his own ſtock but a miſerable "Acclamation of the king-"dom of Navarre," on the coronation of our king Ferdinand the ſixth, whom God preſerve; ——by the ſame token, this acclamation had its jacket well trimmed by a pamphlet that came out ſlap upon it, intitled, "A Collyrium for the ſhort-ſighted," which, though many ſaid it did not hurt the work in the leaſt, nor even the hem of its garment; and that, after all, it was but re-printing it by ſcraps, and diſcharging with each ſcrap a volley of all manner of offenſive rubbiſh againſt the author and thoſe whom he had praiſed; and though it is likewiſe true, that it was immediately prohibited by the inquiſition, yet, in ſhort, this ſame pamphlet ſo banged his authorſhip, that it left him as black as his caſſock—this worthy wight, then, towards the end of a dedication he has lately made to a great miniſter, would perſuade us, only becauſe he has taken it into his head, that "there is not in all the kingdom of eloquence "ſo difficult a province as a well-written dedi-"cation."

"But now I ſay there is nothing more eaſy, provided a man is inclined to follow the true taſte and true air of dedications. For firſt of all you take of ſubſtantives and adjectives, ſonorous and metaphorical, half a dozen, (or if a dozen, ſtill better) which are to be put in the front of the book, theſis, or print (for even prints are dedicated) before the name of the Mæcenas, and to be

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ſo appropriate to his character and profeſſion, as if they were caſt in a mould for them. For example, if the dedication be in Latin, and addreſſed to a biſhop, the ſuperſcription, direction, or epigraph, is to be in this manner, *Sapientiæ Oceano, Virtutum omnium Abyſſo, Chariſmatum Encyclopediæ, Prudentiæ Miraculo, Charitatis Portento, Miſerationum Thaumaturgo, Spiranti Polyantheæ, Bibliothecæ deambulanti, Eccleſiæ Tytani, Infularum Mitræ, Heſperiæque totius fulgentiſſimo Poſphoro, Illuſtriſſimo Don Domino meo Don Caio aut Titio.* If the work be dedicated to an holy image, as, we may ſay, to our Lady of Solitude, or our Lady of Griefs, there are a thouſand good things to lay our hands upon; as *Mari Amaro, Soli Bis-Soli, Orbis Orbatæ Parenti, Ancillæ Liberrimæ abſque Libero, Theotoco ſine Filio, Conficiæ non ficiè, Puerperæ, inquam, diris mucronibus confoſſæ ſub Iconico Archetypo* of ſo and ſo. But if the dedication be in Spaniſh, and made to a military man, though no more than a captain of horſe, then we are to follow another courſe, and before all things muſt be ſaid, "To the Spaniſh "Xerxes, the Andaluſian Alexander, the Bethic "Cæſar, the Cyrus of Genil, the European Ta-"merlane, the Cis-montain Khuli-Kan, the not "fabulous Mars, Don ſuch an one, Captain of "Light Horſe, in ſuch or ſuch a regiment"—and not lug in the name of the Mæcenas by the head and ſhoulders, like ſome ridiculous moderns, ſaying drily, "To Don ſuch an one," or, "To the "Ducheſs of ſuch a thing," which ſeems no other than the direction of a letter to go by poſt.

"Dedications have I ſeen, much extolled by ſome poor, ignorant, credulous ſouls, addreſſed to the very King of Spain himſelf, which ſaid in the front only, TO THE KING, in great capital letters,

without any other beginnings, or endings, or additions, or ornaments. I cannot expreſs how much I was moved at it, giving me ſuch a nauſea, that I am even now ready to reach at the very thought of it. TO THE KING! But to what king, blockhead? Since we know not if it is to king Stork, or king Log, or the unkinged king that was ſent a grazing. TO THE KING! Can there be a greater rudeneſs? TO THE KING! Tell me, inſolent, barefaced, raſh wretch, is it to the king of Clubs, or the king of Spades? The critics, indeed, would palm this upon us for the greater reſpect, the greater veneration, and alſo more profound acknowledgement, as no Spaniard can, or ought to underſtand by the general name of King, any other than the king of Spain; and as other nations ought to underſtand the ſame, ſince there is not a king in the diſcovered world who poſſeſſes ſuch extenſive dominions by many millions of leagues. Trifles, mere trifles! For this very reaſon, before coming to his auguſt name, ſhould he have been ſuggeſted by at leaſt fifty titles, or allegorical inſcriptions, which ſhould have gone on by degrees, exciting expectation and aſtoniſhment, ſomewhat to this effect, "To the powerful Emperor of two "Worlds, the Emulator of the Sun, the ſublunary "Phœbus in what he governs, as the Celeſtial in "what he enlightens, the Arch-Monarch of the "Earth;" and afterwards to ſhew his perſonal virtues, to add, "The Royal Depoſitory of Cle-"mency, the crowned Archive of Juſtice, the "ſacred auguſt Treaſure of Piety, the imperial "Shield of Religion, the pacific, beneficent, mag-"netic, magnificent, Catholic King of the Spains, "Ferdinand the Sixth, pious, happy, always Au-"guſtus, King of Caſtile, of Leon, of Navarre, of "Arragon,

" Arragon, &c." and to go on, proceeding thus, to the very laſt of his royal titles. The other method is to treat the king like ſome bare-footed gentleman, or Don Dowlas, bringing him out ſo lonely upon the paper, as if he were one of thoſe ancient Majeſties who wandered up and down the good fields of God, feeding ſheep, and drove the oxen to water in their own royal and proper perſons.

" Neither can I reliſh, that after the inſcription, the king ſhould be ſpoken to with ſticking to him a " Sir," as ſtiff as a ſtake, for there wants only the addition to make it " Dear Sir," as if it was a familiar letter from a ſuperior. Our forefathers were more reſpectful men, and truly circumſpect, ſince they never ſpoke to the king without beginning in this manner, " May it pleaſe " your Sacred, Catholic, Royal Majeſty" a thing which filled the mouth with veneration; and beſides, made a majeſtic line. I have heard that the other manner of our treating the king was caught, like a thouſand other things, by infection from the French, who, when they ſpeak to their moſt Chriſtian king let fly a " Sire" at him *in puris naturalibus*, and away they go. The deuce take you Frenchmen, how contagious you are! What if they ſhould take it into their fantaſtical heads to call their queen *Sirena*, muſt we likewiſe currently call ours ſo? To be ſure her majeſty would be finely flattered! They treat theirs with *Madame*, and, truly, ſhould any Spaniard be ſo frolicſome as to treat his queen ſo, I would not be in his coat for ſomething, unleſs indeed it ſhould happen to be ſome lay-brother, one of thoſe who are ſaints and affectedly ſimple, for ſuch gentry have a licence to thou the very pope—and there is all the beauty of their ſaintſhip. Therefore, my ſons, obſerve well

what has been ſaid, and fix in your memories theſe moſt important leſſons.

" Never print any thing, though it ſhould be but ſome ſorry quodlibets or ſchool-queſtions, without its dedication by its ſide; for by this you will not only loſe nothing, but it will be very hard if you do not ſave at leaſt the coſt of the impreſſion; ſince it is to be hoped that all Mæcenaſes are not to be like that ſly, niggardly pope, (God forgive me) Leo the tenth, to whom a famous alchymiſt dedicated a very important book, in which, as he himſelf aſſured him, were contained the moſt recondite ſecrets of the Cryſopee, that is, a very eaſy method of converting all the metals in the world into gold; and this good Signor Pontiff (God forgive me) gave him, for the whole of his acknowledgement, a cart load of bags to contain the gold which he was about to make: a thing, much laughed at by evil-minded perſons, but which the erudite and truly learned took for a piece of pitifulneſs, and bewailed with tears of indignation. Your dedication once reſolved upon, charge it and ſtuff it with allegorical, ſymbolical, and altiſonant appellations; and, if it ſhould be to any royal perſon, be careful to treat him with due reſpect, and that he come not into public without his company of guards de corps, and his band of halberdeers, that is, of epithets well laced and mounted, preceded by titles with muſtachos, who may go opening a paſſage, and crying, " Clear the way."

" And though the lecture grows rather long, yet, that we may conclude in it all that relates to the ſubſtance of dedications, I will inſtruct you in two other points, which are of the greateſt importance. There are ſome authors who write in Latin, yet ſo very Spaniſh, that when they come to

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put the true titles of the perſons to whom they dedicate their works, as the duke of that, and the marquis of the other, &c. put them in a Latin ſo plain, natural, and low, that an old beggar-woman can underſtand them, though ſhe can neither write nor read, merely by hearing them pronounced; for in this plain way they ſay, *Duci de Medina-Celi, Comiti de Altamira, Marchioni de Aſtorga, Domino de los Cameros, Conſiliario Regio, &c.* How ridiculous! It would be better, than to ſay it thus, to put it in downright Dunſtable. How much more elegant and more Latin would it be to ſay, *Cælico-Metimnenſi, Ductori-Satrapæ, a Comitiis de Cacuminato-conſpectu, Mænium Aſturicenſium a Markis, Lecti-Fabrorum Dynaſtæ, a Penetralibus Regiis, &c.* and if the readers do not underſtand it, let them learn ſome other trade, for that is no fault of the writer, who, when he ſets himſelf to compoſe in Latin, is not to employ a Latin that may be underſtood by any *Reminimiſta**.

" It is another thing, indeed, when the titles are not true ones, but purely allegorical, or ſymbolical, invented by the genius of the author; for then, that all the grace and reaſon of the invention ſhould be diſplayed, it is highly neceſſary to give them plain and ſimple. I will explain myſelf by an example. In the year 1704 a certain German author publiſhed a Latin work, intitled, *Geographia Sacra ſeu Eccleſiaſtica*, which he dedicated to the Three Sole, Sovereign, Hereditary Princes in Heaven and on Earth, *Tribus Summis atque Unicis Principibus hæreditariis in Cælo & in Terra*, that is, to Jeſus Chriſt, Frederic Auguſtus, Electoral-Prince of Saxony, and Maurice William, Hereditary Prince of the Province of Saxe-Ceitz, *Chriſto, nempe, Frederico Auguſto Principi-Electorali Saxoniæ,*

* A dealer in *re minima literaria.*

niæ, & Mauritio Wilhelmo, Provinciarum Saxo-Cizenſium hæredi. A great thing! Yet you are about to hear it ſtill greater. Now what titles ſhould our incomparable author invent to expreſs the ſtates of which Jeſus Chriſt is hereditary prince? Be attentive, my ſons, for never in your lives, perhaps, will you read a diviner thing; and as to myſelf, had I been the inventor of it, I would not change with Ariſtotle or Plato.

" He calls Jeſus Chriſt, then, in clear and ſimple Latin, as it was neceſſary he ſhould uſe on this Important occaſion, *Imperator coronatus cæleſtium Exercituum*; *electus Rex Sionis, ſemper Auguſtus, Chriſtianæ Eccleſiæ Pontifex Maximus, & Archi-Epiſcopus Animarum*; *Elector Veritatis, Archi-Dux Gloriæ*; *Dux Vitæ*; *Princeps Pacis*; *Eques Portæ Inferni*; *Triumphator Mortis*; *Dominus hereditarius Gentium*; *Dominus Juſtitiæ, & Patris cæleſtis à Sanctioribus Conſiliis, &c. &c. &c.* That is to ſay, becauſe it is of great importance that every one ſhould underſtand it, Chriſt is, " The crowned " Emperor of the celeſtial armies, Elected King " of Sion, always Auguſtus, High-Prieſt of the " Chriſtian church, Archbiſhop of Souls, Elector " of Truth, Arch-Duke of Glory, Duke of Life, " Prince of Peace, Knight of Hell-gates, Tri- " umpher over Death, hereditary Lord of Na- " tions, Lord of Juſtice, and Counſellor of State " and of the Cabinet to his Celeſtial Father." And the author adds, very opportunely, three &c. &c. &c's. by way of ſhewing that he had yet to ſpare many other titles which were at his fingers' ends, and which he might be writing from hence to to-morrow morning, if thoſe given weve not ſufficient to ſhew thoſe he could have added. Commit this, my boys, to memory, learn it well, and

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let it ever be at hand; for a thouſand occaſions will offer to you, in which you may avail yourſelves of it as a model, and by that means do a credit to yourſelves and me.

"Three words only are wanting concerning the body and ſoul of the dedication. It is ſuppoſed that the Latin is always to be roaring, altiſonant, intricate, and not to be conſtrued, neither more nor leſs than the Latin of a famous dedication which ſome years ago Gerund Zotes's father gave me to conſtrue, and conſtrue it I did truly without the ſmalleſt error, in the preſence of all the chief prieſthood of St. Milan, in the pilgrimage of the Chriſt of Villa-Quixida. It is ſuppoſed likewiſe, that whoever a work is dedicated to, be he who he will, is to be engrafted on the ſtock of our moſt ancient king Bamba, or at leaſt on that of Don Veremundo the deacon, whether in a right or tranſverſe line, for that is of no conſequence, and it is an affair of very little trouble, ſince there is Jacob William Imhoff, a Dane or Swede (I do not exactly remember) the famous genealogiſt of the illuſtrious houſes of Spain and Italy, who will directly make an affinity for any one with whoever will turn to moſt account. Beſides theſe ſuppoſitions, it is well known that the beginning of every dedication is always to ſet forth the impulſive cauſe which irreſiſtibly compelled the author to the liberty which he takes, which cauſe is never to be any other than that of ſeeking a powerful protector againſt emulation, a ſhield againſt malignity, a ſhade againſt the burning ardours of envy, aſſuring him, with a ſteady face, that with ſuch a Mæcenas he fears not either the Ariſtarchuſes or the Zoiluſes, ſince, terrified at his name, they either will not dare to ſhew their heads out of

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their lurking holes, or if they ſhould have the boldneſs to do it, will become the Icaruſes of their temerity, their waxen wings diſſolving at the inflamed and ſparkling rays of ſo fulgorous and reſpendent a defender; for, in truth, let a book be dedicated even to the moſt Holy Sacrament, yet if it be a bad one, there are men ſo inſolent and mordacious that at the ſame time they adore the divine object of the dedication, they will tear the book to ſhatters, and ſometimes not leave a whole bone in the dedication itſelf: and more than two books in folio have I ſeen called in by the inquiſition, though dedicated to kings, to emperors, and even to the very pope, without the Mæcenaſes being at all concerned or caring a jot about the matter; no account being to be found in hiſtory that there ever was a war between Chriſtian princes, in defence of a book that had been dedicated to them, though it has often raged tremendouſly for as weighty a concern as a feather or a ſtraw; yet I ſay, though the affair be thus, by the juſt judgments of God and for the ſins of the world, we ought ever to hold with that proverb which ſays, He that leans againſt a good tree, has a good ſhade over him; and that at all adventures, every well-written dedication ſhould open with this ſuitable, delicate, and true thought."

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

In which an account is given of the juſt motive our Gerund had, not yet to leave his grammatical ſtudies, as the laſt chapter promiſed.

THE curious reader will doubtleſs be ſurpriſed that as we had ſaid in the title of the preceding chapter, that the ingenious and induſtrious Gerund leaves the ſchool, he ſhould ſtill be found in it, receiving with attention the ſkilful inſtructions of the very learned preceptor, againſt the faith of hiſtory, or at leaſt againſt the inviolable fidelity of our honeſt word. But if he will be ſo kind as to have a little patience and lend a benign ear to our moſt weighty reaſons, he may happen to repent of the raſhneſs and precipitation with which he has already in the interior of his heart condemned us without a hearing.

Firſt of all, it is an intolerable ſlavery, not to ſay a ridiculous ſervility, that a poor author ſhould be obliged to fulfil what he promiſes, not only in the title of a chapter but in the title of a book. What written obligation does the author give the reader to oblige him to that, either in form or recognizance or of ſimple note*? And thus we ſee authors of great fame put what titles they pleaſe to their books, though they have no relation to the matter treated of in them, and nobody has ſaid a word about it, nor have they ſpoiled their fortune by it. For example, at reading the title *Margarita*

* Hence it is to be ſuppoſed that the cuſtom for authors or their bookſellors to give a promiſſory note, ſo laudably practiſed in our metropolis, in the firſt numbers of weekly publications, does not prevail in Spain.

rita Antoniana, or *Antoniana Margarita*, with which the famous Spaniard *Gomez Pereyra* baptiſed his work, who was the true patriarch of the Deſcarteſes, the Newtons, the Boyles, and the Leibnitzes, who would not think that he was about to entertain us with ſome very curious treatiſe upon that margarite or pearl, worth I don't know how many thouſands, in a diſſolution of which with wine or water (for that point is not perfectly cleared up) Cleopatra drank Anthony's health, or of which ſhe made a little innocent repaſt for him on a faſt day, for it is related both ways by the hiſtorians? No, Sir, nothing at all like it, I aſſure you. The *Antoniana Margarita* is no other than a moſt delicate treatiſe of philoſophy, to prove that the brutes have no ſenſitive ſoul, and to arraign on this occaſion many other opinions of Ariſtotle, which for a long ſeries of ages were in full and quiet poſſeſſion of the veneration of the ſchools, not only as the opinions of this author, but as indiſputable principles, ſo indiſputable, that even to doubt of them would be a kind of heretical delinquency; and nevertheleſs, this croſs-grained, ſubtle, and litigious Gallician had the hardineſs to conteſt their title to this veneration, though he ſhould not be able to deprive them of poſſeſſion. But why did he give his work a title ſo foreign to the ſubject? Why? for a reaſon as pious as it was ſtrong, and which no one can quarrel with; becauſe his father was called *Anthony* and his mother *Margaret*; and as he had not ſufficient means to found an anniverſary for their ſouls, he would at leaſt found this dutiful remembrance of them. Well then! Let them now come and upbraid me that I do not fulfil what I promiſe in the title of a chapter.

Beſides

Beſides this, however important the chapter of a book may be, will it ever be ſo important as the chapter of a religious community? And yet how often do we ſee that the reſult * of a chapter is very different from what was propoſed in the beginning? And what chapter was ever yet declared null and void merely upon this account? In ſhort, if a poor author begins to write a chapter with a good and ſound intention of bringing it out of a proper length and juſt proportion, and honeſtly fulfil what he promiſed in the beginning, and afterwards a thouſand things come acroſs him which never entered his head before, of which he would be much grieved to forego the mention, is it poſſible that this favour may not be granted him, or this weakneſs be not connived at, when in converſations we ſee at every turn things intervene which break the thread of the principal ſubject for an hour or two, when inſtead of our teſtifying any great diſguſt, we rather bear patiently with the adverſity and with the weakneſs of our neighbour and go quietly on? Then why ſhall not the ſame charity and the ſame pity and forbearance be exerciſed towards authors and their books? Beſides, would it not have been lamentable, that merely to comply with what the chapter had inconſiderately promiſed, we ſhould have taken our Gerund from ſchool before his time, and without having heard other leſſons, not leſs curious than neceſſary, with which his ſcholars were enriched by the pedantic maſter?

He told them, then, that in their Latin compoſitions, of whatever kind, they ſhould guard carefully againſt imitating the ſtile of Cicero, or any

* Chapters of election; in which of courſe much policy and ſtratagem is exerted.

any of thoſe other ſtiles, which, though proper, chaſte, and elegant, were yet ſo clear and ſo natural that any reader, however dull, might comprehend at the firſt view what they meant to ſay: and this for many reaſons, which vied with each other for powerfulneſs; the firſt, becauſe in holy ſcripture much praiſe is given to that hero, as valourous as wiſe, who treated on the ſciences magnificently, *magnificè etenim ſcientiam tractabat*; and certainly nothing can be treated on magnificently when we make uſe of obvious, trivial, and common words, though ever ſo pure and proper. The ſecond, becauſe if we do not endeavour to hold faſt the attention of readers and hearers by obſcurity, or at leaſt by that the meaning of the phraſe be not immediately intelligible, experience ſhews us that ſome will fall a-ſnoring, and others be thinking of things a thouſand miles off; becauſe the imagnation of mortals is very volatile. The third; becauſe whilſt the reader is turning over Dictionaries and Lexicons to underſtand a word, its ſignification remains afterwards impreſſed upon his memory, and together with that the doctrine and thought of the author. The fourth, and moſt powerful of all, that thoſe gentlemen ſtrangers who are pleaſed to take upon them to brand the Latin of the Spaniards as diſordered, incurious, and diſheveiled, may know that here alſo we know how to write *à la papillotte*, and bring out a Latin, with as many buckles, as if it had been combed in the *Rue St. Honorè à Paris*; which is impoſſible to be done, unleſs we go upon the hunt for choice phraſes and ſuch as are criſp and have a natural curl.

" There you have the Engliſhman or Scotchman, John Barclay (for I do not pledge myſelf, whether

whether he was of London or Edinburgh) who would not ſay *exhortatio*, though they burnt him, but *paræneſis* which ſignifies the ſame, but is a little more of the Greek; nor *obedire* for obey, which any lay-brother ſays, but *decedere*, which, beſides being of a better ſound, is of more abſtruſe ſignification, and is equivocal into the bargain. To call the preface *præfatio!* what layman would not underand that Latin? To call it *Proœmium* has a ſmack of the logical porch: *Prologus* ſounds farcical; let it be called *Alloquium*, *Anteloauium*, *Præloquium*, *Prælocutio*, and I will anſwer for it. Let the doctrinal ſtyle be always called in Latin, *Stylus didaſcalicus*, and let who will fall upon the right interpretation thereof or not. When you would remark upon any Latin author, (though he ſhould be one of the moſt famous) that he has not caught the true air of the Roman tongue, and that ſome national or provincial peculiarities are diſcoverable in him, ſay, "God help him, he cannot write otherwiſe, *redolet patavinitatem*;" for though in fact the grammarians are not agreed upon the true ſignification of this word, yet whoever uſes it, is at once, *ipſo facto*, ſtamped for a Latiniſt elegant, poliſhed, terſe, and ſoaring out of ſight. Above all, I charge you ſtrictly that you never call me or any other teacher by the very vulgar names of *Doctor*, *Magiſter*, *Præceptor*.—Jeſus, what littleneſs! What clowniſhneſs! Always call him who teaches any faculty, *Myſtagogus*; for though it is certain it is not to the purpoſe, yet he who knows it will thank you for it, as it is a word which preſents a myſterious and extraordinary idea. The beſt admonition had like to have ſlipped me. It is of the greateſt importance, when you read any Latin work, of thoſe which

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are moſt in vogue (a phraſe with which I am much pleaſed) to ſay every now and then *hic eſt Thraſoniſmus*, and never mind whether you yourſelves, and thoſe who hear you, underſtand rightly what you mean by it, for I will pawn my word for it, you will leave them amazed and arching their eye-brows with admiration. With this, and with being very cautious not to write the dipthongs of *a* and *e*, and *o* and *e*, in one letter, as ſome honeſt people who have written in Latin have hitherto done, but with the letters ſeparate, writing, for example, *ſaeminae*, inſtead of *fæminæ*, and *Phœbus*, inſtead of *Phœbus*; with not putting the dates of time in days of the month, but in *Kalends*, *Ides*, and *Nones*; with obſerving not to call the months of *July* and *Auguſt* by their known and regular names, but by thoſe of *Quintilis* and *Sextilis*, as they were called, *in diebus illis*; and finally with baniſhing the Arabic numbers from all your Latin compoſitions, uſing always Roman letters inſtead of figures, and thoſe deviſed after the ancient mode, for example, for *anno milleſimo ſeptingentiſſimo quinquageſſimo quarto*, put not, as a 'counting-houſe man would do, 1754, but AN. CIↃDCCLIV; I ſay, my ſons, that, with obſerving theſe articles, you may ſtrut, buſkined gloriouſly with Latin, throughout the world; *et peream ego niſi cultiſſimi omnium Latiniſſimorum hominum audieritis!*"

Very attentive was our Gerund to the leſſons of the Domine, hearing them with ſingular complacency, for as he had ſufficient quickneſs he immediately comprehended them, and as at the ſame time they were ſo conformable to the extravagant taſte with which he had been hitherto educated, they were marvellouſly grateful to him. But as he

he ſaw that the Domine inſiſted ſo ſtrenuouſly, that the Latin ſhould always go upon ſtilts and be as obſcure as poſſible, and as on account of the ſtrong inclination he had from his infancy ſhewn for preaching, his godfather, the licentiate Quixano, had ſent him the four volumes of ſermons of the famous John Raulin, a Pariſian doctor, who died in 1514, which as they were written in very plain and home-ſpun Latin, were perfectly underſtood by Gerry, he ſaid very diſconſolately to the Domine, ſpeaking in Latin, as there was a forfeit for ſpeaking Spaniſh in the ſchool) *Domine, ſecundum ipſum, quidam ſermones Latini quos ego habeo in pauſatione mea non valebunt nihil, quia ſunt plani & clari ſicut aqua.*——According to that, Sir, ſome Latin ſermons which I have at my lodging or *poſado* are good for nothing, becauſe they are as plain and clear as water. *Qui ſunt hi ſermones*, aſked the Domine, what ſermons are thoſe? *Sunt cujuſdam predicatoris qui vocatur Joannes de —— non me recorder, quia habet apellitum multum enreveſatum.* —They are of a preacher called John de —— I cannot remember as he has a very intricate or *enreveſado* appellative. *De quo agunt*, demanded the Domine, of what do they treat? *Domine*, anſwered the boy, *de multis rebus quæ faciunt ridere*—Sir, of many things which make one laugh. Go and fetch them, ſaid the Preceptor, and we will ſee what things they are, and what ſort of ſtuff the Latin is. Away flew the obedient Gerund, and brought the books. The Domine opened a volume in the ſermon *de viduitate*, from which he read aloud the following admirable paſſage.

" Dicitur de quadam vidua quod venit ad cura-
" tum ſuum quærens ab eo conſilium, ſi deberet
" iterum maritari, & allegabat quod erat ſine
" adjutorio,

" adjutorio, & quod habebat ſervum optimum " & peritum in arte mariti ſui. Tunc curatus " dixit, Bene, accipite eum. E contrario illa " dicebat, ſed periculum ſit accipere illum, ne de " ſervo meo faciam dominum. Tunc curatus " dixit, Bene, nolite eum accipere. Ait illa, quo- " modo ergo faciam? Non poſſum ſuſtinere " pondus illud quod ſuſtinebat maritus meus niſi " unum habeam. Tunc curatus dixit, Bene, ha- " beatis eum. At illa, ſed ſi malus eſſet & vellet " me diſperdere & uſurpare? Tunc curatus, Non " accipiatis ergo eum. Et ſic curatus ſemper " juxta argumenta ſua concedebat ei. Videns " autem curatus, quia vellet illum habere, & " haberet devotionem ad eum, dixit ei, ut bene " diſtinctè intelligeret quid campanæ eccleſiæ ei " dicerent, & ſecundum conſilium campanarum " quod ipſa faceret. Campanis autem pulſantibus " intellexit juxta voluntatem ſuam quod dicerent, " *prens ton varlet, prens ton varlet.* Quo accepto, " egregiè verberavit eam, & fuit ancilla quæ prius " fuerat domina. Tunc ad curatum ſuum con- " queſta eſt de conſilio maledicendo horam, qua " crediderat ei. Cui ille, non ſatis audiſtis quid " dicant campanæ. Tunc curatus palſavit cam- " panas, & tunc intellexit quod campanæ dice- " bant, *ne le prens pas, ne le prens pas*; tunc enim " vexatio dederat ei intellectum "

Notwithſtanding the innate and connate ſeriouſneſs of the Preceptor, it is affirmed by a coetaneous, ſyneronous, and faith-worthy author, that upon reading this pleaſant piece of a ſermon he could not refrain from laughter: and that it might be underſtood by the very children who had but that year began their grammar he ordered Gerund to conſtrue it. Gerund told him, that by only reading

reading it he had got it imprinted on his memory, and that without conſtruing it, if his worſhip pleaſed, he would relate it all regularly, and even preach it as if he was the very preacher himſelf. The propoſition was approved by the Preceptor, and ſilence commanded by him, giving three ſlaps on the table with the ferule. Gerund placed himſelf with a graceful air in the middle of the ſchool, wiped his noſe with a corner of his cloak, made a bow with his hat in his hand, round to all his ſchool-fellows, and a reverence with his right foot as if he would have ſcraped up the floor, fixed his hat upon his head as a preacher would do his cap, cleared his pipes, and began to hold forth in this manner, following word for word the ſermon of John Raulin.

" It is related of a certain widow that ſhe went " to the miniſter of her pariſh to aſk his advice " if ſhe ſhould marry again, alledging, that " ſhe could not be without ſome one to help " her, and that ſhe had an excellent ſervant, a " ſtout young man, well ſkilled in the buſineſs of " her late huſband. Well then, ſaid the miniſter, " marry him. But ſhe ſaid, there is danger if I " marry him, leſt he may take upon him, and " from my ſervant become my maſter. Well " then, ſaid the miniſter, don't marry him. She " replied, I do not know what to do; I cannot " ſuſtain the weight of buſineſs my huſband car- " ried on, unleſs I take another to aſſiſt me. Well, " ſaid the miniſter, marry this young man. But, " ſays ſhe, what if he turn out bad, and abuſe " me, and waſte my property? Well, then, ſays " again the miniſter, don't marry him: and thus " he continued always anſwering according to the " propoſitions and replies which the widow made;

" but

" but in ſhort, ſeeing ſhe had a great mind to " this young man, and was very fond of him, he " told her ſhe ſhould obſerve well what the bells " of the church would ſay upon the affair, and " act according to their counſel. The bells were " rung, and ſeemed to ſay to her, by the inter- " pretation of her heart, *The ſtur-dy rogue be wed,* " *the ſtur-dy rogue he wed.* She married him ac- " cordingly, and he in return banged her ſides " handſomely, and converted the miſtreſs to an " hand-maid. Then ſhe came complaining to " the miniſter of the advice he had given her, " and curſing the hour in which ſhe had liſtened " to him. Then the miniſter ſaid, without " doubt you did not obſerve well what the bells " ſaid. They were rung again, and then they " ſeem to her to ſay clearly and diſtinctly, *The* " *ſur-ly rogue be fled, the ſur-ly rogue be fled*; for " then her affliction had brought her to her un- " derſtanding."

The Domine greatly applauded the exactneſs with which Gerund had underſtood what he had read, and the grace with which he had recited it, foreſeeing that he would have great talents for preaching; and his ſchoolfellows huzzaed and extolled him much, and laughed exceedingly at the ſtory. But the Preceptor, reſuming his tone of inſtruction, began with making ſome ſerious and judicious reflections, and ended with others as ridiculous as poſſible. As to the Latin, he told his diſciples, it was indeed very home-ſpun, and that even thoſe who were for clear and running Latin would not approve it, becauſe this was not ſo much clear and natural as clowniſh and dirty; in which he had great reaſon. " But you are to obſerve one thing, ſays he, which is the little reaſon

ſome

ſome gentlemen Frenchmen have to cut their jokes upon the Latin of the Spaniards, treating us as barbarians in point of Latinity, and ſaying that we have always ſpoken this tongue as the Goths and Vandals might have ſpoken it: and this, becauſe there may have been here and there an author of ours, who in truth wrote a ruſtic and tangled Latin, or like the Latin of an apothecary or a pariſh-clerk. Come, come, Monſieurs, they ought all to be allowed good by you; for if we have had our Garcias, our Cruzes, and our I don't know who beſides, your worſhips have likewiſe had your Raulins, your Maillards, your Barletas, your Menots; and what is worth remarking, your author, the celebrated Monſieur du Cange, in the Dictionary he compoſed of low or baſtard Latin, went not from home to look for the greateſt part of the examples which he gives. And pray obſerve, gentlemen, by the way, that at the time when ſuch elegant Latin as this of John Raulin was the mode even in your *Bonne Ville de Paris*, we had here, in the very ſame age, the Montanos, the Brocenſes, the Pereyras, the Leones, and many others, who could have played their part in the politeſt Roman circle, and have talked face to face with the Tullies and the Livies, whom your worſhips ſo much praiſe, tho' they are not of my pariſh, nor of my greateſt devotion.

"So far as to the Latin," ſaid the Domine; "but with regard to the ſubſtance of the ſermon," continued he, ſoon tired of ſpeaking with tolerable judgment, or ſuffering himſelf to be carried away by his ſlovenly mode of conception, "but with regard to the ſubſtance of the ſermon, tho' I have read but this ſcrap of it, I immediately pronounce the author of it to have been one of the greateſt

preachers there ever were in the world, and I myſelf would go to the end of it merely to have the happineſs of hearing him. I am ſo delighted with theſe little tales, jeſts, and pleaſantries in ſuch compoſitions, that I would not give two-pence for a ſermon, and ſhould be ready to fall aſleep at it, in which the audience did not laugh, at leaſt half a dozen times, ready to ſplit their ſides. I thought that this had been an excluſive merit of ſome Spaniſh preachers, and that this method of preaching, and diverting people, had not been practiſed in other parts; but now I ſee that all the world is country, as we ſay, that this is not a peculiar cuſtom; and though on one hand I lament that ſome of our celebrated orators have not the ſole claim to this glory, yet on the other I am not ſorry that other nations participate it, as the contrary would be envy and a vicious ambition*." Not a ſyllable of this lecture was loſt upon our

* From one of the ſermons of *Menot*, whom the Domine names laſt of the French authors, Mr. Helvetius gives the following extract, which the reader perhaps may not think inferior to the widow and her bells; and leſt it ſhould ſuffer by a tranſlation he ſhall have in the language in which it is met with. "Dieu avoit de toute éternité déterminé l'incarnation & le ſalut du genre humain; mails il vouloit que de grands perſonages, tels que les ſaints peres, le demandaſſent. Adam, Enos, Methuſalem, Lamech, Noe, après l'avoir inutilement ſolicité, s'viſerent de lui envoyer des ambaſſadeurs. Le premier fut Moïſe, le ſecond David, le troiſieme Iſaie,& le dernier l'egliſe,Ces ambaſſadeurs n'ayant pas mieux réuſſi que les patriarches eux-mêmes, ils crurent devoir deputer des femmes. Madame Eve ſe preſenta la premiere, à laquelle Dieu fit reponſe,

our Gerund; for as he had from a child ſhewn ſo ſtrong an inclination to preaching, he took in, with particular attention and guſt, whatever might tend to render him famous in that line, and he immediately reſolved in his heart, that if he ſhould ever come to be a preacher, no ſermon would he preach, be it upon what ſubject or occaſion it would, which ſhould not be crammed full of jeſts and ſtories.

Finally, the good Domine inſtructed his diſciples in all the other parts relative to perfect Latinity, or the perfect uſe of the Latin tongue, with

ponſe, "Eve, tu as péché; tu n'es pas digne de mon fils." Enſuite Madame Sara qui dit, "O Dieu, aide-nous." Dieu lui dit, "Tu t'en as rendue indigne par l'incrédulité que tu marquas lorſque je t'aſſurai que tu ſerois mere d'Iſaac." La troiſieme fut Madame Rebecca: Dieu lui dit, "Tu as fait en faveur de Jacob, trop de tort à Eſau." La quatrieme, Madame Judith, à qui Dieu dit, "Tu as été trop coquette, tu perdois trop de tems à t'attiffer pour plaire à Ahaſuerus." Enfin fut envoyeé la chambriere, de l'age de quatorze ans, laquelle, tenant la vue baiſſe & toute honteuſe, s'agenouilla, puis vint a dire, "Que non bienaimé vienne dans mon jardin, afin qu'il y mange du fruit de ſes pommes,"—& le jardin étoit le ventre virginal. Or, le fils ayant oui ces paroles, il dit à ſon pere, "Mon pere, j'ai aimé celle-ci dès ma jeuneſſe, & je veux l'avoir pour mere." A l'inſtant Dieu appelle Gabriel, & lui dit, "Hola, Gabriel, va-t-en vite en Nazareth, a Marie, & lui prèſente de ma part ces lettres." Et le fils y ajouta, "Dis-lui de la mienne que je la choiſis pour ma mere." "Aſſure-la," dit enſuite le Saint-Eſprit, "Que je habiterei en elle, qu'elle ſera mon temple; & remets lui ces lettres de ma part."

All the other ſermons of Menot, ſays the quoter of this extract, are nearly in the ſame taſte.

exactly the ſame taſte as he had inſtructed them in ſtyle. He told them that rhetoric was not the art of perſuading, but the art of ſpeaking, and that the going to ſeek after ſolid reaſons and concluſive arguments to prove a thing and to convince the underſtandiug, was a mechanical buſineſs, fit only for logicians and mathematicians, who go a demonſtration-hunting with great parade, and when they had ſeized their game it was good for nothing; that the perfect rhetorician was he, who attacked and overcame the underſtanding with three or four nothings, and that to this end figures had been invented, which were uſeleſs to give weight to what had weight in itſelf, and that all their merit conſiſted in bewildering reaſon, and making it believe that glaſs was diamond, and tinſel gold. He taught them, that they ſhould not waſte their time nor puzzle their brains about introduction, propoſition, diviſion, confirmation, peroration, &c. for that this was to give heed to old women's tales, and to ſet about compoſing a Latin oration with the ſame ſymmetry as one builds an houſe. He did not conceal from them that Ariſtotle, Demoſthenes, Cicero, Longinus, and Quintilian had ſaid that this was indiſpenſable, not only that an oration ſhould be perfect, but that it ſhould even merit the name of an oration; but he added that theſe were poor creatures, and that becauſe they themſelves knew not how to ſpeak in public in any other manner, they took it for granted that all were to ſpeak thus, who were to ſpeak well. A clear proof, that they had no reaſon in what they ſaid, were thouſands and thouſands of ſermons which went up and down this good world of God even in print, with all the neceſſary licences, and with the approbations of the moſt ſcientific and diſcreet men,

and

and which had been received with aſtoniſhing applauſe; and as all mankind knows that a ſermon is not, nor ought to be any thing elſe than an artificial and well-conſtructed compoſition of eloquence or rhetoric, yet in the ſaid ſermons was there not the leaſt trace of all that nonſenſe and hurly-burly of introduction, propoſition, diviſion, &c. but certain brilliant, friſky, ſuitable, ſpecious thoughts, ſtriving each which ſhould be falſeſt, ſcattered here and there at the pleaſure of the preacher, without conviction, perſuaſion, or any thing like it; and nevertheleſs they were applauded as pieces of inimitable eloquence, and committed to print to perpetuate their memory. From all which, he legitimately and peremptorily concluded, that true rhetoric and true eloquence had nothing at all to do with all that ſtuff, but conſiſted principally in having the rhetorical figures well decorated with the ſounding Greek names with which each had been baptiſed, the orator being ready, when properly called upon, to give their proper and adequate definition. "Give me the man, ſaid he, who knows *quid eſt Epanorthoſis, Elipſis, Hyperbaton, Paralipſis, Pleonaſmus, Synonomia, Hypotypoſis, Epiphonema, Apoſtrophe, Prolepſis, Upobolia, Epitrophe, Periphraſis and Proſopopeia*; and who, in whatever compoſition, whether Latin or Spaniſh, uſes theſe figures as he ſhall think fit, whether he has a call for them or not, and I will maintain him to be more rhetorical and more eloquent than an hundred Ciceros and two hundred Demoſtheneſes paſſed by the alembic." All the endeavour therefore of the learned Preceptor was, that his boys ſhould know theſe trifles by heart; and to thoſe whom he ſaw moſt inſtructed and expert in them he would ſay, full of vanity and ſatiſ-

faction, "Go, my ſons, for you may now ſhew yourſelves courageouſly as rhetoricians thro' all the good ſtudies of God and all the ſeminaries of Chriſt." In reality the rhetoricians of the Domine *Zangas-largas*, or Long-Shanks, that was his true name, were very remarkable upon all the banks of the Orbigo and thoſe which are bathed by the famous Rio Tuerto, or Crooked River.

Finally, the leſſons which he gave them upon the Latin poetry, the laſt part of all which it was his province to teach, were full brothers to thoſe relating to the other parts of Latinity. He contented himſelf with making them learn by heart the proſody, the quantity of the ſyllables, the Greek names of the feet, *dactyle*, *ſpondee*, *iambus*, *trochee*, *pyrrichius*, &c. thoſe which expreſſed the uniformity or variety of the ſtrophes, *monocolos*, *monoſtrophos*, *dicolos diſtrophos*, *tetraſtrophos*, and that they ſhould commit to memory a great number of verſes of the Latin poets ſolely to prove by them the quantity of ſyllables long or ſhort by poſition, without adverting that this rule is not abſolutely infallible, becauſe the beſt Latin poets made, not infrequently, long ſyllables ſhort, or ſhort ones long, either uſing poetical licence, or becauſe, tho' they were poets, as they were but men they might forget themſelves; ſince, ſometimes, even Homer himſelf will nod. This being done, if the boys compoſed verſes which would ſcan, however languid, poor, and proſaic they might be, and though they were more ſtuffed with traſh than a maſter-wall with rubbiſh, there was need of nothing more for crowning them with the laurel of Apollo. Once were propoſed, as a ſubject of a Latin diſtich, or a quartilla (a ſtanza of four lines) in Spaniſh, theſe words, *Then it was ſeen with how much reaſon God chaſtiſed*

chaſtiſed the world with the deluge, and Noah's ark was conſtructed, and a diſciple of Zancas-largas compriſed them in a ſingle Latin verſe which ſaid

Diluviumque, Arcamque Noe; tum qua ratione.

For this admirable verſe only the Domine, not able to contain himſelf, gave him an embrace and two *parces*, or licence to commit two faults without puniſhment. As another ſubject was propoſed the proverbial ſentence, *what can't be cur'd muſt be endur'd*, and one of the boys dreſſed it in this ſweet pentameter,

Quæ non mutari, ſunt toleranda, queunt;

which was worth him twelve places in his form and an afternoon's holiday. He ordered them to put the following invitation into a ſtanza of Sapphic verſes; *Andrew Corvinus deſires Peter Paganus to come and take a bit with him on Wedneſday afternoon, as he ſhall that day kill an hog.* A boy who paſſed for a miraculous genius the next day brought this ſtanza.

Domine Petre, Domine Pagane,
Corvius rogat, velis ut, Andreas,
Veſperi quarta mactabimus ſuem,
Ad ſe venire.

The preceptor wanted little of running mad with joy, and immediately on the ſpot declared him perpetual emperor of the Roman band *, made him

* The ſcholars are uſually divided into two bands, the Roman and Carthaginian, or the Greek and Trojan. Their Saturday's buſineſs is a pitched battle of know-

take poſſeſſion of the chief ſeat, or imperial throne, commanded that for the preſent he ſhould be crowned with a wreath of marſh-mallows and other herbs, ſince there was nothing elſe at hand in what was called the Domine's *Garden*, but was a little dirty cloſe to fodder an aſs in, till a branch of laurels could be procured from the mountain; and decreed that from that time forth to all ſucceeding ages, even to the end of the world, he ſhould be held, had, and accounted the Arch-poet of the Deſert (that was the country which produced this thunderbolt of a boy) to diſtinguiſh him from, and prevent his ever being confounded with, Camillo Cuerno the Arch-poet de la Pulla.

That the Domine ſhould ſet about explaining to his diſciples, in what the ſoul and the divine furor of poetry conſiſted, to deſire him to make them obſerve the character and difference of the beſt poets, to hope that he would teach them to know, and diſtinguiſh, and judge of them, to expect that he ſhould inſtruct them not to be pleaſed with verboſity and ridiculous puerility—think not of it, Sir, I beſeech you; 'twas not to be done; the Domine

knowledge in the different parts of grammar. A judge or umpire is appointed, who declares the victory from the ſuperior number of hits; and to the cuſtody of ſome boy of the conquering party, who has moſt diſtinguiſhed himſelf, is committed by the maſter a ſmall flag or enſign, with which he marches home very triumphantly to his parents, who are much delighted with the honourable teſtimony of his merit, if they are in good circumſtances; but if they are poor, they curſe the compliment and the maker of it, as this flag muſt be ſent home the next Saturday, with a piece of good ribbon tied to its tail, which the Domine either ſells, or gives to the fair one of whoſe good graces he is moſt ambitious.

Domine did not know to do it; and, beſides, verboſity and puerility were the delight of his heart. He was naturally inclined to the worſt of whatever he met with in the poets, eſpecially if it had a thundering ſound or ridiculous jingle or iteration. As to the firſt chapter, he extolled to the ſkies theſe two windy mouthfuls, or poetical ventoſities of Ovid,

Semi-bovemque virum, ſemi-virumque bovem.
Egelidum boream, egelidumque notum.

And ſaid, with great ſatisfaction, he found nothing elſe in this poet that he could praiſe. As to the ſecond, there was not in the world, according to him, a thing equal to that play of words, ſo ridiculous and ſo ſilly, in the verſe of Cicero, which has for ever marked him for as poor a creature amongſt the poets, as he was great amongſt the orators,

O fortunatam natam, me conſule, Romam!

But nothing aſtoniſhed him ſo much as the divine genius of that unknown poet, who in two words only compoſed an hexameter verſe, complete and adjuſted to all the rules of proſody, but in ſo occult a manner, that it is ſcarcely to be known for a verſe, unleſs by a revelation; for without it who would take this for one,

Conſternabatur Conſtantinopolitanus?

And yet no ſyllable is wanting. Thus all his chief cares, and his moſt earneſt endeavours, were to teach his boys in poetry juſt what they ought to

be ignorant of, or to know only in order to abominate, or to make a ſolemn jeſt of, as is done by all the notable men who deſerve to have a muſtacho curled upon Parnaſſus. For his ſins did there fall into his hands a certain work of a writer of this age, intitled, *De Poeſi Germanorum Symbolica*, Of the Symbolical Poetry of the Germans, in which was handled and celebrated the prodigious variety of ſo many kinds of verſe, Leonine, Alexandrine, Acroſtic, Chronologic, Hieroglyphic, Cancrine, Croſs-formed, Labyrinthic, Pyramidal, and a thouſand other follies as have been invented by that nation, otherwiſe learned, ingenious, and judicious, but in this particular of ſo extravagant a taſte, that it has cauſed much admiration and not a little laughter to other nations; though it will be difficult to find one to which the contagion has not reached: juſt like the ſmall-pox, which in general infects only children and young perſons, this ridiculous peſt is caught ordinarily by boy-poets only, who have not yet the uſe of poetical reaſon; and if at any time it ſeizes an adult, the diſeaſe is incurable, or leſs than deſperate.

To all the other kinds of verſe Zancas-largas of courſe preferred the worſt, that is, the Leonine or jingling, which in all probability introduced into the poetical world the perverſe ſect of rhimes, which, like the dragon in the Revelation, with its tail drew the third part of the ſtars of Heaven, and did caſt them to the earth, I mean, which has deſtroyed ſo many noble geniuſes who might have enriched poſterity with a thouſand divine things, and who, through theſe curſed rhimes, (God forgive me) happily unknown to all antiquity, have bequeathed it an inexhauſtible fund of poorneſs, impropriety, and rubbiſh. But our Domine, beſotted

ſotted to his ill-adviſed opinion, ſwore by the immortal Gods, that all the Iliad of Homer, all the Eneid of Virgil, and all the Pharſalia of Lucan, were not worth the ſingle diſtich with which Muretus laughed at Gambarra, a poet of Antwerp, ſaving the dirtineſs and ill ſavour, for theſe were not to be laid to the charge of the poetry.

Credite, vectratum merdoſa volumina vatum
Non ſunt noſtrates tergere digna nates.

As the end and cloſe of all, he inſtructed them in what he called the *Divina Scientia* of equivoques and anagrams, and of this laſt, eſpecially, he was furiouſly enamoured. A perfect anagram, he ſaid, was the art of arts, the ſcience of ſciences, the delicacy of delicacies, the elevation of elevations, in a word, the lydius lapis, or the touch-ſtone of good, true, pure, legal, unalloyed genius. Where is there again in the world ſuch another thing as to call a *wolf* a *fowl*, and a *fowl* a *wolf*; to ſay *puſs* to a man taking broth, and *ſup* to a cat? But if in a perfect ſentence or motto was concealed not leſs than a name and a pair of appellatives, without a ſyllable, letter, or leg of a letter wanting or abounding—as, for example, the beautiful diſguiſe, under which the author of a certain modern work hid himſelf, and yet came forth into public with his name and additions, ſaying, in the front of the work, *Homo impugnat lites*, and concluding with a *pinguet olim*—it is worth a Potoſi, as it is a perfect anagram of both his names, and both the ſentences have a meaning proper, elegant, and ſoaring out of ſight. Yet there are imperfect anagrams, which, notwithſtanding, are ineſtimable, and have in their very imperfection more graces than can be found in

in the ſo-much-extolled inſipidities of Martial and Owen. For example, did not he who made an anagram of the name of *Oſma*, and ſaid, *Aſno, with one leg to ſpare* *, deſerve to have a ſtatue erected for him in the capitol of Minerva? And did the other deſerve leſs who put the name and appellatives of a certain biſhop in this anagram, *Thou ſhalt be Cardinal*, and, as there were two l l's abounding, which he did not know how to accommodate, added, *with two l l's to ſpare, for the Leather Laſh of the poſt-boy who ſhall bring the news?* Let us be undeceived; this affair of anagrams is a divine affair, whatever may be ſaid by half a dozen buffoons, who account it children's play, and would perſuade us that Martial's aſſertion, *Turpe eſt difficiles habere nugas, & ſtultus eſt labor ineptiarum*, is well applied to Anagrammatiſts. And leſs weight with me has the other ſatire of the crude Adrian de Valois, who, becauſe he did not know what is your right anagram, ſung us this ſmart touch as he thought,

Citharædus eſſe qui nequit, ſit Aulædus;
Anagrammatiſta, qui Poeta non ſperat.

Bravo! Give the pretty fellow a ſugar-plum for his pretty thing. But I will tell him, that he, who ſhall not know how to make anagrams, muſt never hope to be a poet on this ſide the grave; and that he, who ſhall make good ones, is already advanced above half way towards being a mighty poet, a poet in folio: for if poetry be no other than a noble tranſpoſition of words, anagrams are but

* *Aſno* is an aſs. One leg to ſpare means one ſtroke of the *m*, which being taken away leaves an *n*.

but a beautiful tranſpoſition of letters. And evil betide that Colletet, or Coletillo, who, without the fear of God before his eyes, ſaid,

Letters in anagrams to twiſt and ſtrain,
Is the poor province of a twiſted brain.

CHAP. X.

In which is treated of what itſelf will tell.

FIVE years, four months, twenty days, three hours, and ſeven minutes did our Gerund ſpend in learning theſe and other impertinences of the ſame ſtamp (according to a moſt punctual ancient legend, which gives us exactly marked even the very titles of chronology) and fraught, to the entire ſatisfaction of the Domine, with figures, rules, verſes, hymns, and leſſons of the Breviary (for this he made his ſcholars conſtrue and get by heart, as being an admirable preparation for an examination for holy orders) he returned to Campazas upon a day of the month of May, which day the aboveſaid chronicle remarks broke cloudy, and afterwards continued rainy. All the moſt weighty authors, who have written upon the affairs of this extraordinary man, agree, that though the Domine was a great flogger, and eſpecially if a boy miſtook in a particle of an hymn, the quantity of a ſyllable, the formation of an anagram, and things of this tenour, he was ſure to be horſed without remiſſion, though he might have a hat-full of *parces*, yet that, notwithſtanding, our Gerund was ſo exact in every thing, and knew ſo well how to keep his breeches up, that in all the aforeſaid time

time which he ſpent in his grammatical ſtudies, he was flogged but four hundred and ten times, which by a faithful calculation ſcarcely amounts to three times a week: a thing which ſurpriſed thoſe who knew the rigour and ſeverity of Zancas-largas. Nor was it leſs matter of ſurprize, that in all this courſe of time Gerund ſhould not have played truant but twelves times, according to one author, or thirteen according to another, and this always for the moſt legitimate and urgent cauſes; for one time he did it to go to ſee the bulls at Baneza, another to go to the pilgrimage of the Chriſt of Villaquexida, two others to go a bird-catching with limed twigs at a hedge-row near a ſpring which was three leagues from the place where he ſtudied; and thus of all the reſt; which his application and the great love he had for learning corroborates. The ſame authors likewiſe aſſure us, that there was not in all the ſchool a more quiet and peaceable boy. Never was any other tendency to miſchief obſerved in him than the great pleaſure he took in playing tricks, which they call *laying on the cat*, upon the freſh-men who came to his boarding-houſe. His moſt uſual and beloved one was to let them fall a-ſleep after they were in bed, and making a ſlip-knot in the end of a piece of ſtrong packthread to put it with the greateſt ſoftneſs and gentleneſs in the world over one of the great toes of the poor ſleeper; then he ſtole to his own chamber with the other end of the pack-thread in his hand, which being at firſt gently and afterwards more ſtrongly drawn, accordingly as the knot went on tightening, the pain went on awakening the patient, who went on ſcreaming in proportion to the pain, which likewiſe went on encreaſing in proportion as Gerry went on drawing the packthread; and as the unhappy ſufferer could

could not ſee or gueſs at his tormentor, as all his companions in the ſame room at that time ſnored excellently, feigning a moſt profound ſleep, he bellowed ſtoutly againſt the witches and goblins who wear tearing off his toe. And though it is certain, that two or three boys had like to have loſt their toes, yet it was always thought a very innocent trick, eſpecially as Gerund would ſay in the morning that he did it only out of fun and out of a mere joke. As to every thing elſe he was the quieteſt creature that could be; for there was a whole week in which he ſcarcely broke half a dozen boys heads; and in the full five years that he was in one and the ſame boarding-houſe he never once broke a ſingle plate or porringer; all that he did in this way, was upon four occaſions to daſh every piece of crockery-ware in the whole houſe to atoms; but for this he had a ſtrong and juſt motive, becauſe the red cat, which his dame was very fond of, had eat a luſty raſher he had laid by for his ſupper. His behaviour at the pariſh church, where all the ſtudents went to hear maſs, was exemplary and edifying. Do not ſuppoſe that our Gerund was wont to ſtand turning his head idly from ſide to ſide like a weather-cock; or to be pulling the boy who ſtood before him by the cloak, or moiſtening the end of a ſtraw to lay it gently in the ear of the ſaid boy, or to tickle his neck with it as if it had been a fly; nor much leſs to be entertaining himſelf in making a ſort of chain-work with the remaining part of the lace, with which his waiſtcoat was drawn together before, and when it was all involved in this chain-work, giving it a pull by the end, and undoing it at once; all theſe tricks, with which boys uſually beguile their time at church, he was much ſcandalized at, and conſequently

ſequently ſhunned the practice of. No; motionleſs did our Gerund always ſtand, with his face reverently towards the altar, and his eyes nailed on an Æſop's Fables in his hand, which he conſtrued over and over with the greateſt devotion.

Being returned to Campazas, who can relate the demonſtrations of joy, and the endearments with which he was received by Anthony and Catanla, the parſon of the pariſh, and his godfather, the licentiate Quixano, who were continual meſſmates with my uncle Anthony, and had ſcarcely left the houſe after they knew the aſs had been ſent for Gerry, for that is the phraſe uſed in Campos, when a boy is to be fetched from ſchool. After the firſt embraces which they all gave him, they were aſtoniſhed at the guſhes of Latin, which burſt ſo copiouſly from that mouth of his, that it was wonderful to behold. They preſently began, as it was natural, to talk of the Preceptor, when his ſcholar inſtantly exclaimed, *Proh Dii immortales! Myſtagogus meus eſt homo qui amittitur de conſpectu*—O immortal Gods! my Myſtagogue is a man who ſoars out of ſight. They aſked him if he had many boys? And he directly anſwered, *Qui numeret ſtellas poterit numerare puellas*—He who can count the ſtars, may count the number of the boys. The licentiate Quixano, who was leſs confined to his native language than any of the others, ſaid to him, "You miſtake, my man, for *puellàs* does not ſignify *boys*, but *girls*." *Pace tua dixerim, Domine Gro-fat-hed*, replied his godſon, *puella puellæ* is epicene, *juxta illud, uno epicena vocant Graii, promiſcua noſtri.* The Licentiate had nothing to anſwer, and only aſked him why he called him *Gro-fat-hed*, as it ſounded like laughing at him, and he thought it rather impertinent.

Neutiquam

Neutiquam per medium-fidium! anſwered Gerund, ſmiling, *Gro-fat-hed* is the anagram of *Godfather*, and an anagram is a figure by which the letters of one or more words are tranſpoſed or inverted; and ſo, Sir Godfather, with your leave, if I ſhould call my mother Cantanla *ann-al-cat*, I ſhould be ſo far from miſcalling her or departing from the duty I owe her, that I ſhould compliment her by applying to her name one of the moſt delicate and ingenious figures in all rhetoric.

With theſe, and other follies of the ſame kind, Gerund paſſed away the time, ſhewing ſigns of his great progreſs in Latinity, and waiting for the arrival of St. Luke's day to begin his *ſumulas*, or introduction to logic; when, about the middle of ſummer, the Provincial * of a certain order, a religious and learned man, came to the houſe, and was entertained in it ſome days. His train was compoſed, as is uſual, of another Father, his companion and ſecretary in one, and a lay-brother, a plump, airy, briſk, handy, crafty knave, who was of eſpecial ſervice in the miſerable inns upon the road, and employed in domeſtic offices in the convents. He was a good-humoured fellow, not at all hyprocritical, nor in any degree, nor any point, ſcrupulous. He gave Gerund ſome cakes and comfits, which had been preſented to him by the Nuns whoſe convent they had lately viſited.

By

* The governor of a province of friars, by whom he is elected. His office, which continues three years, is to viſit every convent once a year, to ſee that the regular diſcipline be kept up, to ſend friars from one convent to another, &c. He may reſide afterwards in what convent of the order he pleaſes. The Superiors or Priors, &c. of convents are alſo elected, and remain in the office three years.

By this he made the boy very fond of him, and likewiſe by the ſtories and jeſts he told in the family, whilſt his paternity and the ſecretary were taking their ſieſta or afternoon's nap, (for the lay-brother did not reliſh ſleeping in the day-time) and they ſay he told his ſtories with grace. After the fathers had refreſhed themſelves, (till when he waited to ſee if they had any commands for him) he went to take a walk with Gerund, who carried him ſome times to the areas on which the corn was rubbed from the ear *, at others to the little chapel by the road ſide, and again at others to his father's vineyard, which bordered on the copſe. Upon theſe occaſions the boy poured out all the abſurdities which he had learned with the Domine; and, as the lay-brother heard him talk ſo much Latin, to him the ſame as Greek, and as at the ſame time he ſaw he was a lively clever lad, he thought he would be very fit for their order, and therefore began to catechize him.

He told him, that there was no better life in the world than that of a friar, for that the dulleſt was always ſure of his commons, and after aſſiſting in the choir, it was all holiday; that he who had a moderate genius might go upon the line of lecturer or maſter, or upon that of preacher; and that though the line of lecturer was more ſhining, yet that of the pulpit was more eaſy and more lucrative;

* Theſe areas are certain ſquare ſpots (in different fields) well trodden or beaten, and ſometimes nicely paved, to make them hard, on which an inſtrument made of three great planks, ſtudded with ſmall ſharp flints, is drawn backwards and forwards over the corn, bruiſing the ear and thruſting out the grain. It is ſaid to be more expeditious than threſhing, or the ancient way of treading it out with oxen.

tive; ſince he knew, that he did, general preachers*, who had never in their lives furniſhed a ſermon out of their own heads, and, notwithſtanding, were ſuch preachers as ſoared out of ſight and had gained a great deal of money; and that, in ſhort, in becoming *jubilated*, or exempt (of the *emeriti*) on either line, they lived like very biſhops. Then as to the life of Collegiates! (as they are called when they are entered upon their ſtudies after the expiration of their novicate,) neither the king nor the pope lives better, at leaſt not more happy. They run the gauntlet, indeed, a little now and then, with the lecturers and maſters of the faculties, if their gravities are troubleſome and ridiculous about making them mind their ſtudies; but what does that ſignify if they play them a hundred tricks and cheat them finely? They never eat better than when they are confined to bread and water for neglecting their leſſons or lying a-bed; for then their companions ſave in their ſleeves the beſt part of their commons for them, and they feaſt like abbots. Then the rout, and the racket, and the roaring, that they make when they are by themſelves! The merry mad tricks that they play with one another! And ſometimes ſome precious things have happened. It is certain if they are caught they pay for it; and there are flogging-bouts laid on wonderfully cloſe; but *datus ſunt, paſſatus ſunt.* As to the life of a Novice we ſay little: it is well known that they muſt be always aſſiſting in the choir, helping at Maſſes, never miſs Matins, have much meditation, or mental prayer, enjoined them,

* *Predicadores generales*, thoſe who have a licence from the General of the order, and are of the firſt rank.

them, and much diſcipline, go with down-caſt eyes and a head hung like a ripe fig. But this is a thing of nothing; when their maſter has turned his back, or in thoſe times of liberty and holiday which come every now and then, there are ſuch doings as are ready to bring the houſe down, playing at blindman's buff, leap-frog, and fulling-mills *, with all the glee in the world.

It cannot be conceived with what pleaſure our Gerund liſtened to this deſcription of the religious life, given with more imprudence than truth, diſcovering only the defects of the imperfect members, and concealing the ſeverity with which they were reprehended and chaſtiſed, and the regularity which is exacted by every order, however mild, from its individuals. But the good lay-brother thought, that if he could but once ſet our youngſter agog for the vocation, he ſhould do a good deed, and as to the reſt, he would ſee it faſt enough when it was embraced. And in truth he ſet him ſo effectually agog, that he immediately told his Catechiſt, that he would be a Friar of his order, though they ſhould hang him, and that he would that very evening deſire to have the habit from the hands of the Provincial Father before his parents. The lay-brother gave him an embrace, two heart-cakes, and a ſcapulary with red ribbons, and its badge embroidered with gold thread, with which his eagerneſs for the vocation became ſo great, that he would not have abandoned the thoughts of being a Friar,

* A noiſy ſport, in which ſome of the boys lie upon their backs on the ground, lifting up their legs alternately, whilſt the others are to ſtrike on their breech, the ground, and their own hands, with a ſhoe, or ſome ſuch thing, to meaſure time, under forfeiture of taking their places.

a Friar, even for the living of his own pariſh. Moreover, the lay-brother inſtructed him in what manner he was to apply to the Provincial, and that having procured his conſent, he ſhould beſeech him to be himſelf his habit-father, as in this manner he would ſecure his fortune, becauſe the party of his Paternity was the governing one, and in all probability would be the governing one for ſome years, ſince there was ſcarcely a Definer, an Exempt, or Chief of a convent in the order, who was not a ſon or a grandſon of his Reverence, that is, either his own diſciple, or his diſciples' diſciple; and thus he eaſily managed the chapters, and diſpoſed of every thing in them at his pleaſure.

Ages did the hours till ſupper-time appear to Gerund, and when it arrived, he ſat himſelf down to table with the Provincial, the Secretary, and his father and mother, as uſual. But inſtead of diverting them with anagrams, verſes, and nonſenſe, which he bolted out at other times, that evening, according to the inſtruction of the ſly lay-brother, he ſhewed himſelf very ſerious, penſive, and void of appetite. They would have excited him, but ſcarce a word was to be drawn from him. When the cloth was taken away, the Provincial and the Secretary made him ſit between them, began to careſs him much, and aſked him what was the matter with him? After ſuffering himſelf to be entreated ſome time, and the tears, whether in jeſt or earneſt, appearing in his eyes, he ſaid, at laſt, that he had a great deſire to be a Friar of their order, and that he would follow them, ſo he would whitherſoever they went, though it ſhould be on foot, till they had given him the habit. On hearing this, the good creature of a Catanla, turning to her huſband, her hands claſped, or croſſed upon her

her breaſt, ſaid to him with all the goodneſs in the world, "Did not I tell thee, my Tony, that in the end the boy would be a Fliar? Doſt thou not ſee how the porphecy of the bleſſed lay-brother is fulfilling, who pernoſticated that this child would one day be a great preacher? And turning to Gerund, "Go, bleſſed of God, with the bendiction of his Divine Majeſty and with mine; for though a chapelry would have come to thee by inheritance, and thy godfather the licentiate Quixano would reſign to thee the ſinecure of Upper Berrocal, I would rather ſee thee in a pulpit convarting of ſouls, than ſee thee become the arch-peſt of all the country *." Anthony Zotes, who was as good as good bread, anſwered only, "As for my part, ſo as he be but a good Fliar, let him do what he will; for parents ſhould not thwart the inclinations of their children."

The Provincial, ſeeing the little there was left to be done on the ſide of the father and mother, and knowing that the boy had in reality parts and quickneſs, and that the abſurdities he had picked up, were the effects of his bad education, which there was reaſon to hope he might be ſenſible of, and rectify in time, with proper inſtruction, immediately promiſed that he would receive him, and that he himſelf would give him the habit, and always be his father and godfather. But as he was a learned and religious man, and as it was a ſerious affair, he feared leſt it might be ſome light fancy in the boy, or, however, leſt he might embrace that ſtate heedleſsly, and without a right comprehenſion

* That is, that ſhe would rather ſee him a regular Prieſt, than a ſecular one, as in the former, according to the ideas of the vulgar, there is much more merit.

henſion of what he embraced; and, therefore, that he might at once comply with his conſcience, his duty, and his great underſtanding, he ſpoke to him in the following manner:

" Know'ſt thou, my ſon, what the religious " ſtate is? It is a croſs to which the ſoul is nailed " by the three religious vows * from the moment " it makes them, and from which it is releaſed " only with the laſt breath. It is a continual " martyrdom, which commences with its being " embraced, and finiſhes indeed when it is left; " but, obſerve, that it can be left only by loſs of " life, or loſs of honour, and at the ſame time " with that the loſs of thy eternal ſoul. It is a " ſtate all of humility, all of mortification, all of " obedience. He who deſpiſes not himſelf, is the " moſt deſpiſed of all; no one is more mortified, " than he who leaſt mortifies, with the diſcomfort " of ſuffering more and deſerving leſs. He who " is not willingly obedient, is conſtrained to be " the moſt miſerable of ſlaves. See'ſt thou theſe " hoary locks which whiten my head? (at ſaying " this, he took off his ſcull-cap) Know, then, " that theſe twenty years, have they covered, " have they disfigured me, and belied my age, " for I have not yet attained to my fiftieth year; " and by nothing is this uſually-late-falling ſnow " upon theſe natural plants ſo much haſtened, as " by troubles and anxieties of mind; and ſcarcely " are there any of us, thou mayeſt obſerve, but " who are grey upon account of our profeſſion, " many years ſooner than we ſhould be upon ac- " count of age. Certainly this violence which is " done

* Poverty, chaſtity, and obedience.

" done to nature, cannot ordinarily ariſe from any
" other cauſe than the violence, voluntary or
" involuntary, which is done to natural incli-
" nation.

" As thou haſt never been converſant with any
" other of the Religious than thoſe which the cha-
" rity of our brethren, thy good parents, hath
" with true Chriſtian piety entertained, I fear leſt
" ſome imprudent perſon (for we cannot deny that
" there are ſuch in all parts) may have delineated
" our ſtate to thee like that painter, who, to con-
" ceal the deformity of Philip, the father of
" Alexander, to whom one eye was wanting,
" drew his picture in profile, repreſenting only
" the fair ſide, and hiding the defective in the can-
" vaſs. It is true, my ſon, there are in the reli-
" gious ſtate certain grave men, juſtly rewarded
" for their merit, with privileges and exemptions;
" but there are not, nor can there be, privileges
" againſt obedience and obſervance, nor were there
" ever yet diſcovered in the world, exemptions
" from anxiety and trouble. Of what avail is it,
" that the cells of theſe grave fathers ſhould abound
" with all their natural wants require, if, by de-
" fault of a proper government of their paſſions,
" there is wanting to them what they have more
" need of in their hearts? Neither will I deny,
" that in the moſt rigorous profeſſion may be
" found ſome inobſervant, and even, ſometimes,
" ſcandalous members. But, in like manner,
" there were in Heaven apoſtate angels, in para-
" diſe diſobedient men, and in the apoſtolic col-
" lege a traitor, a preſumptuous, an inconſtant,
" an incredulous man, and many cowards: yet
" doth not Heaven ceaſe to be Heaven, paradiſe

" paradiſe,

" paradiſe, nor the apoſtolic college to be the moſt " holy community that ever was or will be in the " world. A ſtate is not called perfect, becauſe " there are not in it ſome defective members, but " becauſe thoſe who are ſo, are endeavoured to be " reclaimed, and thoſe who are not to be reclaimed " are not tolerated ; for they are either cut off as " rotten members that they may not infect the " ſound, or are conjured like tempeſts *, that they " may diſcharge where they may not deſtroy : I " mean, that confined within the walls of their " convent for life, either puniſhment brings them " to themſelves, and then they are truly happy, " or, if they complete their wretchedneſs by de- " ſpair, they prejudice themſelves alone, and " only paſs *from one hell to another*, from the tem- " poral to the eternal. Therefore, my ſon, if " thou thinkeſt of embracing the religious ſtate, " thou art to know, that if thou ſhalt be good, " thou wilt live and die upon a perpetual croſs ; if " thou ſhalt be bad, thou wilt be ſtill more tor- " mented, and that on either ſide a martyrdom, " to be finiſhed only with thy life, awaits thee. I " have fulfilled my duty ; thou wilt now reſolve " according to thy judgment ; with the aſſur- " ance, that if, notwithſtanding the clearneſs with

 " which

* The bells are rung uſually againſt an approaching ſtorm. " The bells are bleſſed, that the ſound of them may incite the faithful to their heavenly reward, and that the devotion of faith may increaſe in them ;—they are rung that the enemies' armies may run away —that the ſound of hail, the whirlwinds, the rains, the ruſhing of the ſtorms, may be moderated—that the winds, thunders, and lightnings may be ſuſpended —the ſtorming ſpirits of hell confined," &c. Bluteau.

" which I ſpeak to thee, thou ſhalt be determined " to take this croſs upon thee, I, as thy father " and thy godfather, for which I immediately " appoint myſelf, will do every thing in my " power, though I cannot take it from thy " ſhoulders, to make it as light and eaſy as it can " be conſiſtently with the obſervances of religion."

Anthony Zotes and the good Catanla were very attentive to the diſcreet harangue of the prudent and pious Provincial, and were indeed rather tenderly affected by it, inſomuch that the latter found it neceſſary to wipe her eyes and her noſe; this with the corner of her apron, and thoſe with the lappets of her hood. But Gerund heard it with the greateſt ſerenity imaginable, and without any attention at all, thinking only how he was to play at leap-frog, when he ſhould be a novice, to cheat the butler, and filch at leaſt two allowances a-week, and figuring himſelf in his imagination the greateſt preacher of all that region; as he afterwards confeſſed that whilſt the Provincial was holding forth, he was framing in his mind a diſciplinant-exhortation againſt the time when he ſhould be appointed to preach at Campazas in the Holy Week. Another cauſe of his inattention proceeded from the rogue of a lay-brother, who, ſtanding behind the Provincial, but in full view of Gerund, kept winking his eyes, and nodding his head at whatever the holy father laid a ſtreſs on; as much as to ſay, that it was nothing but cant, and not worth his notice. With which, as ſoon as the Provincial had concluded, the boy remained reſolute in his deſire of being a friar, and ſaid, that if others had paſſed through thoſe things, he alſo would paſs through them, without giving any other reaſon,

ſmall

ſmall or great. As they all ſaw him ſo reſolved, it was determined that what was thought of being done at ſome future time, ſhould be done immediately, for as he was now fifteen years old he was of the beſt age to enter the profeſſion: and thus within two days the Provincial and his followers, accompanied by Gerund, his father, mother, and the licentiate Quixano, his godfather, who would be at the expence of his entrance, went to a convent of the order not far from Campazas, where the Provincial inveſted him with the habit by his own hands in great ſolemnity, and left him ſtrongly recommended both to the Prior of the convent, and the Maſter of the Novices, as his own particular and beloved charge.

THE HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS PREACHER FRIAR GERUND.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

His Noviciate concluded, he begins ſtudying arts.

NOW have we our Friar Gerund fairly in the field, like a bull in the liſts, a novice good and true as the beſt of them, without ſuffering himſelf to be outdone either in the punctual performance of the exerciſes of the community, as he was very attentive to his duty, or in the tricks which the lay-brother had deſcribed to him, when he could execute them undetected, for he was clever, cunning, and of wonderful dexterity of hand and lightneſs of foot. Yet, as he loſt no opportunity of whipping a loaf or a commons into his ſleeve, and transfuſed the contents of a Jeſus, or wine-cup, into his ſtomach in a trice, whenever he helped the butler to put in order the refectory, or hall of refreſhment, where the community took their

their meals, it came to be ſuſpected that he was not altogether ſo innocent as he looked, and both the butler and the clerk laid a complaint before the maſter of the novices, that when Friar Gerund aſſiſted in the refectory or at maſs, the wine unaccountably vaniſhed, and that in turning their heads they found empty one or two Jeſuſes which they ſwore by God and the holy croſs they particularly remembered to have filled; and that though they had never caught him in the fact, yet that the thread leads to the ball, as we ſay, that they they could gueſs by a little what a great deal meant; and that, before God and in their conſciences, they believed it could be no other owl* which ſucked the oil of theſe lamps.

The maſter of the novices was a good ſoul, devout and pious to the laſt degree, and equally candid and ſimple. If he ſaw a novice go with downcaſt eyes, with his hood pulled over his head, his hands under his ſcapulary, of a ſneaking gait and creeping always under the wall, punctual in all the acts of the community, ſilent, devout, and even in his recreations ſpeaking always of God and Chriſt —but what if he was naturally modeſt and ingenuous? If he aſked his leave to inflict upon himſelf extraordinary penances and mortifications, though he never did them? If he was for ever running to him to communicate his ſpiritual concerns, and give him account of his feelings and experiences in the mental prayer or meditation that was enjoined him, eſpecially if there was any

* There is a kind of owl in Spain and Portugal which is very fond of oil, and will ſuck dry any lamp it can get at.

thing which ſmelt of imaginary viſion? If, above all, he came with a tone of charity, ſcrupulouſneſs, and zeal, to tell him of the faults he had remarked, which perhaps his malice only had the ingenuity to diſcover, in his companions—'Twas enough, 'twas abundant; the good maſter could require no more; he would believe no ill of ſuch a novice, though declared to him by the bare-footed friars themſelves*; and if any one accuſed him of any little treſpaſs, he would place it to the account of envy or emulation, ſaying, with almoſt tears in his eyes, that virtue, divine virtue, was perſecuted in the very cloiſters. The rogues of novices, though for the moſt part but mere boys, were cunning enough to ſee this weakneſs or goodneſs of their maſter, and of courſe the moſt artful cheated him into the belief of their being the greateſt ſaints. Our Gerund was not behind-hand with the ſlyeſt fox of them all, but rather exceeded them in playing his part in this farce; and it was known that he was the maſter's favourite, eſpecially as, beſides his good appearance, diſſimulation, and affected ſanctity and compoſedneſs, he was adopted and ſo ſtrongly recommended by the provincial father; for though our maſter of the novices was a ſpiritual and myſtic man, nevertheleſs, to the greater glory of God, and the greater good of religion, he paid his court very devoutly to the ruling powers upon earth, and would not have diſguſted a grave father for all the world.

With

* A common expreſſion to exaggerate the incredibility of a thing—that it is not to be believed, though it ſhould be aſſerted by men of ſuch approved truth and virtue as the friars of the ſevereſt orders, who go bare-footed.

With this diſpoſition of the maſter it may well be ſuppoſed how ill the accuſations of the clerk and the butler were received. The bleſſed man told them that little truly did they know of brother Gerund, and that he could not conceive with what conſcience they could form ſuch raſh judgments, and raiſe ſuch falſe teſtimonies againſt the angelic youth; that if they did but know his real character, they would think themſelves happy in being permitted to kiſs the ground he trod on; and that, if it was true that their wine was miſſing, without doubt it muſt have been the devil who perſonated him, and drank it in order to diſcredit him; concluding with telling them, that if the order had in it half a dozen Friar Gerunds, this half dozen of ſaints would in time become additional objects of adoration on the altars.

Now it happened that whilſt the good maſter was giving this lecture to the accuſing brethren, the *angelic youth* paſſed (it is not known whether by accident or from any notice he had) by the buttery-door which was ſtanding open, and ſeeing a baſket of eggs, which lay lovely white and ſuing to be touched, he clapped half a dozen of them into the boſom of his caſſock, and with the greateſt modeſty in the world purſued his way towards the novice-apartments, and went directly to the maſter's cell to give him an account of what he had experienced in the meditation of the day. He entered, as uſual, with his eyes nailed upon the floor, his hood drawn a hand's breath over his forehead, his hands in his ſleeves under the ſcapulary, and conjuring up a kind of ſmiling bluſh, (befriended excellently by the petty theft he had juſt committed) which might ſeem to be the effect

of his ſpiritual experiences. As ſoon as the maſter ſaw him he renewed his wonted careſſes, and made him ſit down cloſe by him; then began the account of his meditation, and then began the lies of his viſions and communications, ſtringing together as many as he could invent, but all ſo well concerted and with ſo much grace and compoſure, that the maſter, good eaſy man, not able to contain himſelf, roſe from his ſeat, and more and more to encourage this novice, favoured of heaven as well as him, gave him a moſt ſtrict embrace. In an evil hour did he give it; for as he ſqueezed him ſo tightly in the Lord, he broke all the eggs which the angelic youth had depoſited in his boſom, from whence a broad unbroken ſtream of yolks and white laced his garment to the hem. The maſter, aſtoniſhed and confuſed, cried, "How now, Friar Gerund, what is this?" The devout young man, who had much ſerenity, and an imagination ready as a woman's to bring himſelf off with flying colours on a ſudden pinch, anſwered without the leaſt emotion, "Father, I will tell your Reverence. As it is now two months ſince your Reverence permitted me to take diſcipline on my ſhoulders, not being any longer able to take it on another part, wounds have enſued, for which I had procured theſe eggs to make a dreſſing, and I dared not tell your Reverence of it, leſt your Reverence ſhould deprive me of the comfort of this ſlight mortification." The gudgeon of a maſter ſwallowed the hook, and, admiring at the ſtupendous penances of his novice, embraced him again, but leſs cloſely than before, that he might not grieve the wounds upon his ſhoulders, or daub himſelf with their intended dreſſing; and contenting himſelf

himſelf with mildly admoniſhing him that "mercy is better than ſacrifice," he diſmiſſed him with an order to go and change his habit.

With ſuch contrivances did our Gerund paſs his noviciate, and make his profeſſion *inoffenſo pede*, without a diſſentient voice; and as his habit-father was ſtill in the provincialſhip, he ſent him at once to ſtudy arts in one of the moſt reſpectable convents of the province, overleaping the uſual form of his being firſt a choireſter for two or three years, which others, not ſo powerfully befriended, are obliged to paſs through.

The lecturer or tutor at this convent was a young man, ſcarcely thirty, of a middling genius, ſufficient comprehenſion, and happy memory, an hard ſtudent, a furious Ariſtotelian, (from never having read any other philoſophy, and therefore never ſuffering any other to be mentioned,) and an eternal diſputer; to which laſt quality aſſiſted a great volubility of ſpeech, a clear and ſtrong voice, an admirable conſiſtency of breaſt, and a marvellous ſtrength of lungs; in fine, a ſcholaſtic ſo eſſentially made up of profeſſional phraſes that he neither uſed, nor knew, any others to expreſs himſelf with on the moſt trivial occaſions. If he were aſked how he did, he would anſwer, *materialiter* well, *formaliter*, *ſubdiſtinguo*, *reduplicativè ut homo*, nothing ails me, *reduplicative ut religioſus*, I am not without my troubles. His mother complained once that he ſaid nothing in his letters of his ſtate of health, to which he replied,

"My good mother and lady,

"It is certain I did not tell you *ſignatè* that I "was well, but *exercitè*, I ſaid it. I muſt now

" inform you, that I am explaining to my diſci-
" ples, the *tranſcendency*, or *intranſcendency of the*
" *being*; I affirm the *analogy*, and deny the *tran-*
" *ſcendency*. Be ſo good as to tell my ſiſter Roſe,
" that I rejoice ſhe is well, both *ut quo* and *ut*
" *quod*; and that as to the under-ſtockings ſhe
" was ſo kind as to make for me, the *materia ex*
" *quâ* appeared rather coarſe, but the *artificial*
" *form* has all its conſtitutives. With regard to
" the four pounds of chocolate you were pleaſed
" to ſend me, I muſt ſay *in rei veritate*, that the
" *intrinſic qualities* are good, but that the *accidental*
" have ruined it, by its having been too long acted
" upon by the *combuſtive virtue of igneous nature*.
" I kiſs your hands, and am *inadæquatè & partia-*
" *liter* your ſon, but *totaliter & adæquatè*,

Your affectionate humble ſervant,

FR. TORIBIO,
Lecturer of Arts."

Hence we may collect the character of the father lecturer, Friar Toribio, who in argument beat every one out of the pit, for with his loud voice, ready tongue, and abundance of terms, there was no one who could reſiſt him; and, therefore, he was called The Scourge of the Schools. His head was ſtuffed with *appellations*, *ampliations*, *alienations*, *equipollences*, *reductions*, and all the moſt idle and ridiculous part of what is taught in the *Sumulas*, ſerving only to waſte time in learning a thouſand uſeleſs things.

With the ſame exquiſite taſte and good choice, he gave his inſtructions in logic. Though he knew very well, that this was no other than an art to help natural reaſon to diſcover the eſſence of things,

things, yet the devil a thing did he teach his ſcholars conducive to this end, but of the nine months allotted for the courſe, ſpent ſeven in filling their poor heads with confuſed ideas, impertinent repreſentations, and imaginary figures: in making them enquire if it conſiſted in a ſole habit, quality, or ſcientific facility, or in a complex of many correſponding to the variety of the logical acts? Whether it is a practical or ſpeculative ſcience? If inſtruction in the rules is to be diſtinguiſhed from the uſe of them? If its object be a mere *ens rationis*, a thing entirely feigned by the underſtanding; or a true and real being, though purely intellectual? If artificial logic be ſo neceſſary to other ſciences that none can be attained, well or ill, without it? And thus of other proemial queſtions, which could ſerve no other purpoſe than to puzzle the boys' heads in the moſt uſeleſs manner in the world.

Now this is, by way of compariſon, as if a ſhoe-maker ſhould ſpend a month in teaching his apprentice, who was deſirous of learning his trade, whether the foot-furniſhing faculty were an art or a ſcience, and, if an art, whether it were mechanical or liberal; another month in inſtructing him, if it was the ſame thing to know how to cut as to ſew, or if, for each of theſe operations, there were need of an habit or ſcientific inſtruction which might direct them. "Sir, I want to learn to make ſhoes." "Peace, ſimpleton! How ſhould'ſt thou learn to make them, unleſs thou know if the object of the art be the real ſhoe which is drawn on the foot, or that which is repreſented in the imagination as the idea of what is afterwards to be made?" "Sir, I want not to make

make imaginary ſhoes, but ſuch as are ſeen, felt, and worn." "Thou art a blockhead! Can'ſt thou ever be able to make them, without knowing whether the rules which are given for the operation are, or are not, different from the uſe and practice of them?" "Sir, what is it to me whether they are or are not? Do but give me theſe rules; for it is now four months I have been in your houſe, without learning ſo much as one of them." "Well, idiot; and how ſhould I give them to thee, or how ſhould'ſt thou learn them, till thou art fully inſtructed that the art is partly practical, and partly ſpeculative? Practical, becauſe its end is to make well-ſhaped and durable ſhoes; ſpeculative, becauſe it is neceſſary that the rules given for it muſt firſt direct reaſon, which is afterwards to direct the hands." "By my faith, Sir, you are enough to provoke a ſaint; what does it ſignify, in order to my learning theſe rules, whether the art be Platical, or Peculative, or the Punk that pupped me?"

A pleaſant thing which happened with our moſt ſcholaſtic father lecturer muſt not be omitted. A certain father maſter of the ſame order, a man of great erudition, and equally ſkilled in ſolid and ornamental literature, ſeeing Friar Toribio ſo ſcholaſticated with theſe vain ſophiſtries, and not able to beat reaſon into that thick ſcull of his, ſaid to him one day in a banter, "Then, according to you, Father Lecturer, there could not be in the world a more important queſtion, than that which was defended in Germany, *Utrum chimæra bombilians in vacuo poſſit comedere ſecundas intentiones?*" With wonder and amaze was our moſt metaphyſical Friar ſtruck at hearing it; and though

though there was not, as he thought, any ſyſtem, of Thomiſt, Scotiſt, Suariſt, Okamiſt, Nominaliſt, or Baconiſt, but what he had turned over, he did not remember ever to have read that queſtion *in terminis*. He deſired the father maſter to repeat it; and remained ſuſpended for ſome time, revolving the terms in his mind thoroughly to underſtand them, and after muttering to himſelf two or three times, *Utrum chimæra bombilians in vacuo poſſit comedere ſecundas intentiones? Utrum chimæra*, &c. he gave a vehement ſtamp upon the ground, and burſt out with, "By the holy habit which I wear, I had rather have been the author of this queſtion, than immediately be made a Preſentado *, and may I be confounded in the next hall-exerciſes †, if I do not maintain the affirmative in a public act!" The rogue of a maſter heartily enjoyed the extravagance of the fanatic lecturer, and to complete the joke he was making of him, ſaid, "You will do well, Father Lecturer, you will do well; and may you die with the comfort of being intitled to the epitaph made for one of like taſte and genius to your paternity!

Hic

* A Friar is ſometimes admitted to a degree in divinity in the univerſities, and it is a great honour; being never done but upon their being *preſented* by their order as qualified for or deſerving ſuch degree. Afterwards they are called *Maeſtro preſentado*—preſented maſter.

† In the original *Sabatinas*, the Saturday diſputations, at home, only in the common courſe of inſtruction; in contradiſtinction to a public exerciſe before the community.

Hic jacet Magiſter noſter
Qui diſputavit bis aut ter
In Barbara & Celarent,
Ita ut omnes admirarent,
In Fapeſmo & Triſeſomorum—
Orate pro animis eorum.

CHAP. II.

Friar Gerund continues ſtudying philoſophy without underſtanding a word of it.

THE truth —— and nothing but the truth will I ſay (for what benefit would it be to the curious reader, that I ſhould damn my poor ſoul? The truth is, that the more ſtrenuouſly the incomparable Friar Toribio endeavoured to inculcate theſe uſeleſs ſubtleties to his diſciples, the leſs did our Friar Gerund underſtand of them; not that ſufficient capacity and quickneſs was wanting in him, but, as his genius and inclination drew him ſo ſtrongly towards the pulpit, which appeared to him the moſt pleaſing and lucrative path, as well as moſt likely to gain him fame, ſcholaſtic matters were irkſome to him, and he could not for his life apply to the ſtudy of them. Upon this account it was pleaſant to hear the confuſed and ridiculous ideas he conceived of the technical terms. The Lecturer explained to them the metaphyſical degrees of being, ſubſtance, creature, body, &c. and though he bawled till he was hoarſe in ſhewing them that every thing which exiſts is a being; if viſible and palpable, a real, phyſical, and corporeal being; if inviſible and impalpable, as the ſoul, a true and real, but ſpiritual, immaterial,

and

and incorporeal being; if it has no other exiſtence than what the imagination or underſtanding gives it, an intellectual, ideal, and imaginary being; yet, plain as the thing was, it was all Algebra to Friar Gerund; for having often heard it ſaid in the convent, that "ſuch an one is a ſtrange *being*," he could never conceive by *being*, any thing elſe than ſome out-of-the-way and ridiculous fellow: and thus, from the explanation of the properties of *being* by thoſe rules, whoſe initial letters form this barbarous word REUBAU, when he ſaw any one of an extravagant turn, he would ſay, not without ſome vanity of his ſcholaſtic comprehenſion, "Ay, he is a *Reubau*, as my maſter explains it."

By the word *ſubſtance*, he never in his life underſtood any thing but ſtrong chicken-broth; [all ſtrong broths are in Spain called Subſtances] becauſe he had always heard his mother ſay, when ſhe had a ſick perſon in the houſe, "I muſt give him a ſubſtance;" and, therefore, he found himſelf the moſt confuſed mortal in the world, the year that he ſtudied Natural Philoſophy. Falling to his lot to argue this queſtion, *Whether ſubſtance is immediately operative?* the Lecturer maintained the negative, which made poor Gerund loſe the ſtirrups of his reaſon and his patience too, thinking it the greateſt abſurdity that could he maintained, and clearly againſt experience; and an argument had offered itſelf to him, according to his ideas, demonſtrable and concluſive for the contrary. He came then to the ſchool, or diſputing-hall, moſt confidently armed with his arguments, which he propoſed in this manner. "*Chicken-broth is a true ſubſtance*; *but chicken-broth is immediately operative*;

rative ; therefore ſubſtance is immediately operative." The Minor was denied, which he proved thus, "*That which, adminiſtered in a clyſter, has an immediate effect, is immediately operative ; but chicken-broth adminiſtered in a clyſter, has an immediate effect ; therefore chicken-broth is immediately operative.*" The whole muſquetry of the ſchool let fly a volley of loud laughter; the minor of this ſecond ſyllogiſm was denied, and poor Gerund, enraged, what with the laughter, and what with having a propoſition which he thought as clear as the ſun at noon-day denied, flies precipitately and blindly, beyond all power of reſtraint, from the ſchool to his cell, calls for the Infirmary-brother, or him who has care of the ſick, and deſires to have immediately a clyſter of chicken-broth, if by good fortune he had any prepared for the ſick : the Infirmary-brother, who ſaw him ſo diſturbed, agitated, and inflamed, thinking, without doubt, that he had been ſeized by a ſudden and violent cholic, for which he had heard it ſaid that chicken-broth was an admirable ſpecific, and judging that the intention might be anſwered, though it were made of an old hen, of which he had luckily ſome by him, runs with all ſpeed to the kitchen appropriated to him, and preſently prepares and adminiſters the clyſter : it has directly a prodigious effect upon Friar Gerund ; he fills one of thoſe large pans which are deſtined to ſuch uſes, and without delay returning to the hall, ſays to his opponent and the by-ſtanders, with an air between triumph and anger, "Now let them who have a mind to ſee whether chicken-broth has or has not an immediate effect go to my cell, and there they will find the proof, and then let them

defend

defend that ſubſtance is not immediately operative!"

This affair put the finiſhing ſtroke to his diſguſt at every thing called Scholaſtic Learning. And though ſome grave and truly learned fathers, who loved him well, endeavoured to perſuade him to dedicate ſome time to the ſtudy of it, at leaſt of thoſe matters, as well phyſical as metaphyſical, which were not only conducive, but almoſt abſolutely neceſſary, to the underſtanding the moſt important queſtions of divinity in all their parts, ſcholaſtic, expoſitive, dogmatic, and moral, without the knowledge of which it was impoſſible to make a ſermon without hazarding many abſurdities and hereſies, it was not poſſible to convince him: nor, though he was ſometimes confined to bread and water, and had even half-a-dozen flogging-bouts, could he be brought to apply to what his inclination did not carry him, and eſpecially as there was in the houſe one who aſſiſted him in his error and perverſeneſs.

It happened, that, for his ſins, our Friar Gerund was favoured with the notice, and afterwards with the intimacy of a *Predicador Mayor* * of the convent, a coxcomb of about the ſame ſtanding with the Lecturer, but of very different ideas,

* Greater Preacher. *Predicador Mayor & Predicador Sabatino*, are two orders of preachers; the former ſignifying, as the word expreſſes, the Superior, and the latter (the *Saturday* Preacher) conſequently the inferior, as thoſe, who, on account of their age or abilities, are not fit to be produced upon great and very public occaſions, but may ſerve for a *Saturday*, or unimportant day, when few people attend.

As

ideas, taſte, and character. This Father Predicador Mayor was in the flower of his age, juſt turned of three-and-thirty; tall, robuſt, and corpulent, his limbs well ſet and well proportioned, with ſomewhat of a prominent belly, ſtrait neck, and erect gait; with his bit of foretop to his circle of hair, which was ſtudiouſly and exactly rounded; his habit always clean, and the folds long and regular, a neat ſhoe, and, above all, his ſilken ſcull-cap adorned with much and beautiful needle-work, an airy taſſel raiſing itſelf in the centre, all the happy labour of certain bleſſed Nuns, who were dying for their Father Predicador Mayor. In ſhort, he was a moſt gallant ſpark; and, adding to all this a clear and ſonorous voice, ſomething of a liſp, a particular grace in telling a ſtory, a known talent at mimickry, eaſy and free action, a particular and taking manner, a roaring ſtyle, and boldneſs of thought, without ever forgetting to well ſprinkle his ſermons with tales, jeſts, proverbs, and fireſide phraſes, moſt gracefully brought in, he not only drew multitudes after him, but bore the bell in all converſations of the ladies.

He was one of thoſe polite preachers who never cite the holy fathers, nor even the ſacred Evangeliſts, by their proper names, thinking that this is vulgar. St. Matthew he called *The Hiſtorian Angel*;

As the *Predicador Mayor* here mentioned is a diſtinguiſhed perſonage, and has a conſiderable ſhare in the remaining part of this hiſtory, his reſonant Spaniſh title, the accent being upon the laſt ſyllable of each word, ſhall be preſerved to him, as it is more expreſſive of the greatneſs of the man than any Engliſh term which could with propriety be applied.

Angel; St. Mark, *The Evangelic Bull*; St. Luke, *The moſt divine Bruſh*; St. John, *The Eagle of Patmos*; St. Jerom, *The Purple of Belen*; St. Ambroſe, *The Honey-comb of Doctors*; and St. Gregory, *The Allegorical Tiara*. It is not to be ſuppoſed that in naming a text he would tell you ſimply and naturally the Goſpel and chapter from whence he took it; no, that he thought was enough to brand him for a Sabatine preacher; it was well known that he would always ſay, *Ex Evangelica lectione Matthæi vel Johannis capite quarto-decimo*, and ſometimes, for a more ſonorous collocation of words, *quarto-decimo ex capite*. But, to fail putting the two firſt fingers of his right-hand, with a foppiſh air, between his neck and the collar of his habit, as if to eaſe his reſpiration; to fail making a couple of affected toſſes of the head, whilſt he was propoſing his ſubject, and at finiſhing the propoſing it to give two or three little jumps as it were, or riſings upon his toes, and puffing out both his cheeks, in conſequence of a deep-fetched breath, by way of clearing the paſſage, and looking diſdain on little folks below; to break forth in a certain guttural noiſe between a ſneeze and a neigh; to be moſt nicely trimmed and ſpruced up whenever he had to preach, flattening his circle of hair and raiſing the foretop; and directly after making, or not making, his private ſhort ejaculation as ſoon as he entered the pulpit, to draw airily out of his left ſleeve a yard-wide ſilk handkerchief of a vivid colour, and ſhake it at full length, to blow loudly the trumpet of his noſe, though nothing ſhould come from it but wind, and return the handkerchief to his ſleeve with regular harmonious pauſes, to caſt around him

him a haughty glance, heightened with a little frown, and make a beginning with "*Before all things bleſſed, praiſed, glorified be the holy ſacrament,*" &c. and conclude with "*In the primitive inſtantaneous being of his natural animation*".—No! The Reverend Father Predicador Mayor would not have omitted a tittle of all theſe things, though St. Paul himſelf had ſtrenuouſly maintained that they were all, to ſay the leaſt of them, ſo many evidences of his not having a grain of gravity, a drop of devotion, a crumb of conſcience, a morſel of marrow, or a pinch of penetration.——Yes; perſuade him to it if you could! When he ſaw as plain as the noſe in your face, that with this preliminary apparatus alone he drew large concourſes, gained loud applauſes, won hearts for himſelf, and that there was not a circle, viſit, or party, in which the laſt ſermon he had preached did not become the topic.

It was well known to be a favourite maxim with him to begin his ſermon always with ſome jeſt, or ſome proverb, or ſome wine-houſe witticiſm, or ſome emphatic or divided clauſe, which at firſt ſight ſhould ſeem blaſphemy, impiety, or madneſs; and after having kept the audience for a while in expectation, he would finiſh the clauſe, or come out with an explanation, which terminated in a miſerable inſipidity. Preaching one day upon the myſtery of the Trinity, he began with this period, "*I deny that there is in God unity of eſſence and trinity of perſons*;" and there he ſtopped. The hearers began to look at one another as if ſcandalized, or at leaſt ſuſpended, waiting for the iſſue of that blaſphemous hereſy. And when our preacher thought he had caught them, he proceeded

ceeded with the poorneſs of adding, "*Thus ſays the Arian, the Manichean, the Socinian; but I ſhall prove it againſt them by ſcripture, by councils, by fathers.*"

In another ſermon upon the Incarnation, he began in this manner, "*To your healths, gentlemen!*" And as all the audience laughed ready to ſplit their ſides (for he ſaid it as a merry Andrew would) he added, "There is nothing to laugh at; for, to your healths, and mine, and the healths of all, did Jeſus Chriſt come down from Heaven, and was incarnate in the bowels of the Virgin Mary. It is an article of faith. I prove it; *propter nos homines & propter noſtram ſalutem deſcendit de cælis & incarnatus eſt.*" At hearing this they were all ſtruck with pleaſing ſurprize, and ſuch a murmur of applauſe, with complacent noddings, ran round the church as wanted but little of breaking out into public acclamation.

There was in the place a ſhoemaker, an eternal wit, and a buffoon by profeſſion, whom the people called "The Scourge of Preachers," becauſe in the affair of ſermons his voice was deciſive. If he ſaid of a preacher, "*A brave Cock! A famous Cock! An excellent Crower!*" the father might talk what nonſenſe he would, for he was ſure of having the preaching of the principal ſermons in the place preſſed upon him, including that of the Feaſt of Shepherds, and that of St. Roque, at which there were ſteers to be tilted at, and a bull to be killed *. But if the ſhoemaker turned up his noſe,

* So great is the attachment of the Spaniards to their favourite ſport of bull-fighting, that upon occaſions of feſtivity in places where they cannot get bulls

noſe, and at the end of the ſermon, ſaid, "*A Chick! A mere Embryo! He may do in time*;" though the preacher ſhould have been the great Vieyra himſelf, in his very identical identity, he was not to hope to preach in that pariſh again, not even the poor ſermon of St. Sebaſtian, which was worth only a cake, a quart of hypocras *, and two quarter-of-a-pound rolls of ſmall wax-candle. This formidable Cenſor of ſermons, then, was ſo pleaſed with thoſe of the father Friar Blas, which was the name of the Predicador Mayor, that he could ſcarcely find expreſſions ſtrong enough for the praiſe he merited; he called him "*The Cock of Cocks, The numb pluſh ſultry of Pulpits*; and, in ſhort, *The Orator by Anthony Meſia!*" [*non plus ultra, Antonomaſia.*] And as this ſhoemaker had much deference paid to his opinion in his own town, and even all the neighbourhood around, he inconceivably credited Friar Blas by his applauſe, and was a grand means of rendering incurable his folly, vanity, and madneſs.

A grave,

bulls to be fought, or to be run, as their phraſe, is *(correr toros)* they are content, rather than not have ſomething that may bear a reſemblance to a bull-fight, to run poor innocent ſteers. Sometimes too, when they can riſe to the having a bull to run, they cannot afford to ſacrifice the bull to the ſport; they entertain themſelves, therefore, with him for a while and ſpare his life, that he may be run another time. But in the preſent caſe, to ſhew the magnificence of this feſtival of St. Roque, it is ſaid that there were not only ſteers to be run, which would diverſify and prolong the entertainment, but there was likewiſe to be a *Toro de muerte*, a bull to be run, and run till he was killed.

* Wine with ſugar and ſpices.

A grave, religious, learned, and judicious father, who had been Provincial of the order, and afterwards retired to that convent, pitying equally the deplorable error of the preacher, and the prejudicial ſimplicity of the applauder, charitably undertook, if he could, to cure them both. And as the day after the famous ſermon on the Incarnation, the ſhoemaker (who worked for the convent) brought him home a pair of ſhoes, and as he was fitting them on, began, with his uſual impertinent prattle, to extol the yeſterday's ſermon, thinking at the ſame time to flatter his Reverence by praiſing a Friar of his order, the good father Ex-provincial laid hold of the opportunity, and taking out his ſnuff box, and giving Martin (as the ſhoemaker was called) a pinch, bad him ſit down by him, and looking him in the face, ſaid, with the greateſt goodneſs in the world, "Come, come, Martin, what do'ſt thou underſtand of ſermons? Why do'ſt thou ſpeak of that thou do'ſt not underſtand, nor art capable of underſtanding? If thou knoweſt not how to write or read, or ſcarcely to ſpell, how ſhould'ſt thou know who preaches well or ill? Tell me, if I were to ſay to thee that thou didſt not know how to cut or to ſew a ſhoe, and that any one of thy trade would do it better, would'ſt thou not reply with reaſon, "Father, let this alone, for you do not underſtand it; mind your books and leave us with our awls and our ends? Now, whether a ſhoe be ill or well cut or ſewed, any one may know who is not blind. If then a ſcholar and preacher would do ill in cenſuring, and much worſe in giving rules for the performance of a ſhoemaker, is it ſufferable that a ſhoemaker ſhould take upon him to cenſure, and

give

give rules for the performance of a preacher? Look ye, Martin, the utmoſt that thou can'ſt know and judge of is, whether the preacher be tall or ſhort, ſtrait or crooked, a regular or ſecular, fat or lean, fearful or bold, of much or little action, or a loud or a low voice, for in order to this there is need only of eyes and ears; but in going farther thou not only expoſeſt thyſelf to ſay a thouſand abſurdities, but alſo to praiſe as many hereſies."

"Bravo! bravo! Moſt Reverend Father; (cried the ſhoemaking buffoon) and why does not your Reverence add your "Grace and Glory," your *Doxy Rology*, that your ſermon may have its due and legitimate ending? According to this your Reverence muſt account that gallant entrance which the Father Predicador Mayor gave to his ſermon on the Moſt Holy Trinity, "*I deny that there is in God Unity of Eſſence and Trinity of Perſons*, and Hereſy." "And one of the moſt ſcandalous hereſies that could be heard in a Catholic pulpit," anſwered the grave and learned Religious. "But if the Father Friar Blas preſently added (replied Marrin) that it was not he who denied it, but the *Harry-Ann*, the *Macchabean*, and the *Sus-Onion*, or ſome ſuch thing, who we know were all a pack of heretic dogs, what Hereſy o' my ſins did the good Father Predicador ſay, but merely relate that ſaid by theſe Jews, Turks, and Infidels?" The Reverend Ex-provincial ſmiled, and, without changing his tone, replied mildly, "Tell me, Martin, if any one ſhould roundly come out with a *Voto-a-Chriſto* *, and after a pauſe

* *I vow to Chriſt*; one of the moſt common oaths amongſt the Spaniards, to which *Valillo* ſerves as a ſort of

pauſe ſhould add *Valillo*, will he not nevertheleſs ſtill have ſworn an oath? "Certainly, (anſwered the ſhoemaker) for ſo I have heard the Theatines ſay an hundred times when they come to miſſion * our ſouls for us. And 'ifaith they are in the right of it; for the *Valillo* which follows comes too late; 'tis, as the proverb ſays, like breaking a man's head and giving him a plaiſter." "This then is literally the caſe (proceeded the good Father) with regard to this ſcandalous propoſition and others like it, blurted out by many addlepated preachers: ſlap comes the hereſy or abſurdity and breaks the heads of their poor hearers, which is what they aim at, thinking it wit, and afterwards come the lint, plaſter, and bandages to bind them up. So that the whole jut of the buſineſs conſiſts in advancing boldly a propoſition that may alarm and offend (and the more ſhocking it is ſo much the better) and then giving an explanation which makes it turn out a moſt wretched futility. Doſt thou not think, Martin,—even ſuppoſing that the hereſy may be thus excuſed—that at leaſt there can be no excuſe for the folly and the madneſs?"

"I don't underſtand Tology," anſwered the ſhoemaker; "what I know, is, that as to the beautiful entrance of the ſermon of yeſterday, "*To your*

of ſalvo, like "I was going to ſay," "I had like to have ſaid," "God forgive me," &c.

* In the time of Lent many preachers go about from town to town, inveighing vehemently againſt ſin, and ſtrenuouſly exhorting to repentance, which is called going upon a Miſſion: hence any ſermon of more than ordinary Zeal and Fervour is commonly termed a Miſſion; and the ſhoemaker here ludicrouſly makes a verb of it.

your healths, Gentlemen," neither your Reverence nor all the whole Turpentine or Tridentine Council ſhall ever make me believe that there was any hereſy in that, for he proved it clearly by the Creed, *propt-her no-ſtraw ſalute-him as-ſent-it d'ye ſeal-us*, which put us all in amazement." "In this (replied his Reverence) there was certainly no hereſy: but pray tell me, Martin, in what conſiſted the point or the acuteneſs which ſo much amazed you?" "In what! (ſaid Martin) why can there be greater acuteneſs in the world than to begin a ſermon as if one was going to drink an health; and when all the audience were laughing, thinking he was going to lug out a flagon of wine for us to pledge him, to throw a pail of cold water on us all with a text that fitted ſo finely that it could not be more pat, an 'twere painted for the purpoſe." "Hearkee, Martin, (ſaid the good Father calmly) when a ſot begins preaching at the tavern what is it uſual to ſay of him?" "Why, ſuch an one (replied Martin) we brothers of the bottle call an Accompliſhed Sot, one paſt all hopes of recovery; for it is well known that your drunkenneſs which comes in the myſtical or apoſtolical way, your religious drunkenneſs, is incurable." "Well now, look'ye, my good man; if the ſtrongeſt mark of the inveterate folly and drunkenneſs of a ſot is to talk at the tavern as preachers talk in the pulpit, what wit, grace, pleaſantry, or acuteneſs can it be for a preacher to uſe in the pulpit ſuch phraſes as ſots uſe at the tavern? And theſe preachers does Martin praiſe! Theſe does he applaud! Go to, thou ſilly man, where is thy reaſon?" "Father Maſter (anſwered the convinced and angry ſhoemaker) I have not ſtudied Logics

nor

nor Flouriſhes; but ſtill I ſay, *What ſounds to me, ſounds to me*, and by that I'll abide. Your Paternity is of this opinion and others are of the contrary, and yet they are of the ſame ſtuff, and, in truth, no little folks neither. The world is full of Envy, and even the Cloiſters are not very empty of it. Long live my Father Friar Blas, and good morrow to your Reverence, for I am going to carry a pair of ſhoes to the butler."

Scarce was Martin departed from the cell of the Father Ex-provincial when Friar Blas preſented himſelf in it, to take leave of his Reverence, as he was going the next morning to a town four leagues off to preach on occaſion of the collocation of a *Retablo*, or ornament for the altar. As the ſubject upon which he had been talking with the ſhoemaker was freſh and full in the mind of the Ex-provincial, and as the good man, as well for the honour of religion as for the ſake of the Father Predicador himſelf, (whom he really loved, but grieved over him to ſee him ſo miſapply talents, which, managed with judgment, might be very valuable) was very deſirous of having an opportunity of making him ſenſible of his error, and thinking the preſent a very fit one, he ſaid to him directly as he ſaw him, "I am ſorry, Father Predicador, that you did not come a little ſooner, that you might have heard a converſation I was holding with Martin the ſhoemaker, and who cut it off by taking himſelf away when I was wiſhing to proſecute it." "I would lay a wager (anſwered Friar Blas) that it was about preaching, for he talks of nothing elſe, and in truth he is a good judge. "Of a ſhoe he may (replied the Ex-provincial) but of a ſermon I know not how he ſhould." "Why (ſaid Friar Blas) to know who preaches well or ill there

is need only of having eyes and ears." "Then thus all who are not blind or deaf may be as good judges as the ſhoemaker?" "But there are ſome, (Friar Blas obſerved) who have not ſo good eyes or ſo good ears as others." "That is to ſay, that in order to judge of a ſermon there is need of no more than to ſee how the preacher acts, and hear how he feels it?" "No, our Father, there is need of no more." "So then according to this, in order to be a good preacher there is need of no more than to be a good player?"! "*Concedo conſequentiam*," ſaid the very ſatisfied Friar Blas.

"And is it poſſible that a chriſtian orator and ſon of my Father St. N. wearing his holy habit, can have the confidence to advance a propoſition like this! Pray now, Father Predicador Mayor, what is the end which a chriſtian orator ſhould propoſe in all his ſermons?" "The end, our Father, (ſaid Friar Blas with a pert readineſs) which every orator, chriſtian and not chriſtian, ſhould propoſe, is to gratify his audience, to give pleaſure to all, and to conciliate their favour; that of the learned, by the abundance of doctrine, by the multitude of citations, by the variety and the choice of the erudition; of the decreet, by wit, acuteneſs, and equivoque; of the polite, by a ſtyle pompous, elevated, altiſonant, and of *the rhumb*; of the vulgar, by things ſuited to their conception, by proverbs, coarſe jeſts, and ſmart little tales, brought in with opportunity and told with grace; and, in ſhort, of all, by freedom and eaſe of manner, by geſture, voice, and action. I, at leaſt, in my ſermons propoſe no other end, nor to attain it do I avail myſelf of other means; and truly it does not ſucceed ill with me, for there is never wanting in my cell a pinch of good ſnuff, or a cup of rich chocolate,

chocolate, there are two changes of white linen, it is well provided with flaſks, and finally my little drawer is never without a few doublons for a caſe of neceſſity. I never go out to preach but I bring home an hundred maſſes for the convent and as many more to divide amongſt half a dozen friends. There is no ſermon of conſequence in all the country for which I am not applied to, and to-morrow morning I go to preach at the Collocation of the Retablo at ———, the Majordomo of which told me that the allowance for the ſermon was a doublon of eight crowns *."

Scarcely could the religious and learned Ex-provincial refrain from tears when he heard a diſcourſe ſo fooliſh, ſo frantic, and ſo impious from the mouth of that poor Friar, filled rather with preſumption and ignorance than true wiſdom; and, compaſſionating his error, and inflamed with an holy zeal for the glory of God, the honour of the order, and the good of ſouls, in all which that miſtaken Religious might be very ſerviceable if he ſhould employ his natural talents better, he was anxious to try if he could convince and undeceive him. He roſe from his ſeat, locked his cell on the inſide that no one might interrupt them, took the Predicador Mayor by the hand, led him into his ſtudy, ſet him down in a chair, ſeating himſelf in another juſt by him, and, with that authority to which he was intitled by his hoary locks, his venerable age, his learning, his virtues, his employments, his credit and his eſtimation in the order, ſpoke to him in the following manner.

* Six and thirty ſhillings ſterling.

CHAP. III.

The grave and learned diſcourſe of the Father Ex-provincial.

" I AM aſtoniſhed, Father Friar Blas, at what " I have juſt heard you ſay, to that degree " that I am even now doubting whether my ears " deceive me or whether I dream what I hear. " Much indeed did I fear on hearing you preach " lately, and carefully watching all your motions, " before you mounted the pulpit, whilſt you were " in the pulpit, and after you had deſcended from " the pulpit, that in your ſermons you propoſed no " other end than that of vanity, applauſe, and in- " tereſt; but this fear was no more than a ſudden " thought, which I would not ſuffer to amount to " a ſuſpicion leſt it might border upon raſh judg- " ment. But, alas! I now ſee from what you " have juſt ſaid that I exceeded in charity and " candour.

" So then the end that ſhould be propoſed by an " orator, chriſtian or not chriſtian, is to gratify " his audience, to catch at applauſe, gain credit, " and make a purſe, ſolicitouſly endeavouring after " little pitiful accommodations! When I hear this, " I no longer wonder that the Father Predicador " ſhould diſpoſe himſelf to aſcend the pulpit as a " player diſpoſes himſelf to make his appearance " upon the ſtage, much ſhaved, much ſpruced, " much toupeed; with a gloſſy cloak, his beſt " habit, plaited ſkirts; new, nice, curious ſhoes; " one handkerchief of a ſtriking colour, another " white, long, fine, leſs for wiping off the ſweat

" than

" than for making an oſtentation of what a Reli-
" gious, who formally and ſolemnly profeſſes hu-
" mility, poverty, and modeſty, ſhould be aſhamed.
" A truly apoſtolic preacher, who would aſcend
" the chair of the holy ſpirit with no other view
" than to enamour his hearers with the beauties of
" piety and virtue, and efficaciouſly excite them
" to an abhorrence of ſin, would bluſh at the
" thought of theſe affected ornaments, as abſurdly
" inconſiſtent with his miniſtry as his ſtate: but
" he who aſcends it in order to profane it by ſuch
" indecent, and I muſt add ſuch ſacrilegious ends,
" neither can nor ought to avail himſelf of other
" means. I would not be underſtood to ſay that
" a ſtudied ſlovenlineſs is laudable in a preacher;
" I only maintain that an affected curiouſneſs in
" dreſs is moſt ridiculous; and there is no man
" of judgment who would not look upon that Re-
" ligious as a madman, who is leſs careful in
" compoſing his ſermon than in compoſing his
" habit and his hair, as if he thought that the
" delicate ſpruceneſs of his perſon could atone
" for the filthy groſſneſs of his performance.
" In a word, my good father, he who thus adorns
" himſelf to preach gives it ſufficiently to be un-
" derſtood that he endeavours not to gain ſouls to
" God, but to conquer hearts to himſelf. He
" does not go up ſo much to preach as to gallant
" it, and plays the part of a poor crazy wretch
" rather than a real orator.

" The end of a real orator, ſacred or profane,
" ſhould be always to convince the underſtanding
" and to move the will, whether it be to embrace
" ſome truth of religion, if the orator be a ſacred
" one; or to take ſome juſt and honourable de-
" termination, if he be a profane one. The Fa-
" ther Predicador never can have found, nor will

" he ever find, that a profane orator, be he as pro-
" fane as he will, ever propoſed to himſelf any
" other end. This alone is what Demoſthenes,
" Cicero, and Quintilian propoſed to themſelves
" in their orations, directed all to ſome laudable
" and honeſt end, ſome to preſerve the Republic,
" others to inflame the mind againſt tyranny, theſe
" to defend innocence, thoſe to repreſs injuſtice,
" many to implore mercy, and not a few to ex-
" cite all the ſeverity of the laws againſt the da-
" ringneſs of inſolence. Had it been diſcovered,
" or but ſurmiſed, that any one of theſe famous
" orators had no other end in his declamations,
" than to make himſelf heard with pleaſure, to al-
" lure the favour of the people, to diſplay the
" trimneſs or the majeſty of his garb, his graceful
" manner, his elegant action, his ſonorous voice,
" his feeling of the affections, the pompous re-
" dundance of his words, and the acuteneſs or
" falſe brilliancy of his thoughts—Had it been un-
" derſtood that their harangues were directed to
" no other end than to ſolicit applauſes, to con-
" quer hearts, and to make money, they would
" have become the objects of the laughter, of the
" contempt, and even of the indignation of all the
" people. And if any had gone to hear them, it
" would certainly not have been in order to be per-
" ſuaded by them as by orators, but to be divert-
" ed by them as by mountebanks and pantomimes,
" by puppets and by players. For, in ſhort, my
" Father Predicador, the orator is no other than
" the man dedicated by his profeſſion to inſtruct
" other men, and make them better than they are.
" And, let me aſk you, will they be made better
" by *him*, who, as ſoon as he ſhews himſelf in the
" pulpit, ſhews too that he is as much ſubjected

" as

" as the vileſt of his hearers, to the loweſt of the " human paſſions? Will *he* make the vain and " proud man humble, who in all his words and ac- " tions breathes nothing but vanity and preſump- " tion? Will *he* correct the diſorder of profane " ornaments and coſmetics, who preſents himſelf " in the pulpit (to the very utmoſt limits of what " his profeſſion will admit) a beau? Will *he* extir- " pate the paſſion of avarice from the breaſts of " others, who is known to make a traffic of his " miniſtry, who preaches for intereſt, and can- " vaſſes and buſtles for functions of the greateſt " pay? Finally, whom will *he* perſuade, that we " ought to pleaſe God alone, who confeſſes, that " even in his ſermons he has no other end than to " pleaſe men?

" I beg the Father Predicador would tell me, if " the apoſtles had propoſed this adulterate end in " their diſcourſes, by what means would twelve " ruſtic and groſs men have converted the whole " world? He will ſay, perhaps, that God ſup- " plied the means. And who has told him that " God would not ſupply them now likewiſe, were " we to preach with the ſpirit with which the " Apoſtles preached? He may reply, that thoſe " were other times, and very different from our " own. But what would my Father mean by " this? If he means that the Apoſtles preached to " barbarous, uncultivated, ignorant idiots, who " were to be convinced by any thing and in any " manner, he will ſhew that he is more verſed in " books of wretched conceits, which ſome call " preachable, and I call intolerable and contempti- " ble, than in hiſtory ſacred and profane. Does " he know that the world was never more culti- " vated, than when God ſent his Apoſtles to it?

" Is he ignorant that there were then remaining, " and continued for ſome time, the precious re- " liques of the golden age of Auguſtus, in which " Chriſt was born, and in which all the arts and " ſciences, eſpecially oratory, poetry, philoſophy, " and hiſtory, flouriſhed more than in any other? " Our age indeed preſumes, whether with or with- " out reaſon, to be more enlightened than any " other; and it cannot be denied, but that in " ſome particular faculties and arts, diſcoveries " have been made that were unknown to the pre- " ceding ones. Nevertheleſs, in thoſe which the " ancients cultivated, the famous queſtion upon " their ſuperiority to the moderns, has not yet " been decided by the critics; and let the Father " Predicador know, that though the arguments " urged on each ſide are very weighty, yet the " number of votes for the former, exceeds beyond " compariſon all thoſe that can be counted for the " latter. Let him now ſee if the people the " Apoſtles preached to and converted were uncul- " tivated, ignorant, and barbarous, when there is " ſo much room for diſputing if they did not excel " us in comprehenſion, in genius, in good taſte, " and politeneſs.

" He may anſwer, that upon this very account " the Apoſtles converted only the loweſt people, " the mere vulgar and idiots. Another miſtake " which ſprings from the ſame principle. I deſire " the Father Predicador would do me the favour " to tell me, if Cornelius the Centurion was of " the vulgar? If the eunuch of the queen Can- " dace was of the vulgar? If Saint Dionyſius the " Areopagite was an idiot? If Saint Juſtin the " Martyr was a poor ignorant? If Saint Clement " Alexandrinus was of the loweſt people, and

" Saint

" Saint Linus and his parents Herculanus and " Claudia, both of the moſt illuſtrious families of " Tuſcany? If ſo many Magiſtrates, ſo many Princes, " ſo many Kings as the Apoſtles converted in their " reſpective provinces, were of the loweſt people and " the mere vulgar? A preacher, who ſhould but " take the ſhort and neceſſary trouble of reading " the lives of the Saints on whom he preaches, " could never fall into ſuch an error; but how " ſhould he not fall into this and others of ſtill " groſſer ignorance, when it often happens that he " who has the leaſt knowledge of the Saint that is " preached upon is the very preacher himſelf, " making it his pride to take ſuch abſtracted ſub- " jects, that one and the ſame ſermon may ſerve " for St. Liborious, for St. Roque, for St. Coſme, " for St. Damian, for the Virgin of Sorrows, and, " upon a pinch, for the Bleſſed Souls in Purga- " tory.

" But if the Father Predicador ſhould chance " to mean that thoſe firſt ages of the church, tho' " they were not leſs informed, yet were leſs cor- " rupted than our own, and conſequently that it " was not ſo difficult to reduce them to the truth " of the Goſpel by clear, natural, naked, and " ſimple arguments, he will be guilty of another " piece of ignorance that cannot in conſcience be " forgiven him. What, were thoſe times leſs cor- " rupted than ours, in which vices were adored as " virtues, and virtues abhorred as vices! Times " in which impurity received incenſe in Cytherea, " ebriety adorations in Bacchus, and robbery ſacri- " fices in Mercury! Times, in which an adulte- " rous Jupiter, an inceſtuous Venus, an uſurping " Hercules, and a thieving Cacus were formal ob- " jects of devotion! Times, in which Vanity

" was

" was called Greatneſs of Heart; Pride, Eleva-
" tion of Spirit; Haughtineſs, Magnanimity,
" Uſurpation, Heroiſm; and, on the contrary
" Modeſty, Reſerve, Moderation, and Retire-
" ment, were treated as a lowneſs of mind, and
" a littleneſs, not only uſeleſs but pernicious to ſo-
" ciety!

" But I will not ſtraiten him ſo much; I will
" not make a compariſon between our age and the
" firſt age of the church, but content myſelf with
" comparing our times with thoſe in which the
" Paduas, the Ferreres, and the Villanuevas flou-
" riſhed. Let him tell me if there is much diffe-
" rence between our manners and thoſe of the
" times I ſpeak of? If he knows any thing of hiſ-
" tory, he muſt neceſſarily anſwer, that if there
" is any difference it is in dreſs, in faſhions, in the
" greater perfection of languages, and in ſome
" cuſtoms purely accidental and exterior; for as
" to the reſt, there then reigned, as there now
" reign, the ſame manners, the ſame paſſions, the
" ſame inclinations, the ſame vices, the ſame diſ-
" orders, only that indeed they were more ſcanda-
" lous in thoſe times than in theſe. Notwithſtand-
" ing, what portentous, what innumerable con-
" verſions were made in them by theſe ſaints!
" What a train did they draw after them when-
" ever they went out to preach, whole cities and
" entire provinces being depopulated to hear them.
" And did *they* preach *themſelves?* Did they in
" their ſermons propoſe no other end than to gain
" applauſe and admiration, to fill their pockets
" and make a noiſe in the world? They did in-
" deed make a great one, but was this what they
" aimed at? And did they attain it by means ſo
" improper, ſo indecent, ſo unworthy, and I muſt
" again add ſo ſacrilegious?

" Methinks

" Methinks I can hear the Father Predicador " ſay inwardly, This may be ſo; but I ſee that I " attain it by the means I uſe, for I likewiſe make " a noiſe in the world, I am followed, I am ap- " plauded, I am admired. Very good. And what " does he infer from this? That he preaches well? " That he knows even what he preaches? O how " bad a conſequence! He makes a noiſe; ſo like- " wiſe do a company of ſtrollers when they come " into a town. He is followed; ſo likewiſe is a " mountebank, a buffoon, a puppet-ſhew-man, " and an Harlequin, when they ſhew their dex- " terities to the people. He is applauded; but " by whom? By thoſe who liſten to a wretched " ſhoemaker as to an oracle, and thoſe who cele- " brate a preacher as they would a player. The " people are all admiration when they hear him; " but at what? The ſilly, at his hardineſs and " geſticulation; the wiſe at his ſelf-ſatisfaction and " his folly.

" Good now, Father Predicador, who has " told you that the admiration of the multitude is " the daughter of deſert? Very frequently, not " to ſay moſt times, it is the daughter of igno- " rance in the admirers. The vulgar generally " admire what they do not underſtand; and " know, Father, that in all claſſes of men there " is much vulgar. You may have read or heard " of that famous orator, who, haranguing before " all the people and hearing amongſt them, in " the middle of his oration, a kind of joyful mur- " mur which bordered upon acclamation, turned " to a friend who ſtood near him, and aſked him " with ſurpriſe, " Have I ſaid any thing abſurd, " for this popular applauſe can proceed from no " other ſource?" " Even Cicero himſelf, who

" by

" by no means deſpiſed applauſe, diſtruſted it " if it was too frequent, thinking that, as " it was not poſſible always to deſerve it, adula- " tion or ignorance muſt neceſſarily have part in " it.—" *I like not in my orations to hear, Excellent! " Admirable! too often—Bellè et Præclarè nimium " ſæpè nolo.*"

" Admiration is even more equivocal than " praiſe; this muſt always be directed to the " good and ſolid; that may, keeping within its " ſphere, be limited preciſely to the ſingular and " new; for the object of admiration is not the " good, but the rare. And therefore a French " Jeſuit ſays judiciouſly, and much to our preſent " purpoſe, that " there may happen, and does " often happen, to be a kind of paradox in ſer- " mons, that is, that the audience may juſtly " admire certain parts of it which are contrary to " judgment and reaſon; and hence it proceeds " that very frequently the very thing is a little " afterwards condemned, which had at firſt been " praiſed." " The Father Predicador may " often have obſerved it. The hearers ſtand " liſtening to the ſermon, each transformed " into a lively image of Attention herſelf with " open mouth, enraptured by the graceful " preſence of the preacher, by the elegance of " his action, by the ſonorouſneſs of his voice, by " what they call the elevation of his ſtyle, by the " chopping of his ſentences, by the vivacity of " his expreſſions, by his feeling of the affections, " by the acuteneſs of the objections he candidly " allows to his poſitions, and the beautiful man- " ner in which he extricates himſelf by their " ſolution, and by the falſe brilliancy of his

" thoughts.

" thoughts. During the ſermon not one of them " ventures to move, to ſtir, to ſpit, nor even to " draw his own breath rudely, leſt he ſhould loſe " ſome delicious particle of the preacher's. After " the ſermon is over, it is all approving nods, all " murmurs, all ſigns and geſtures of admiration. " At coming out of the church, it is all knots and " rings of men, and in them all eulogy, all exag- " geration, all aſtoniſhment. " Such a man as " this !" " What a tongue he has !" " Such a " wonderful genius !"

" But what follows? Some intelligent, mature " men, of good criticiſm and ſound judgment, " who heard the ſermon and ſuffered not them- " ſelves to be blinded, not able to ſuffer that to " to be applauded which ought to be abominated, " drop firſt one thing and then another, till they " arraign every part of which the ſermon was " compoſed, and make it appear evidently that " the whole was a woof of impropriety, of ig- " norance, of folly, of poorneſs, or to ſay the " leaſt that can be ſaid, of futilities. They ſhew " with all clearneſs that his ſtyle, inſtead of being " an elevated one, was nothing but a ſwoln, " bombaſtical, ſeſquipedalian rant, made up of " leaves without any fruit; that his affected ca- " dences are as inconſiſtent with good proſe as full " and numerous ſentences, but void of meaſure, " are to good verſe; that this kind of ſtyle " cauſes laughter, or rather loathing to thoſe who " know how to ſpeak and write; that the expreſ- " ſions which are called lively, were only of " noiſe and bawling; that ſuch a method of feel- " ing and expreſſing the affections, was that " which is proper rather to a player than a " preacher,

" preacher, laudable on the ſtage but inſufferable " in the pulpit; that the objections were ſuch as " would never enter into any but his own idle " head, and the ſolutions of them as arbitrary as " futile; that the thoughts were all to be reduced " to little, colloquial, juvenile ſayings, jingling " and playing upon words, and poetical conceits " without marrow or ſolidity; that in all the " ſermon there was not to be diſcovered a grain " of oratorical ſalt, as it had not the moſt diſtant " appearance of a methodical and arranged diſ- " courſe, nothing of concatenation, nothing of " connection, nothing of ratiocination, nothing " of the pathetic; in ſhort, that it was an united " beſom, a parcel of little quaint conceits ſpread " abroad, trifling thoughts ſcattered here and " there, and that this was the ſum and ſubſtance " of the whole buſineſs. So that, all things well " conſidered, there was nothing to admire or to " applaud in our preacher but his voice and " action, his preſumption and moſt reverend " *Coram vobis* *. They who hear judicious, pe- " netrating men, well-informed in the ſubject, " talk in this manner, recover from their miſtake " and know their error, whence the preacher " who in the morning was admired, in the after- " noon is looked upon as a Zany; the compaſ- " ſionate behold him with pity, the rigid with " contempt.

" I would wiſh for no better proof of this truth " than the very ſermons of the Father Predicador. " How much was celebrated, how much was ad- " mired that famous entrance of the ſermon on " the

* Jocularly uſed for a good preſence, or a preſence of gravity and dignity.

" the moſt holy Trinity—*I deny that there is in*
" *God unity of eſſence and trinity of perſons?* How
" much was admired, how much was extolled
" the other of the ſermon on the Incarnation—
" *To your healths, gentlemen?* What rivalry for
" extravagance in the eulogies plentifully poured
" forth on each of them upon finiſhing the func-
" tions? But how long did this praiſe and admi-
" ration laſt? So long only as ſome zealous,
" prudent, and charitable man delayed opening
" the eyes of the hearers, that they might know
" that the firſt propoſition had been a moſt ſcanda-
" lous hereſy, and the ſecond a deplorable ſottiſh-
" neſs; or that at leaſt, when mended with their
" ſaving clauſes, they had turned out two miſe-
" rable inſipidities. For the firſt is reduced to the
" ſaying that many heretics have denied the
" myſtery of the holy Trinity; behold what an
" exquiſite information! And the ſecond, when
" we have ſqueezed out all its ſubſtance, amounts
" to no more than to ſay that Chriſt, or the
" divine Word, became incarnate for the ſalvation
" of men; what a delicate and new diſcovery!
" As ſoon as the hearers ſaw theſe things in their
" right light, they were aſhamed of what they
" had a little before admired; and I know very
" well that it was ſo given to be underſtood to the
" Father Predicador, on the very afternoon both
" of the Trinity and the Incarnation, if he had
" been pleaſed to underſtand it. For going to
" viſit his female penitents *, as is his cuſtom on
" the days he preaches, to collect the plaudits of
" the

* Thoſe to whom he is father confeſſor.

" the drawing-rooms *, a certain young lady " told him, on that of the Trinity, " Jeſus! " Father Predicador, God forgive you for the " fright you put me into by the beginning of your " ſermon! I was really afraid that the Commiſſary " of the Holy Office would have ſilenced you, and " carried you from the pulpit to the inquiſition!" " I know likewiſe that another lady ſaid to him " on the afternoon of the Incarnation, " When " your Reverence began your ſermon this morning " I thought I was aſleep and dreaming, and that " inſtead of having carried me to church they had " carried me to the tavern." " They were both " delicate ſtrokes of ſatire, and well deſerved; but " as the Father Predicador has an happy knack of " converting all to aliment, he was tickled at the " witty praiſe and exulted in his ſucceſs.

" This is what the Father Predicador gains, " even from thoſe perſons who are no otherwiſe " enlightened, than by a tolerable ſhare of moral " ſenſe—to be contemned by them, and eſteemed " as he deſerves. Thoſe who are more cultivated, " thoſe who have ſome tincture of good taſte, and " above all, thoſe who look not with indifference " on ſo ſerious and ſacred a miniſtry of Religion, " cannot expreſs the grief they feel to ſee it ſo " profaned in his mouth, and their compaſſion " at the unhappy miſapplication of talents, which, " managed as they ought to be, might be very " ſerviceable to the good of ſouls, to the glory of " God,

* In the original *Los Eſtrados*, the rooms adorned with carpetting, &c. in which ladies receive their viſitors. *Tea tables*, could the expreſſion be allowed, would be the correſponding Engliſh idiom.

" God, to the honour of our Holy Order, and " to the ſolid and real reputation of the Father " Predicador. He cannot doubt the particular " inclination I have always manifeſted for him " ever ſince he was my novice; the rigours from " which I freed him when I was the ſuperior of " his convent, and the eſtimation in which I held " his endowments when I was his Provincial; " ſince it was I who firſt ſet him in a conſpicuous " place, appointing him to one of the pulpits " moſt ſought after of any in the province. He " muſt remember the paternal letter which I " wrote to him upon this occaſion, ſtrongly re- " commending to him that he would juſtify my " confidence, and avoid giving cauſe for my being " inſulted by thoſe who cenſured this election, " without doubt becauſe they knew him better " than I did; that he would preach Chriſt cruci- " fied and not preach himſelf, or at leaſt that he " would preach with piety and judgment, if he " ſhould not have the ſpirit to do it with zeal and " fervour. I proteſt to him that I feel not ſo " much remorſe from any of the many injudici- " ous things I did in my Provincialſhip,—though " I call God to witneſs that I did them all with " the beſt intention—as from having made the " Father Friar Blas a Preacher, entruſting the " converſion of ſouls to one who thinks of nothing " leſs than of converting them, and who ſhews " there is ſo much neceſſity even for the conver- " ſion of his own. I gave him to be known in " the world, when it would have been better for " him to have been kept in the ſolitude of the " cloiſter and the retirement of the choir. I was " the unhappy occaſion of his being made giddy

" by

" by the applauſe of fools, and precipitated by " his vanity into the contempt of wiſe men. I " know it, I bewail it, but now I cannot remedy " it; ſince I ſee with unutterable grief that even " within the community there are not wanting " defenders, panegyriſts, and fomenters of his " vanity and madneſs; ſome from the want " of knowing better, ſome from adulation, ſome " few from intereſt, and the greateſt part from " ſuffering themſelves to be drawn down the in- " fectious ſtream of cuſtom, guided ſolely by the " ſhoutings of the ſenſeleſs multitude.

" Amongſt the laſt I reckon thoſe poor youths, " ſtudents of this houſe, in Philoſophy and " Theology, to whom unſpeakable damage is " done by the example of the Predicador. They " ſee him applauded, celebrated, ſought for, fa- " voured with preſents, and abounding with con- " veniencies; they hear the Father Predicador " himſelf making a puerile oſtentation of them, " valuing himſelf much upon the harveſt he reaps " from the field of the *Verbum Dei*; extolling the " utility and the reputation of his profeſſion, " whilſt he makes a mock of that of the lecturers " and maſters, the tutors of the order, whom he " treats as a poor, pitiful, beggarly, for-god's- " ſaking crew, and when he is pleaſed to be very " witty, as cameleons who live upon the air of " their ergoes, having their cupboards as void of " chocolate as their heads full of impertinent " queſtions. What follows? why, they conceive " an horror at ſcholaſtic ſtudy, ſo neceſſary to " the underſtanding the myſteries and the points " of faith, and to the avoiding ſo many abſurdi- " ties as are ſaid both on one and the other by

" the

" the Father Predicador; they give themſelves " up to the reading volumes of uſeleſs, wretched " ſermons, or to the tranſcribing ſuch unſubſtan- " tial, ridiculous, and even pernicious ones as " thoſe of the Father Friar Blas; they make him " their model, copying even his geſture and action, " without adverting that what may appear well " when it is natural, becomes riſible and con- " temptible in imitation. This is the milk they " are fed with, and afterwards they turn out to " be the diverſion of the vulgar, the admiration " of the ignorant, the ſcorn of the judicious, the " grief of the compaſſionate and pious, the ſhame " of the order, and ſometimes its ſcourge and " torment.

" We all ſee it in that poor, ſimple, intoxi- " cated Friar Gerund. His ſimplicity on the one " hand and the Father Predicador on the other " are both concurring to ruin him completely. " Though he does not want talents, by which in " time he might approve himſelf a ſerviceable " man, yet I ſee plainly that he will give us " cauſe to more than bluſh for him. He cannot " ſo much as bring himſelf to ſtudy a conference, " or apply to the underſtanding of a queſtion, " and looks with horror on ſcholaſtic learning, " idly employing himſelf in reading printed ſer- " mons and tranſcribing the manuſcripts of Friar " Blas; for I am told that he is ſcarcely ever out " of his cell, that he has there full leave and " licence to breakfaſt, to take his afternoon's re- " freſhment, and to waſte his time; that the " Father Predicador is continually imbuing him " with all his maxims, and even infecting him " likewiſe with all affections and diſaffections, not " only to the great hindrance of his good educa-

" tion,

" tion, but to the great detriment of charity and
" fraternal and religious union.

" Therefore if my dear Father Predicador has
" any love for our holy Mother the community,
" if he has any zeal for the ſalvation of the ſouls
" which Jeſus Chriſt redeemed by his moſt preci-
" ous blood, if his own ſolid and real reputation
" deſerves any regard, I conjure him by that moſt
" precious blood of Jeſus that he will change his
" conduct: Let the end he aims at in his ſermons
" be more noble, more chriſtian, more religious,
" and very different will be his diſpoſition; let
" him preach Chriſt crucified and not preach
" himſelf, and he certainly will not beſtow ſo
" much pains on the affected adorning of his
" perſon; let him ſeek no other intereſt than
" that of ſouls, *Da mihi animas, cætera tolle*
" *tibi*, and I am confident he will preach in
" another manner; let him not be ſolicitous for
" applauſes but converſions, and he may be aſſured
" that he will not only procure the converſions he
" is anxious for, but the applauſes alſo for which
" he is unanxious, and theſe of an order much
" ſuperior to the popular and vain praiſes, in
" which he at preſent finds ſo many charms.
" Above all I charge, I intreat, I beſeech him,
" that if he make no account of what I ſay, and
" obſtinately perſevere in the miſtaken courſe he
" has hitherto purſued, at leaſt he will not be
" the teacher of erroneous doctrine, form a per-
" nicious ſchool, and imitate the dragon which
" with his tail drew after him the third part of
" the ſtars of heaven. Let him tremble at that
" dreadful denunciation of worſe than the mill-
" ſtone and the ſea againſt thoſe who ſhall offend
" —who ſhall occaſion the fall of—the little ones;

" and

" and let him not attribute the charitable, private,
" and paternal admonition I now give him to im-
" pertinence, preſumption, or the peeviſhneſs of
" age, but let him look upon it as the ſtrongeſt
" proof of that real love for him which I ingenu-
" ouſly profeſs."

CHAP. IV.

Of what paſſed afterwards between the Predicador Mayor, and Friar Gerund.

WITH the moſt ſolemn attention, and without betraying the leaſt token of impatience, did Friar Blas receive the long ſermon driven into him by the Reverend Father Ex-provincial, and ſuffered the diſcharge of all his ſhot with ſuch continence, that any one would have ſworn that he had been convinced, perſuaded, and already changed into another man: for, ſays the legend of the order, he liſtened to him with a grave countenance, with downcaſt eyes, with his hands under his ſcapulary, with his body inclined forward in humble poſture, applying the left ear a little as if not to loſe a ſyllable, without ſneezing, without ſpitting, and even without pulling out his box and taking a pinch of ſnuff all the time that the miſſion laſted. And now the good Ex-provincial was inwardly applauding himſelf upon the happy conqueſt; now a thouſand times fortunate did he think the hour in which he had determined to ſpeak to him with ſo much reſolution and clearneſs; and now was he about to throw his arms round his neck and give him a thouſand congratulations,

tions, upon his having at laſt opened his eyes to the light of reaſon when he ſaw the good Predicador look upon him ſerenely, draw his hands from under his ſcapulary, reſt his right elbow on the arm of the chair, rub his hand round his chin, then put it into his ſleeve, pull out his ſnuff-box, give two deliberate taps upon the lid, open it, take a pinch, and fixing his eyes ſteadily in his face ſay with great compoſure, "Has your paternity done?" "Yes, I have done." "Then, our Father, let me tell you a ſtory.

"A crazy fellow was preſent at a ſermon preached in a certain Miſſion upon the univerſal judgment. A truly fervent and apoſtolic zeal was exerted by the Miſſionary, who left his audience ſo ſtruck, and impreſſed with awe, that even after the ſermon was finiſhed there was no noiſe or motion for ſome time. The crazy fellow availed himſelf of this compunctious ſilence, and bawled out, "Gentlemen, all the Father Miſſionary has "told us about judgment, and judgment, and "judgment, without doubt ought to be ſo; but "*nondum venit hora mea*, and I maintain the "contrary with the moſt learned Barradas." "Has your Paternity any commands to Cevico de la Torre, for I go early to-morrow morning?" And without waiting for any reply he roſe from his chair, opened the door, and went away to his cell—.

In which he was waited for by his beloved Friar Gerund, who beſides being an eternal admirer of the madneſs and abſurdities of Friar Blas (which of itſelf would have been a ſufficient reaſon for his being much eſteemed by him) was a plump, tight little Friar, of a good countenance, and very orderly

derly in his manners and deportment, which made him much careſſed not only by the Father Predicador Mayor, but in general by all the grave Fathers of the houſe, amongſt whom there was even a kind of jealouſy and competition which ſhould make moſt of him. They uſed to ſend him from the upper table fruit, and other extraordinaries, when they were allowed only to the ſeniors, and not to the Collegiate Fathers; upon which account he was envied, watched, and abuſed by the latter, eſpecially as he grew inſufferably vain upon the favour of their Reverences, and practiſed many tricks and artifices to preſerve and encreaſe their fondneſs; and then the horror which he entertained for all ſcholaſtic learning afforded them many occaſions of laughing at and mortifying him, which were by no means loſt upon the young rogues the ſtudents. But Friar Gerund did not mind it; endeavouring at all adventures to cultivate the predilection of the ruling powers; and amongſt them all he had the greateſt veneration and attachment to the gallant, the airy, the elegant, and the judicious Father Predicador Mayor, which however he concealed as carefully as poſſible from the reſt.

As ſoon as Friar Blas entered the cell he told Gerund all that had paſſed with our Father, gave him an abſtract of his ſermon, mimicked his voice, geſture, and manner, criticized his words, and laughed at and deſpiſed the whole, treating him as an *old Grey-beard*, *Mumpſimus*, *Codger*, *Antidiluvian*, with ſuch other complimentary titles; and in the end, ſaid, "as the miſſion has laſted ſo long, my boy, I want to do a certain affair, and ſo with thy leave,"—he retired to the alcove, drew the curtain, did what he wanted to do, and, the function finiſhed, told him, "Thou know'ſt I go to-morrow

morning to Cevica de la Torre, to preach the ſermon of St. Benedict in his hermitage on the hill; it is a ſolemn devotion of the place, it is now the Feſtival of Flowers *, there is a pilgrimage, and a doublon of eight crowns is to be paid for the ſermon. Firſt of all take theſe ſweetmeats (and he filled his ſleeve with ſome he took out of a box) let us ſhut the door that we may not be diſturbed by any of their mule-headed reverences, and ſit thee down, for thou ſhalt hear one of the beſt ſermons I ever made in my life.

" The title and ſubject, *The Science of Ignorance in the wiſe Ignorance of Science.*" " Stop, Father Predicador," directly interrupted Gerund, " ſay no more, for this alone inchants me. This trick-track, this playing and ringing the changes upon the words, in which your Paternity couches the ſubjects of almoſt all your ſermons, is a thing that quite raviſhes me. *The Science of Ignorance in the wiſe Ignorance of Science!* O, a finer thing could not have been ſaid! In truth I do not very well underſtand what it ſignifies; but what ſounds to me, ſounds to me; and let it ſignify what it will, it is a great thing." " It ſignifies no other," replied the Predicador, " than what St. Paul ſays, " That the ſcience of the ſaints is true wiſdom, " and that the wiſdom of this world is true igno- " rance and folly."

" What, does it ſignify no more than that?" " No." " But, God defend me! who would have thought it? Any other than your Reverence would have ſaid ſimply that St. Benedict knew what was neceſſary for him to know, and was ignorant

* One of the names for Eaſter, becauſe at that time the flowers appear.

norant of what was unneceſſary; and in this manner, though every one would have underſtood it, it might be ſaid too by every ploughman. But to propoſe ſo common a thing with the ſpecial air that your Paternity propoſes it, no man in the world has the grace. Let the other ſubject declare it, of the ſermon you preached two months ago at the chapter for the election of Convent-officers, *The Election of Rectitude, for the Rectitude of Election.* Sooner than I ſhall forget that ſubject I ſhall forget my own name. But now we are talking of it, won't your Reverence explain the conception to me? for, to ſay the truth, I did not thoroughly penetrate it: It ſeemed to me, I confeſs, to be ſaying, that in order that the election ſhould be right, it was abſolutely neceſſary there ſhould be a right election. But this, it is clear, your Paternity could not mean, for it would have been one of *Pero Grullo's* truths.* "Peace, ſimpleton, (replied Friar Blas directly) for it is clear that I meant to ſay nothing elſe; and there was the cream of the jeſt, to ſay a *Perogrullada* in ſuch a manner that it ſhould ſeem to be a thing of another world. If thou wilt call to mind the clear, perſpicuous, and brilliant manner in which I ſet off this propoſition in order to introduce my diſcourſe, thou wouldeſt ſee clearer than the ſun at noon, what I meant to ſay." "As

* *Pero Grullo's* truths are ſelf-evident things formally aſſerted; called ſo from ſome ſimpleton of that name, who thought himſelf mighty wiſe in making diſcoveries of things known to all the world. One of theſe truths is ſaid to be, that it is cuſtomary for men, *Comer por la boca y cagar por el culo*—to eat with their mouths.

From the proper name is formed the ſubſtantive *Perogrullada*, which ſignifies one of theſe truths.

I am a chriſtian," ſaid Gerund, "I don't now remember it, though I have the ſermon in my cell, as your Paternity knows I directly tranſcribed it." "Then I will refreſh thy memory with it, as I have it ſtrong in mine."

"The Salutation being ended, (for that was wine of another caſk, as we ſay) I began my ſermon with this apoſtrophe to the Sacrament which ſtood open to the view, *Amorouſly wiſe doſt thou offer thyſelf, Sovereign Sacramented Monarch, as the Maſter and Director of this Chapter.* Note, by the way, the ſuitableneſs of calling the Sacrament the preſident of the chapter, and tell me if any one could have hit on this? I then added, *For the moſt exact rectitude of election, this auguſt Sacrament offers to the electors vital light: a peremptory and concluſive proof, Ego ſum panis vitæ.* Obſerve that of *panis vitæ* for *vital light.* But as the electors were many, and each had a life, good or bad, as is beſt known to God, for it does not belong to us to ſcrutinize other people's lives, and as the text ſpoke only of one life, *vitæ*, it was neceſſary to have one which would ſpeak of many: I found it as complete as I could wiſh in the Syriac, which reads, *Panis vitarum.* Now then we have the Sacrament, *the bread of many lives:* but foraſmuch as theſe lives might be the lives of choriſters, butlers, clerks, and junior Friars, who have no vote in the chapter, and as I had need preciſely of a Sacrament which ſhould be the bread of the lives of the Capitular Fathers and electors, here was my happineſs and ſkill; I found it exactly as I could deſire in Zacharias, in Tyrinus, in Menochius, and in Lyra; for the firſt calls the Sacrament *Frumentum Electorum*, the ſecond *Panem Electorum*, the third *Frumentum Electorum*, and the fourth ſays, *Frumentum*

Electorum

Electorum eſt Corpus Chriſti conſecratum pane frumenti."

"Why, your paternity is a very devil, or at leaſt has a familiar," interrupted Gerund, not able to contain himſelf, "where a plague! could you find texts ſo to the purpoſe, ſo to an hair, and which ſpeak of *the bread of Electors* ſo clearly, that they might be underſtood by the arranteſt clown who goes to ſell honey at the town of Bejarr? Now I remember; and particularly that when I heard thoſe texts in the ſermon, I was aſtoniſhed. It is true that ſpeaking of them afterwards with a Father maſter of the houſe, who loves me much, he left me a little confuſed; for he told me roundly that all of them, in the ſenſe in which your Paternity underſtood them, were the greateſt of abſurdities and cognizable by the inquiſition; that both the text and the interpreters only meant that the Sacrament was the bread of the elect or choſen ſouls, which alone were ſignified by *Electorum*; that to apply it to the electors merely for the ſake of ſound, was an intolerable abuſe of ſacred ſcripture, condemned by the council of Trent, by the popes, and by the inquiſition; that this tribunal had lately puniſhed a preacher in Rome, becauſe in his funeral ſermon upon Cardinal *Cibo* he had ſaid that the fleſh of Chriſt in the Sacrament was really and truly the fleſh of the Cardinal, proving it with this text, *Caro mea verè eſt* CIBUS, which that madman (ſo the Father maſter called him) took it into his head to underſtand juſt as your Paternity was pleaſed to underſtand the *Frumentum Electorum:* that if it ſhould be permitted to uſe or abuſe holy ſcripture with ſuch groſſneſs there would not be hereſy, abſurdity, or ſin that might not be proved by it; and ſo he went on ſtringing ſuch a heap of things

as put me in much confuſion, and I don't know how I had the patience to hear them."

"And didſt thou make any account of them?" "No, Father Predicador; why ſhould I make account of them, when I knew as well as if I was in him that it was all nothing but envy; for that ſame Father maſter is a ſplenetic mortal, and knows nothing but his *Ergos*, his theology, his Bible, his councils, his holy Fathers, and—your humble ſervant. Take him thence, and he knows not a word: he never read, not he, neither the Theatre of the Gods, nor Rabiſius Textor, nor Aulus Gellius, nor the Natalis Comes, nor Alexander ab Alexandro, nor Pliny, nor Picenelus; and now to be ſure he muſt be curiouſly qualified to underſtand ſermons and to know how texts of ſcripture are, or are not to be brought in! and as, beſides, 'tis a poor ſneaking dog, who drinks his chocolate out of a wooden diſh, and ſees, thanks be to God, the cell of your Paternity ſo plentifully provided with every thing, he rots with envy as faſt as he can rot, and hence it comes that with him your Paternity can do nothing right." "Let me embrace thee, my dear boy," ſaid Friar Blas at hearing this, "for thou wilt be the honour of the order: take theſe four cakes of chocolate to ſerve thee in my abſence, and let us go on with the capitular ſermon."

"We will talk of that ſermon another day, (ſaid Friar Gerund,) for as your Paternity is to go in the morning I fear leſt we may not have time to read that of St. Benedict, though it be no more than the ſalutation, and I am dying to hear it, as only the thought of *The ſcience of ignorance in the wiſe ignorance of ſcience* has excited ſuch a curioſity in me that it is a very horror." "Thou art right," anſwered

anſwered Friar Blas, " let us go to that; here it is on the table. Obſerve, we are now in the ſpring, it is the feſtival of flowers, and the hermitage of the ſaint is in the country: now hear.

" To the celebrated God of Mirth, Greece, " Sparta, and Theſſaly conſecrated ſolemn feſtive " rites on the twenty-ſeventh day of March; " *Theſſali huic Deo Riſui quotannis rem divinam in* " *ſumma lætitia faciebant*, ſays Rabiſius Textor. " They wove green garlands enamelled with many- " coloured flowers, offering a ſpring of enjoyment to " the homaged God of mirth; *Vernis intexens flori-* " *bus arva—riſibus & grandes mirata eſt Roma ca-* " *chinnos*, ſays Lilius Giraldus. This deity offered " himſelf to their worſhip in the figure of a naked " youth, crowned with myrtle, adorned with " wings, and in the frondoſity of a pleaſant mea " dow; *Puer nudus, alatus, myrthoque coronatus,* " *qui humi ſedebat*, ſays Vincentius Cartarius."

" Did'ſt thou ever ſee a more flowery entrance to a ſpring ſermon at the feſtival of flowers, and this with no leſs than the authority of Cartarius, Lilius Giraldus, and Rabiſius Textor? But ſtay a little; hear the application. " This is a vernal " parallel of the illuſtrious patriarch St. Benedict, " to whom with feſtive joy this people now con- " ſecrates its ſolemn worſhip." " What think'ſt " thou, Friend Gerund, eh?" " What can I think but that, in the firſt place, your paternity has the Calendar of the Pagan feſtivals more at your fingers' ends than even the Epact of the order; for I never ſaw you miſtake not even in one of them, and I have obſerved more than once that you did not rightly know the Saint of the ſervice of the day? Secondly, that almoſt all the ſermons of your Paternity begin with ſome little

fable, ſo to an hair, and ſo to the point, that it ſeems no otherwiſe, than as if the fable was feigned on purpoſe for the myſtery, or that even God himſelf made the myſtery by the idea of the fable. For example, when ſhall I ever forget that inimitable entrance of the ſermon on the Conception of our Lady, which I heard this year from your Paternity and got by heart, as I never expect in my days to hear a thing more beautifully adapted to the ſubject?

"From the curling ſpume of the celebrated "Egean waves fabulous ethnicity feigned Venus "their idolatreſs conceived. *Nuda Cythereis edita* "*fertur aquis*, ſays Ovid. She was conceived aſſo- "ciated with the three celeſtial Graces, *& Veneris* "*turba miniſtra fuit*, ſays Giraldus, becauſe no "moment ſhould be ſaid to exiſt in which any "grace was wanting to her beauty. And in me- "mory of this gracious conception, the Cyclades "celebrated the eighth day of December, with the "ſtrongeſt declarations of ſolemn joy, *Hoc tamen* "*die octavo Decembris feſtum conceptionis pulcherrimæ* "*Veneris ingenti jubilo celebratur.*" "I do not "ſtop now to remark the elegance of calling the religion of the Gentiles, *Ethnicity*, and not *Gentiliſm* or *Paganiſm*, for that any deſpicable fellow might have ſaid"—"And if I did not call it *Polytheiſm* or *Polydeiſmity* (interrupted the Father Predicador) it was to reſerve theſe two pretty terms for ſome other occaſion."—"I ſay, I do not ſtop to remark this, becauſe in the invention of words, flaming new diſtilled from the Latin tongue, your paternity is inimitable; and I have already got notes of ſome, to avail myſelf of at a ſuitable time, in full aſſurance that though I do no more than ſpeak in that ſtyle, there will be no fraternity-

ſermon

ſermon for which I ſhall not be applied to. I know I am always to call the ſea the *Salſuginous Element*; Aaron's Rod, the *Aaronitiſh Wand*; the contracting original ſin, *traducing the ſomes of ſin*; *futurized Adam*, for the decree of the creation of Adam; his creation itſelf, *the Adamitiſh Foundation*; the creation of all creatures, *the Univerſal Opifice*; blind nature, *Twinkling Nature*; and an ardently inflamed deſire, *the ignited Wings of Appetency*. This beautiful, clear, perſpicuous, delicate ſtyle—leave it to me, Father; I will anſwer for myſelf, that in this reſpect your Paternity will have no diſciple by whom you will be more honoured.

"Neither would I ſtop now to remark that ingenious figure by which your Paternity called Venus an *Idolatreſs*. Some ignorants might ſuppoſe it a blunder, thinking this meant to ſay, that Venus worſhipped them and not they Venus, and that your Paternity ought to have ſaid *their idolized Venus*. But, beſides, that it would not then have run in heroic meaſure, *feigned Venus their idolatreſs conceived*, which was what your Paternity had in view—and let it be obſerved by the way, that one of the graces which moſt enchant me in the elegant ſtyle of your Paternity, is the multitude of lyric and heroic lines of which it is made up, that I ſometimes almoſt think that I am hearing a piece of poetry, 'bating the rhimes—I ſay, beſides this beauty, another would have been loſt which fools do not obſerve, nor are capable of obſerving, and that is the rhetorical figure which is called—which is called—Lord bleſs me—which is called—I don't know what; but which teaches us to uſe the preſent for the preterite, the active for the paſſive; and thus we ſay, *my moſt loving friend*, for *my moſt beloved friend*; *I received your obliged*

letter, for *your obliging letter*; for otherwiſe it would be ſaying that he did him a favour in receiving it, which does not ſeem to me to be either modeſty or good-breeding. In the ſame manner we may ſay elegantly *Venus the idolatreſs*, for the *ido'ized Venus*, as we all well know, who have had the happineſs of ſtudying under the famous preceptor of Villamundos; and upon that account it is that I have all the rhetorical figures ſo at my fingers' ends, with their names, marks, and moles.

But, leaving theſe minuteneſſes of excellence, as I was going on with my ſtory, I ſay, that the fable of the Conception of Venus, for the myſtery of the Conception of Mary ſeems as if your Paternity had invented it, it comes ſo pat to the purpoſe. Nay, I ſay more, that, in my poor judgment, the valiant clauſe with which your Paternity applied it was mere mater of ſupererogation—*The peerleſs parallel, though fabulous, of the miraculous object of the jocund rites with which the holy catholic church celebrates, on this eighth day of December, the paſſive Conception of Mary, the Venus of divine love, and goddeſs of the beauty of grace*; for there could not have been ſo blind an underſtanding in the whole audience as not immediately to ſee the propriety of the *peerleſs parallel*, without the trouble of the application. Becauſe it is as clear as water, that if Venus was the mother of Love, Mary was the mother of Love; that if Venus was conceived from the Spume of the Egean ſea, *from the ſnowy ſpume of the divine Grace was Mary conceived in the ſea of human nature*, as your Paternity ſaid a little farther on; if in the conception of Venus the three Graces were employed, *oppoſed to the Graces, Mary in her conception was aſſociated with the Hours*, the

the Hours and the Graces being things ſo ſimilar that it is impoſſible to have two more alike: finally if Venus was conceived on the eighth day of December, on the eighth day of December Mary likewiſe was conceived; ſo that the parallel cannot be more peerleſs with reſpect to theſe four properties of Maternity, Spume, Graces, and Time. And as to the ſecond, in which the ſpume of the Ægean ſea is compared to the *ſnowy ſpume of the Divine Grace*, there is in it ſo recondite a propriety that it is not eaſy to hit upon the beauty of it in four gueſſes. For if ſpume is no other than wind which is introduced into water, or any other liquor, more or leſs moved and agitated by the ſame wind or other foreign agent, as I read a few days ago in one of thoſe books in faſhion which treat of ſecrets and novelties, it is as clear as water that the divine Grace muſt be very ſpumous, and it muſt neceſſarily be a *ſnowy ſpume*, which dazzles the ſight. Why? why becauſe the divine Grace is attributed particularly to the Holy Spirit; and this, it is well known, is ſometimes a mild and calm air, and at others an impetuous wind, which agitating the divine Grace and introducing himſelf at the ſame time into her divine pores and interſtices, muſt neceſſarily raiſe a ſnowy ſpume of moſt dazzling whiteneſs; and what can be more proper than that from this *ſnowy ſpume* ſhould be conceived *the Venus of divine love?* ſo that really there cannot be a more *peerleſs parallel.*

"So it appeared to me, and ſo I defended it alſo againſt that ſilly, ſanctified, pſalmſinging mule Friar Gonzalo, who ſat next me and made wry faces at hearing it, telling me afterwards that he was ſcandalized at it. I aſked him, why? and the blockhead told me, becauſe it was comparing the

the Mother of Chaſtity with the Mother of Filthineſs, as he called it; the moſt clean woman with the moſt naſty; the immaculate conception of Mary with the ſow-like conception of Venus; the divine Grace, with the profane Graces; becauſe Mary was ſtiled, *The Venus of divine Love and Goddeſs of the Beauty of Grace*; and that, beſides the laſt propoſition's being a formal hereſy, all the reſt were blaſphemies, ſo impious, ſo ſacrilegious, ſo unbecoming the mouth of a chriſtian, and much more of an *Apoſtolic Preacher*, as your Paternity ſays you are, often ſhewing your title in full form, that in his opinion the ſermon deſerved to be burnt; and concluded with ſaying, that if it was in his power he would take away your Paternity's licence to preach. I know not how God prevented me from well ſlapping that compunctious face of his; but I contented myſelf with letting him know that "honey was not made for the mouth of an aſs," nor *peerleſs parallels* for ſuch peerleſs pumkins, and turned my back upon him.

"But now we talk of parallels, for the love of God let us return to the *vernal parallel* of St. Benedict; for as one deep calleth another, and as I am ſwallowed up with delight in all thoſe of your Paternity, I myſelf interrupted the reading of it without being able to help it. I remember the beginning was about the God of mirth, whom the ancients celebrated on the twenty-ſeventh day of March, repreſenting him as a youth ſtark naked as his Mother brought him forth, much crowned with myrtle, and much adorned with wings, ſtretched out upon the graſs, as if we ſhould ſay, with his belly to the ſun; *Puer nudus, alatus, myrtho que coronatus, qui humi ſedebat*; and laſtly that the manner of celebrating him was with great laughter,

laughter, noiſe, and jollity; *Et grandes mirata eſt Roma cachinnos.* Afterwards your Paternity ſaid, *This is the vernal parallel of the illuſtrious patriarch St. Benedict.* But before we go any further, pray, Father, tell we what is the meaning of *vernal parallel*, for I confeſs I do not underſtand it." "Phoo! thou Tom Dingle! what does *Ver veris* ſignify?" "*Ver veris* ſignifies the ſpring; for ſo ſays the grammar of Lara, which I ſtudied." "Then, ſimpleton, *vernal parallel* means the *ſpring parallel*, as in the ſpring the feſtival of Mirth was celebrated, and ſo likewiſe is that of St. Benedict. And here you ſee how the circumſtance is brought in artfully, by the way, of this celebration's being held in the time of the feſtival of flowers, *Vernis intexens floribus arva*; for in this affair of carefully bringing in all the circumſtances, however ridiculous they may be, there is no one, though I ſay it, who can out-do me."

"Now I underſtand *vernal parallel*, ſaid Friar Gerund, but ſtill I want the application, to know what ſimilitude there is between St. Benedict and the God of mirth, and between the feſtival of the one and the feſtival of the other." "Have a little patience, continued the Predicador, thou wilt ſee preſently. And as to the intire likeneſs of the feſtivals, it is a thing ſo clear, that a blind man only could be at a loſs for it, without its being pointed out; for if that was celebrated in the ſpring, in the ſpring is this celebrated; if that on the twenty-ſeventh day of March, juſt exactly on the ſame day is this appointed; if that in the fields, this on a hill; if flowers were there, flowers are here; if people at that, people at this; and in fine, if there was great laughter at that, this by no means falls ſhort, ſince nothing is heard

heard throughout the place, and even in the hermitage itſelf, during the ſermon, if the preacher has any thing of ſalt, but the greateſt laughter, *Et grandes mirata eſt Roma cachinnos.*" "Now I ſee, ſaid Friar Gerund, that the feſtivals are as like as one egg is like another; and now too I diſdiſcover the key to apply any thing which has ever happened in the world at the ſame ſeaſon and on the very ſame day of the feſtival for which the ſermon ſhall be preached, be it what it will.

"But, pray tell me, how the duce could your Paternity marry the moſt aſcetic and auſtere St. Benedict with the God of Mirth?" "With the greateſt facility in the world," anſwered Friar Blas. "Does not the hiſtory ſay that the ſaint, when he was but fifteen years old, left Rome, went out into the deſert, hid himſelf amongſt the ruggedneſſes of the mountain Sublaco, buried himſelf in a deep cave or kind of well; that he there inflicted upon himſelf the moſt ſevere penance for the ſpace of three years; that he ſuffered cruel temptations from the devil; that he rolled himſelf amongſt the briars 'till he left them all bloody; that he fed only on bread and water, carried him once a week by a monk called Romanus, letting it down to him by a rope, 'till at the end of the three years a good prieſt came, by divine Revelation, to ſeek him, bringing him ſavoury meat, and telling him that he ſhould eat it before it was Eaſter-ſunday, which the young Saint knew nothing of? Then what can be more like the God of Mirth than St. Benedict in this paſſage of his life? That a youth, this a boy; that in the fields, this in the deſert; that ſtretched out upon the graſs, this in the well; that naked, this badly cloathed, and when he rolled himſelf amongſt the briars

briars as naked as he was born; that crowned with flowers, this covered with thorns; and finally that celebrated at Eaſter, and this regaling himſelf at the ſame time with what the good prieſt had brought him. Now ſee if the *Vernal parallel* can be more complete. For as to the reſt, though the God of Mirth be a God of jollity and enjoyment, of quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles, and St. Benedict in the deſert was a frightful example of penitence and mortification, and a lively image of extremeſt wretchedneſs, yet that ſignifies not a ſtraw to the ſubject; becauſe neither parallels, (though they be *Vernal)* nor ſimilies, nor compariſons are to run upon all four."

Friar Blas was now about to purſue the reading of his ſermon when he was ſurprized by a violent knocking at his cell-door; and though at firſt he determined not to open it, yet as it was the Father Prior who knocked, calling to him loudly at the ſame time and telling him who it was, and that he knew he was within, there was no reſiſting, and his determination was given up. The Father Prior entered the cell and meeting with Friar Gerund in it, aſked him rather ſeriouſly what he did there loſing his time, and why he did not mind his ſtudies? Friar Gerund, not in the leaſt diſturbed, told him that he was come on ſome buſineſs from his mother, to bring the Father Predicador the money for three maſſes which he was to take care to have ſaid at the altar of St. Benedict on the Hill, becauſe ſhe had been brought to bed of a child which had a rupture, and the Saint, in that image of him is ſaid to do great things for children ſuffering this complaint. "And what have you in this ſleeve"—ſeeing it more bulky than ordinary. Here Friar Blas readily put in his oar, "They are ſome ſweetmeats I gave him to

ſend

ſend for me to his two couſins, the * Familiar of Cojeces's daughters who the other day made me a preſent of two pair of under-ſtockings." Neither of the anſwers were very ſatisfactory to the Father Prior, but as he was a good-natured man he let them paſs, and contenting himſelf with telling Gerund he ſhould be more diligent and keep his cell better, ſent him to it, and remained himſelf with the Father Predicador Mayor, treating on the buſineſs about which he came; but of what kind it was there are no traces to be found in the archives of the convent, or in the exact documents whence this moſt punctual hiſtory has been drawn; which ſhews ſufficiently that it could not be a matter of much importance, or, at leaſt not any in which the hiſtory is concerned.

CHAP. V.

Friar Gerund preaches his firſt ſermon in the refectory of the convent, inſerts in it a moſt curious ſalutation, and quits his ſtudies.

THERE was in that town—the ſagacious and penetrating reader will know at once that we are ſpeaking of the town in which the convent ſtood—There was then in that town a capable, clever, ſprightly Beneficiary, though of mature age, as he was between forty and fifty years old. He had ſtudied Theology and ſuch Philoſophy as is in

* A Familiar of the Inquiſition. Even people of rank look upon this title as an honour; none being admitted to it but who make it appear that they are old and pure blooded chriſtians; that is, not deſcended from Moors or Jews. It is little more than a titular office. There are other Familiars, in pay; the ſervants of the Inquiſition.

in uſe in Spain, with ſo much credit and applauſe, that he had gained by competition one of the beſt livings in the gift of the univerſity of Toledo; but upon finding the country did not agree with him, he had reſigned it to any one who paid him a penſion out of it, and had retired to his native place, where he had a tolerable benefice or ſinecure, with which and the penſion he lived very decently. He was of very correct manners, and a grave and ſerious eccleſiaſtical deportment, but at the ſame time of a feſtive and jovial genius, which conciliated to him the eſteem and love of all. He was much given to the exerciſe of the confeſſional, and now and then preached a ſermon with judgment, piety and zeal; for he was very fond of the works of the Fathers Segneri and Bourdaloue, whom he endeavoured to imitate in their ſermons, panegyrical and moral; and as he underſtood the Italian and French languages pretty well, he had in each ſome other volumes of the beſt ſermons. But he did not ſuffer himſelf to be ſo totally taken up by the ſtudy of ſacred and ſerious matters as not to make an excurſion frequently into more flowery paths, eſpecially in the quarter of criticiſm, for his direction in which he had ſome ſelect books in his not copious but choſen library.

He was much eſteemed by all the grave fathers of the convent, and often viſited their cells with friendly familiarity. He had heard them many times lament the fatal extravagance of the Predicador Mayor, and the harm he did by his example and abſurd maxims to the young collegians, and particularly to the moſt candid and ſimple Friar Gerund, ſo perſuaded by him, that in order to be a great preacher there was no occaſion for philoſophy, theology, or any ſuch ſtuff, that he had imbibed the

the utmoſt horror for all ſcholaſtic ſtudies, to which he could not be brought to apply, neither by private admonition nor public reprehenſion, neither by confinement to bread and water, nor by diſcipline, or any other chaſtiſement of holy uſe in the community. To this they would add, that he would have been ſent from his ſtudies ignominiouſly, had he not at the ſame time had ſome amiable qualities, and had he not been adopted by the Father Provincial, who had given him the ſacred habit, and, above all, had it not been for the reſpect due to his good parents, who, though no more than honeſt farmers, and not very rich, were ſome of the moſt devout and profitable brethren to the order.

Upon one of theſe occaſions, when two of the grave fathers were ſpeaking with the greateſt vehemence and compaſſion upon this ſubject, the Beneficiary ſaid, "Well, Father Maſters, as for the cure of the Predicador Mayor, I cannot venture to attempt it, as I look upon it as deſperate: the diſeaſe is ſo rooted in him that it is become nature, and the patient ſo wedded to this evil, that he would preſently ſend any one about his buſineſs, who ſhould offer to remove it. But as to Friar Gerund, it is another thing; the malady is with him yet in its beginning, nor is the fortreſs ſo impregnable; however *nihil tentaſſe nocebit*. I am neither confident, nor deſpairing; but what ſhall we loſe by the attempt? Now, then, to God and to good-luck! Away I go without loſs of time"—and ſo ſaying, the good man took himſelf directly to the cell of Friar Gerund. Here he endeavours by various, forcible, and convincing arguments, to make him ſenſible of the abſolute neceſſity of his being acquainted in ſome degree with ſcholaſtic learning, and after having well wearied himſelf with his friendly

and

and zealous labours, Gerund tells him with great candour and coolneſs, that God never intended him for a profeſſor's chair, but for the pulpit, and that he will as much apply to ſcholaſtic ſtudies as it now rains pack-ſaddles. To which the Beneficiary replies, that if it ſhould rain pack-ſaddles every one would be ill-ſpent, which did not fall upon the back of ſuch an aſs as his worſhip, and takes his leave.

In ſhort there was no remedy for it; for Friar Gerund had firmly and finally determined in his own mind, that he would have nothing to do with philoſophical matters, and that as to theological, the articles of *Faith* were ſufficient for him, and theſe he had already, even from his baptiſm. The *Hope* of ſalvation, at leaſt *per modum hereditatis*, could not be wanting to him. And *Charity* we ought piouſly to ſuppoſe him endued with, as he appeared to be a good Religious, excepting his freaks and his fancies, which really might exiſt without much prejudice to his conſcience.

Now as all their Reverences, the Seniors of the Community, ſaw him ſo abhorrent from philoſophy, and ſo ſtifly reſolved not to ſtudy theology—— ſince in order to be a conventual preacher and to preach as many others did, with much applauſe, many followers, and no inconſiderable emolument, he ſaid there was no occaſion for them; and i'faith in this he had reaſon in fulleſt meaſure, preſſed down and running over—and obſerving on the other hand that he ſhewed great ſprightlineſs and improveable parts, that he had a good voice, eaſy geſture, handſome preſence, and a neat, clean, agreeable perſon, verging almoſt upon beautiful, knowing the vehemence of inclination by which he was drawn towards the pulpit, and thinking that if he were provided with ſome good diſcourſes, of which there were

were many in the convent, left * by famous preachers, he might in the end turn out no diſcredit to the order, they were upon theſe conſiderations graciouſly diſpoſed to condeſcend to his deſires. But firſt they thought it expedient to have ſome experiment of what might be hoped for from his preaching talents.

It is a laudable cuſtom in convents to exerciſe the ſtudents in domeſtic diſcourſes, which are to be compoſed in a limited time, and preached before the community only, during their repaſt in the refectory; by which a field is given for each to diſplay his talents, and a facility of ſpeaking in public acquired. There is a difference in the practice of this cuſtom in different convents; but in that of our Friar Gerund it belonged excluſively to the Predicador Mayor, adviſed by the Superior, to appoint the refectory-preacher, and give him the ſubject of his diſcourſe, with whatever *circumſtances* he may think proper, ſo that they be ſuch as are uſual in ſermons, and of all which notice muſt neceſſarily be taken in the ſalutation.

Scarcely, then, was Friar Blas returned from preaching his famous ſermon of St. Benedict upon the Hill at Cevico de la Torre when he came, according to order, to preſent himſelf to the Father Prior and take his *Benedicite*. The uſual queſtions being aſked, of how he had paſſed his time, how the Mayor-domos had behaved, how much he had got by his ſermon, what he had had to eat and drink, and if he had brought any maſſes

* Whatever a Religious dies poſſeſſed of is inherited by the Apoſtolic Chamber; but in ordinary caſes the Superiors have uſually a faculty from the Pope to diſpoſe of their effects.

maſſes for the convent; and Friar Blas having anſwered all, producing in concluſion two hundred reals * for an hundred maſſes to be ſaid by the convent, and eighty more for twenty others which his very Reverend Paternity was himſelf to ſay at the rate of four Reals apiece; all being heard and received with wonderful benignity by the moſt affable ſuperior, who, on this occaſion, re-confirmed to his brother Blas the general licence he had given him, that, during his government, he ſhould accept, with the bleſſing of God, as many ſermons as were offered him, and concluded with ſaying, "There, go, go, Father Predicador, to untuck † and refreſh yourſelf in your cell; and, before I forget it, pray appoint Friar Gerund to a refectory-ſermon which may have ſome circumſtances; but I declare againſt the Father Predicador's compoſing it; let him work it intirely himſelf; for as this lad has ſo ardent a longing for the pulpit, we have a mind to ſee what he can do on his own bottom."

In an ancient manuſcript of the convent it is found noted in the margin, that Friar Blas, at receiving this charge of the Superior, and diſcovering through it that they had really and actually deſtined his beloved

* When a ſum of Reals is ſpoken of we are to underſtand *Reales de Vellon*, ſo called from being anciently ſtamped with the figure of a fleece, which the word *Vellon* ſignifies. It is now an imaginary ſpecies, or only money of account, and about the value of three-pence. A ſingle Real, a ſilver coin, is worth about ſix-pence. Thirty-four *Maravedis* make a *Real de Vellon*, and ſixty-four a *Real de Plato*, or ſilver Real. The *Maravedi* is imaginary; four of them make a *Quarto*, ſomething leſs than our halfpenny.

† The habit being tucked up in a particular manner for riding.

loved Gerund for the pulpit, the perpetual ſubject of their words and wiſhes in their cloſe-ſhut cells, was ſo exceedingly delighted, that, in the firſt guſh of his joy, he had thruſt his hand into his pocket in order to take out the doublon he had been paid for his ſermon and preſent it to the Prior; but, thinking better of it in the ſame inſtant, took out his handkerchief, wiped his noſe, promiſed punctually to obey his commands, and took an haſty leave.

In his riding trim as he was, before he went to his own cell, he flew to that of Gerund, whom he found in it, not at prayers, threw himſelf over him, gave him an hundred embraces, and only ſaid, "Come, my boy, come to my cell, for I bring thee a biſhoprick!" Gerund joyfully accompanied him, and aſked by the way, "Well, dear Father, and how did the vernal parallel go off?" "Heavenly, my ſon, heavenly!" anſwered the Predicador, "And that of *Et grandes mirata eſt Roma cachinnos?* "To my heart's fondeſt wiſh, my friend, for the Hermitage was ready to crack with their burſts of laughter." "And I know that the, *Puer nudus, alatus, myrthoque coronatus, qui humi ſedebat* would be very ſtriking?" "What do you talk of ſtriking! It gave ſuch a club-like blow that a Bachelor of Siguenza ſaid publicly at table he had heard above a thouſand ſermons on St. Benedict, but a thing ſo proper to repreſent the Saint when he rolled himſelf amongſt the briars had he never heard." "Above a thouſand!" ſaid Gerund. "Ay, ay," replied the Predicador, "that is to be underſtood with two aughts more or leſs"

With this converſation they entered the cell of Friar Blas, who put himſelf in order, combed his circle of hair and foretop, took out of the cupboard ſome

ſome biſcuits and a flaſk of wine which they both ſalūted; and as ſoon as the laſt gulp was paſſed Gerund's gullet, he aſked him impatiently what biſhoprick he brought him.

"What biſhoprick do I bring thee! ſaid Friar Blas in great glee, why the Prior has given me to underſtand that they intend to take thee from thy ſtudies and make thee a preacher. Can there be a better biſhoprick for thee? If thou obtain this, thou wilt live, I won't ſay like a Biſhop, but like an Arch-deacon; eſpecially with the rules which I ſhall give thee in time." "Father Predicador, what do you ſay! exclaimed Gerund. "I ſay what I ſay," anſwered the Predicador. "He told me that I ſhould immediately appoint thee a refectory-ſermon, and that I ſhould not compoſe it for thee, becauſe as thou ſhew'ſt ſo much inclination to *Sermo ſermonis* and ſo little to *Ergo* and *Syllogiſmus*, they have a mind to ſee what may be reaped, or what crop may be hoped for, from the field of thy own brain. And ſo, my friend, hands to their work; for I, at leaſt in this ſermon, am not to tell thee a word, but am to leave thee to walk intirely in the paths of thy own heart. When thou haſt paſſed this fiery tryal, it will be another thing; for my papers ſhall be thine as thy fame will be mine."

In the ſame ancient manuſcript with the late-mentioned note is found another, which ſays in this manner, "Friar Gerund was aſtoniſhed at receiving this information, and ſo over-powered with joy that he ſtood motionleſs, as if beſide himſelf, for the ſpace in which three or four *Credos* [the Creed] might be deliberately rehearſed." As ſoon as he came to himſelf he threw his arms round the Predicador's neck, and ſaid, "Well then, deareſt and beſt of Fathers! let us make all diſpatch, and give me

me now the ſubject I am to preach upon; though I ſay an hundred abſurdities, yet no one is to give me one ſtroke of his pen; it is all to come out of my own noddle; and I believe that neither the choice of matter, nor the manner of ſaying it will create diſſatisfaction, though it may not ſo well become me to foretel it:" and in ſaying this, up he got upon a chair or ſtool (for on this point there is a difference in the legends, and authors are not agreed) ſet his cowl in order, put the two firſt fingers of his right hand between his neck and the collar of his habit which he ſhook and pulled forward to make room for the better playing of his pipes; looked with majeſtic diſdain round the cell; then took out his handkerchief, and ſounded his horn with authority; thundered out the "Praiſed, glorified, &c." with a grave and ſonorous voice; croſſed himſelf magiſterially with an extended hand; took for his text *Caro mea verè eſt cibus, & ſanguis meus verè eſt potus*, adding, *Ex Evangelica lectione capite tertio decimo*, and broke out into this moſt curious ſentence which he thought a great thing in a Refectory-ſermon of a friend of his, and had gotten by heart. "In endeavouring to reduce to order the inequalities of my rude ideas, I began to ſtretch the lines of my diſcourſe, directing the firſt hints of my imagination to the ſounding the myſterious depths of Evangelical compoſition.

"*Caro mea!* How elegant is the prophet!" And becoming ſuddenly ſilent, becauſe he remembered no more, he proceeded with much agitation preaching a dumb ſermon, imitating all the actions, geſtures, and poſtures which he had obſerved in preachers and had moſt approved, and was ſo entirely abſorbed in this buſineſs that even the Predicador Mayor was ſtretched out upon the floor of that cell

of

of his, and ready to be ſtrangled with laughing, till at laſt he began to fear that poor Friar Gerund was actually run mad.

About an hour did this ſilent demonſtration of his oratorical abilities continue, in which ſpace of time the zealous youth ſo ſhook and toſſed his poor body, with ſuch motions, with ſuch poſtures, with ſuch violent convulſions, ſometimes croſſing his arms, at others opening them, and ſtretching them horizontally to their utmoſt extenſion, his whole figure repreſenting a croſs, now threatening to throw himſelf headlong over the pulpit, then reclining ſtifly with his back againſt the wall, one while ſticking his arms a-kimbo with infinite ſatisfaction, another he appeared a St. Vincent Ferror as he is repreſented to us in his picture, with an uplifted arm and finger pointing to the ſkies, till in ſhort he was as well ſweated and exhauſted as if he had preached in earneſt; and he found it neceſſary to have recourſe again to the flaſk and renew his ſuit to the biſcuits, which he did too with the greater pleaſure as this is a ceremony which conſtantly takes place upon the delivery of a ſermon.

After he had fetched his breath and was recovered ſomewhat from his fatigue, and after the Predicador Mayor was recovered likewiſe from the exagitation he had ſuffered from his riſible faculty during this extraordinary function, ſays the latter, "It is certain, brother Gerund, and no one can deny that thou poſſeſſeſt a wonderful talent; eſpecially ſome of thy actions are ſo excellent that better cannot be deviſed; and though thou ſpoked'ſt not a word, I ſaw clearly what thou meaned'ſt to ſay by them. It ſeems as if thou had'ſt ſermons in thy hands, and choice ones too, ſo eloquently do they talk. And here comes in like a pearl what the wiſe

man ſays, *In manu illius nos & ſermones noſtri.* For though in reality he ſpeaks there of another thing, yet who ſhall prevent my applying it to one very different when a text offers ſo invitingly and cries, Come take me? But to the buſineſs: I will now give thee a ſubject to preach on and the circumſtances thou art to note.

"Thou know'ſt that in Trinity pariſh there is a chapel dedicated to St. Ann, which belongs to the fraternity of the Saint, to whom the ſaid fraternity celebrates a ſolemn feſtival: Thou know'ſt that this year the Mayor Domos are Don Louis Flores and Don Franciſco Romero, the Regidors * of that town; and laſtly thou know'ſt that theſe gentlemen drove away ſome whores who came to ſettle themſelves in it: a work without doubt very pleaſing to God and to all good chriſtians. This is the ſubject, and theſe the circumſtances which thou muſt not fail to touch upon. But eight days are allowed thee, that being the limit of the order: thou haſt no time to loſe; to thy work, then, my friend, and God be with thee!"

Perchance, reader, thou mayeſt have ſeen a rocket, which, peaceably ſuſpended between two nails on an upright poſt, upon having fire applied to its little tickliſh tail, has in an inſtant left its quiet ſtation and mounted to the ſublimeſt region of the ſkies; and that ſame dangling ſtick, which lately hung almoſt to the ground, now reared terrific, alarms the very conſtellations; inſomuch that the Virgin haſtily covers her countenance with her hand, leſt it ſhould pierce it and undo her, that is, leſt it ſhould put out one of her eyes and ſpoil her beauty. Juſt exactly ſo then, neither more nor leſs, did our Friar Gerund ſpring rapidly from the cell of the Predicador

* Civil Officers.

Predicador Mayor up to the library of the convent. There he loaded himſelf with the Polyglott Bible of Alcalá, with the Concordance of Zamora, with the Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ of Beyerlink, with the Saturnalia of Macrobius, with the Mythology of Rabiſius Textor, with the Symbolical World of Picinelus, with the Mythological Kalendars of Reuſinero, Tamayus, Maſculus and Roſinus, which were the books and the Holy Fathers which he had ſeen the good man Friar Blas turn over when he had a ſermon to compoſe. It is not to be told what he read, what he contemplated, what he ran through in thoſe eight days, nor the innumerable ideas which crouded upon that unquiet and turbulent imagination, all ſtriving which ſhould be moſt extravagant and perplexed. But nothing did he read, ſee, or underſtand, but what came like a pearl to his ſubject, either as a ſimile, compariſon, or text. He noted, renoted, blotted out, and added, till at length after three foul copies, he produced a ſermon as fair as a flower. He went over it, ſtudied it, acted it, and rehearſed the preaching a thouſand times in his cell upon all the lumber there was in it, upon the chair, upon the ſtool, upon the table, upon the bench, and upon the bed. But, two days before the function, when the man whoſe buſineſs it is to waken the brethren and bring them a light, came into his cell, he found Friar Gerund in his ſhirt upon the *tarima* or raiſed part of the floor, powerfully preaching in his ſleep, not knowing what he was about.

As theſe things had got wind in the convent, great was the expectation and deſire of the whole community to hear him. At length arrived the dawn of the great, the important day, when, before all things, our Friar Gerund was ſo ſhaved,

and combed, and ſmugged, and ſpruced, that it was a delight to behold his face. He that day hanſelled a new habit, which he had deſired his mother to ſend him for the purpoſe, begging earneſtly that ſhe would be ſure to iron the folds well, that they might lie ſmooth and handſome, that he might cut the more reſpectable figure, as this gives a mighty grace to the garment; and moreover he deſired ſhe would not fail to let him have two good yard-wide handkerchiefs, one white and the other coloured, as they were both very neceſſary pieces of furniture for the entrance. The good Catanla ſent every thing with a thouſand loves, and with but one condition, which was, that, as ſhe could not hear him, he ſhould ſend in return a copy of the ſermon, that it might be read by the parſon of the pariſh, and his godfather the licentiate Quixano.

The hour being come, and the bell rung for dinner, there was not abſent that day from the refectory not even the loweſt lay brother of the community, becauſe, in reality, they all loved Friar Gerund, as well for his good genius as his liberal diſpoſition, and likewiſe becauſe their curioſity was whetted by ſeeing in him ſuch a rage for the pulpit, in which they all underſtood rightly enough that there was more innocence than malice, or deſire of leading an idle life. He mounted the pulpit, then, with a graceful air and preſented himſelf with ſuch a confident and unembarraſſed countenance, that the very Predicador Mayor himſelf almoſt began to envy him. He threw a pair of diſdainful glances, with affected majeſty, on all ſides the refectory, and obſerving the indiſpenſable prolegomena of ſhaking ſucceſſively in the air his pair of handkerchiefs, white and red, and ſounding the trumpet in Sion, he began with a hollow and guttural voice to ſound

the

the "Praiſed, glorified, and bleſſed be the holy ſacrament," concluding with, "In the firſt inſtant of its moſt pure ſacred being and natural animation."——a clauſe, which had always ſtruck him forcibly. He croſſed himſelf with great command, propoſed his text, without omitting *Ex Evangelica lectione capite decimo quarto*, neighed twice, and brought forth the ſalutation in the following manner:

"Of not leſs eſtimation is the green colour that "it is not yellow, than the ſcarlet that it is not "blue; *Dominus, O Altitudo divitiarum ſapientiæ & "ſcientiæ Dei!* As colours failed not to be the ora-"cle of ſight, ſo neither do words fail to be that "of faith in hearing, as Chriſt hath ſaid, *Fides ex "auditu, auditus autem per verbum Chriſti.* St. Ann "was born, as my faith aſſures me from having "heard it ſaid, of a red colour; becauſe the azure "waves of her funeſt ſenſations made her ſtrongly "palpitate in her mother's womb; *Ex utero ante "luciferum genui te.* To this tranſparent angel, "then, this diaphanous intelligence, and ſpecula-"tive object of the moſt ſharp devotion, this fer-"vent and exſtatic people conſecrates theſe hyper-"bolic rites, ſince ſhe is diſtinguiſhed, as is ſeen "there in her image, by a beautiful and pleaſing "countenance; *Vultum tuum deprecabuntur omnes "divites plebis.* I lay aſide all further exordium, "and proceed immediately to the ſubject, though "it is ſo principal an one. Let, then, the "curious begin to underſtand; *Qui poteſt capere, "capiat.*

"Ann, as we all know, was the mother of our "Lady, and grave authors affirm, that ſhe carried "her in her womb twenty months, *Hic menſis ſex-"tus eſt illi*; and others add that ſhe wept, *Plorans*

" *ploravit in noctem:* whence I infer that Mary
" was a *Zahori* *, *Et gratia ejus in me vacua non fuit.*
" But let the orator attend to argument. St. Ann
" was the mother of Mary, but Mary was the mo-
" ther of Chriſt, therefore St. Ann is the grand-
" mother of the moſt Holy Trinity, *Et Trinitatem*
" *in unitate veneremur.* On this account is ſhe ce-
" lebrated in this her houſe, *Hæc requies mea in*
" *ſæculum ſeculi.*

" And what can be given thee, O Ann, in retri-
" bution for thy compendious benefits! *Quid re-*
" *tribuam Domino?* What parallels can expreſs my
" words in the ſpeaking thy praiſes? *Laudo vos?*
" *In hoc non laudo.* Thou art that myſterious net,
" in whoſe opaque meſhes remain captivated the ſilly
" fiſhes. *Sagenæ miſſæ in mari.* Thou art that
" ſtone of the deſert, which the lover of Rachel
" erected in the Damaſcan field to give water to his
" flock, *Mulier da mihi aquam.* But I ſhall ſay bet-
" ter, following the text of the Goſpel, St. Ann
" is that precious pearl, which, fecundated by the
" inſults of the horizon, makes thoſe who ſeek it
" blind, *Querentibus bonas margaritas:* She is that
" treaſure, now hidden, *Theſaurus abſconditus,* now
" occult, *nihil occultum,* which the holy ſoul re-
" ſerved for the utmoſt ends of the earth, *De ulti-*
" *mis finibus prætium ejus:* She is that hidden god,
" as Philo ſaid, *Tuus Deus abſconditus*; and ſhe is
" the greateſt of miracles, as Thomas ſaid, *Mira-*
" *culorum ab ipſo factorum maximum.*

" Various

* A popular idea, that there are perſons (whom they call Zahoris) born with a faculty of ſeeing clearly any thing which is covered, even though it ſhould be under the earth, ſo that if it be not covered with a blue cloth.

" Various circumſtances ennoble the feſtival. " Some are aggravating, *Tolle gravatum tuum*; " others of a different ſpecies, *Specie tua & pul-* " *chritudine tua.* And it is, becauſe the Signiors " Flores and Romero, the noble Atlaſes of this " town, call to judgment, or cauſed to be called, " in the night, with thunders and glittering ſons " of ardent hurricane, thoſe wandering females who " went up and down like the rapid ſpirits on Ja- " cob's ladder, ' Angelos quo aſcendentes & deſcen- " dentes.' And the reaſon is natural, becauſe all which " deſcends aſcends, and all which aſcends deſcends, " Zachee, feſtinans deſcende."

" Let the energy of the lips ceaſe, and let my " eyes, like feſtive anchors, contemplate a very li- " teral text which the Canticles preſent! It ſays " thus, ' Vox turturis audita eſt, flores apparuerunt " in terra noſtra, tempus putationis advenit:' The " beautiful turtle ſung in our barren country, " Flowers came to adorn it, and theſe ſame " Flowers * drove away the harlots, ' Tempus " putationis advenit.' A text ſo literal needs not an " application: but, for the ſake of the erudite, I " will briefly ſay, that, in the turtle is repreſented " holy Ann; for, if this tender and turbulent lit- " tle bird is the hieroglyphic throne of Chaſtity, " Ann was chaſte, ſince ſhe had but one only daugh- " ter, ' Filia mea male a demonio vexatur.' That of " Tempus putationis' is equally exact; ſince the re- " nowned knights, the Mayor Domos, baniſhed " thoſe Samaritans by whom the neighbourhood " was diſturbed.

* Flores, Flowers, the name of one of the Mayor Domos. Romero, the name of the other, ſignifies Roſemary.

" Now I remember another text, which, ſtill " more fully than the laſt, comprehends all the cir- " cumſtances of the ſubject, of that great woman " Ann, the enemy of Phenena, as it is ſaid in the " book of royal perſons, who, by the impulſe of " her deprecations, and by the help of Heli, had " a ſon called Samuel. Let the orator then at- " tend to argument. Heli, anagrammatized, " ſounds the ſame as Joachim, ' Sonat vox " tua in auribus meis.' Samuel was a pro- " phet, Mary was a propheteſs, by which, in the " myſtic ſenſe, Samuel and Mary is the ſame. I " have now proved the ſubject ſufficiently, diffu- " ſively; and there remains only to apply it to the " Romero, or Roſemary; though, ſuppoſing the " Roſemary to bear a flower, it is already done, " Flores apparuerunt in terra noſtra."

" But, nevertheleſs, I would with yet greater " propriety, adapt the circumſtances to the ſub- " ject. Hiſtories inform us, that the moſt Holy " Virgin hung out the clouts of her new-born " child, God, upon a hedge of Roſemary: and " who taught her this? Her mother St. Ann; " ſince all ſhe knew was taught her by the ſame " inſtructreſs, *Ipſe vos docebit omnia.* Then as St. " Ann hung out clouts upon a hedge of Roſemary, " the Roſemary ſerved St. Ann: the ſame thing we " ſee on this very day in which ſhe is ſerved by the " magnanimous Mayor Domo, Don Franciſco Ro- " mero, which concludes all that there was need to " ſhew.

" Now then let us aſk for grace. But who ſhall " aſk it? Iſaiah? Alas, no, Gregory? Oh, yes. " The daughter ſhall help her mother in her la- " bour. *Filia regum in honore ſuo.* Come, then, " let us ſay to her that acroſtic prayer which ſhe

" taught

" taught her infant Mary; for, as a good mo-
" ther, as ſoon as ſhe could ſpeak, ſhe inſtructed
" her to rehearſe the —— AVE MARIA, &c."

This was, without diminution or addition, the moſt famous ſalutation which the incomparable Friar Gerund de Campazas let off in the refectory, as an hanſel and ſample of his preaching talents, in the preſence of all the venerable community, including the very Reverend Father Maſter Provincial, who, by happy chance had arrived the night before upon his viſitation to the convent. This is that ſalutation which ought to be perpetuated in print, to be eternized by the preſs, to be immortalized by pencil, by graver, by chiſſel, on canvaſs, on braſs, on marble, for a piece original, rare, unique, inimitable in its kind. And God forgive his Gravityſhip the very Reverend Father Provincial, who, after having thrown cold water upon the joy of the delighted hearers, deprived the republic of letters of the body of the ſermon—a loſs never ſufficiently to be deplored. For though there are innumerable ſermons going about in print, eſpecially of thoſe called *circumſtanced*, which, if we may gueſs from the ſalutation, which is all we have ſeen of Friar Gerund's, may be ſuppoſed not to fall ſhort of it in ſubſtance: yet it can never be ſuppoſed that in the ſpirit, the ſoul, the zeſt, they could touch the heel of the ſhoe of that of our new-born Predicador.

It happened, then, that, during the ſalutation, there was ſuch tittering, and giggling, and at laſt ſuch unſmotherable laughter, that it burſt forth in repeated roars from expanded jaws and ſupported ſides; inſomuch that a Father *Preſentado* gave back what he had eaten through the mere convulſion;

the lecturer of the caſe* had like to have been ſtrangled with a piece of cheeſe; and even a lay-brother, not underſtanding much of *ſarmunts*, or *latins*, or *textes*, yet one of Gerund's *white bears*, or moſt remarkable abſurdities, bolting out upon him whilſt he had a Jeſus [wine-cup] at his lips, inſtantly returned about a pint of what he had taken down in ſuch furious and divergent ſpoutings from his mouth and noſtrils, that he handſomely ſouſed his two collaterals. Now, as from all theſe incidents, it was neceſſary for the preacher to ſtop at every turn, and make a thouſand pauſes to give room for the vollies of the muſquetry, and dinner was now almoſt over, but, principally, as the Father Provincial felt a ſcruple of conſcience in letting him go on ſhooting ſuch a quiver of bolts to his own diſgrace, and, moreover, thought the whole affair too farcical for ſo ſerious an act of the community, he ordered him to leave off, and come down from the pulpit; which was to poor Friar Gerund an exerciſe of obedience full of bittereſt mortification. What happened afterwards, the curious reader will ſee in the next chapter.

CHAP.

* One of the Friars who propoſes a moral caſe for the diſquiſition of the brotherhood.

CHAP. VI.

Of the different opinions there were in the community concerning the ſalutation and talents of our Friar Gerund, and how it came at laſt to be thought neceſſary that he ſhould be made a preacher.

THE firſt care of the Father Provincial upon going out of the refectory, was to aſk Gerund for his papers; and whilſt the latter was eating his dinner at a ſecond table, the whole ſermon was read in the cell of his Reverence, where all the grave fathers aſſembled to pay their reſpects to him. And though they here repeated their laughter with more liberty, for it is aſſerted by thoſe who were ear-witneſſes, that the body of the ſermon was not a jot inferior to the ſalutation; yet there was no prevailing upon the Provincial, by all the inſtances their Reverences could make, to part with it out of his hands, excuſing himſelf by ſaying that he had a ſcruple of conſcience in expoſing him to be made ſtill more ridiculous; and with great difficulty did he let go the ſalutation, of which however he permitted a few copies to be taken, as the whole populace and muſquetry of the convent, pioneers and all, had already taſted the ſweet thing.

After their Reverences had taken their fill of laughter, the Provincial ſaid ſeriouſly, "But, in truth, I really pity this young man: his exterior talent is not only good, but excellent; but then the abſurdities which he ſtrings together are inſufferable, and are all owing, firſt to the want of ſtudy, and, ſecondly, to the muddy fountains at which he drinks, or the accurſed models he propoſes for his imitation, than

than which there cannot be worſe either in mode or ſubſtance." Some maliciouſly inſinuate that the Provincial aimed this at the Predicador Mayor, as he was not ignorant of the particular friendſhip which exiſted between the two, nor of the execrable inſtructions cordially given on the one part, and on the other as cordially received; and indeed the Predicador himſelf might not be altogether without a ſuſpicion that it had ſuch a tendency, as there is a report that, in this inſtance only, he was ſeen to bluſh. But, however, it might be, the Provincial proceeded, "Now I have a mind to try in the preſence of your Paternities, if I can by any dextrous and gentle management bring this lad to a ſenſe of his folly, and induce him to ſtudy, apply himſelf, and read at leaſt ſome good ſermons, that he may catch the true taſte of preaching, and credit the order by his ſpecious talents." He then ordered the lay-brother, his particular attendant, who was waiting upon their Paternities with old wine and biſcuits by way of deſert, to go to the refectory and tell Friar Gerund, that, if he had done dinner, he ſhould come to the Provincial's cell.

He inſtantly obeyed the ſummons, ſcared and frightened, but preſently compoſed himſelf upon hearing the Provincial ſay, very graciouſly and endearingly, as ſoon as he appeared, "Come hither, ſon, and give me an embrace; thou haſt acquitted thyſelf juſt as I expected; and if I did not permit the ſermon to be finiſhed, it was not becauſe we ſhould not all have heard it with great pleaſure, but becauſe the community were all upon the point of finiſhing their meal." It is incredible how much he was ſolaced and reaſſured by this unexpected tone of voice and tenour of words in the Provincial, who, proſecuting his prudent artifice, aſked him, "Come,

"Come, now, tell me the truth, who compoſed the ſalutation for you?" "Our Father," anſwered the honeſt and intrepid Gerund, with a dove-like ſincerity, "the devil take me if I did not make it all out of my own head." "But then thoſe texts ſo literal, and ſo well adapted, how ſhouldſt thou know them if thou haſt never read the Bible?" "Our Father, that is with me, from a little leſſon which the Predicador Mayor gave me upon a certain occaſion, the eaſieſt thing in the world." "Well, what little leſſon was that?" "He told me that whenever I would apply a text to any Spaniſh word, I had only to look in the Concordance for the Latin word which correſponded to it, and I ſhould find texts by the peck, out of which I might pick and chuſe what I liked. So I did, and really and truly my texts, unleſs I am much miſtaken, were as well ſorted as heart could wiſh."

"And ſo," ſaid the Provincial a little ſneeringly, "the Father Predicador Mayor taught you this little leſſon!" "Yes, our Father," anſwered the innocent Gerund, "and with that on my ſide I am not afraid to undertake the moſt difficult ſermon, and with circumſtances the moſt intricate that can be; for ſo that I find in the Concordance the correſponding word, what care I if it rains down circumſtances upon me? literal texts ſhall likewiſe rain down upon the audience." "But do not you ſee, my ſon, ſaid the Provincial, that this rule is not a good one, becauſe the preacher may mean to prove one thing, and the text in which he finds the word he looks for may ſpeak of another, having not the leaſt connexion or affinity with what he intends? For example, what relation is there between St. Ann's palpitating or not palpitating in her Mother's womb, and the eternal generation of the word in the

the divine intelligence, ſpoken of in this text *Ex Utero ante luciferum genui te?*" "This relation, our Father; there *Utero* is ſpoken of; and if the text comes not to *Palpitating*, it comes to *Utero*, and that is ſufficient for the preacher."

"But, tell me, to what purpoſe did you bring in, *Tolle gravatum tuum?*" "To what purpoſe did I bring it in! why does not your Paternity remember I brought it on account of the aggravating circumſtances? Can there be any thing more alike than *aggravating* and *gravatum?* Indeed I don't very well know what *gravatum* means, but it ſounds to me like an *aggravating* thing, and the ſame would it ſound to any audience of good ears; and ſo it ſound well to the audience there is need of nothing more to give it propriety."

Notwithſtanding the natural ſerioufneſs and the circumſpection of the Provincial Father he was ſo tickled with theſe extravagances that he could ſcarce refrain from laughter; but, repreſſing it as well as he could, he proceeded to touch upon ſome other abſurdities in the ſalutation, aſking him, "And what grave authors are thoſe who affirm that St. Ann carried our Lady twenty months in her womb?" "Our Father," anſwered Gerund, "I do not know, for I never read it in any; but as I hear the moſt famous preachers ſay at every turn, *Grave authors affirm, we are informed by grave authors*, &c. I thought that this was one of the cuſtomary phraſes of the pulpit, like ſome others, which every one may uſe as freely as he pleaſes: and, though no author ever dreamed of ſaying what the preacher ſays, yet that he might cite Authors, Fathers, and Councils by the ſcore, whenever it would turn to account, as well as verſions, expoſitions, and legends; for to what an alarming conſequence ſhould we

we be led, our Father, by the contrary practice? Or who would be a preacher, if all the information, erudition, and texts, which are delivered in ſermons, were to be drawn from books?"

"But does not my ſon ſee," ſaid the Provincial, "that this is to lie; and that to lie, beſides being ſhameful and unworthy of a good man, every where, is, in the pulpit, which is the chair of truth, a kind of ſacrilege?" "I admire the ſcruples of your Paternity, (anſwered Friar Gerund;) to be ſure I have not heard ſo many ſermons as your Paternity, becauſe I have not lived ſo long; but I can aſſure your Reverence that no where have I ever heard ſo many and ſo great lies as in the pulpit. There they give to ſtocks and ſtones virtues which they have not, and feign things which never exiſted in nature. There they make the fathers and expoſitors ſay whatever comes into their imagination; and in my opinion they who do it do mighty well; for if the fathers and expoſitors did not ſay ſo, yet they might have ſaid ſo, and no one hindered them from ſaying it. There, not infrequently, they feign texts even of ſacred ſcripture; and in this there ſeems to me no inconvenience; for as the Holy Ghoſt inſpired the things ſaid by the Prophets and Evangeliſts, it may in like manner inſpire to preachers the things which they ſhall ſay. At leaſt a preacher of great renown told me ſo, and though it is true that this doctrine did not approve itſelf much to my judgment, yet in the end I was perſuaded that it was extremely convenient. There, finally, are feigned, or related, events, and tragical, horrible, examples, which never happened, cloathed and adorned with ſuch ſtrange circumſtances that it is clearly ſeen they are novels; and nevertheleſs we ſee they have much effect, for the

good

good people groan, weep, ſigh, and beat their breaſts with much compunction. See now, and pleaſe your Paternity, if they lie in the pulpit!"

"I cannot deny," replied the Provincial, "but that, for our ſins, there is much of this; but it is always an intolerable boldneſs and a ſhame; and any preacher who ſhould be detected in ſuch impoſtures ought to be ſeverely puniſhed and to have his licence for preaching taken away for ever." "Ay, our Father! (ſaid Gerund in a commiſerating tone) if this were to be done, who would there be to preach the ſermons of the Fraternities? And how many honeſt men would be begging their bread from door to door, or obliged to learn ſome other trade?"

"But tell me, ſon, if for ſuch weighty motives you raiſed the falſe teſtimony againſt grave authors, of their ſaying that St. Ann carried the Virgin in her womb twenty months, to what purpoſe did you bring in proof the text of, *Hic menſis ſextus eſt illi?* Are ſix months twenty?" "Firſt, our Father, I did not bring it for the *twenty*, but for the *months*, and for this *hic menſis* came as if it was caſt in a mould. Secondly, if I had brought it for the *twenty*, it would not have been beſide the purpoſe? for, the thing is clear, where there is ſix there is five, ſix and five are eleven; where there is eleven there is nine, and nine and eleven are twenty; here you ſee the twenty complete, by the equipollenſes; for I am not ſo much at a loſs in my *ſumulas* as ſome people may think."

Notwithſtanding his ſaturnine complexion the Provincial could not forbear laughing out at abſurdities of ſuch magnitude and at the ſame time of ſuch innocence; and continuing now for entertainment what he had begun by way of friendly correction,

rection, aſked him, " And what grave authors ſay, that St. Ann was the Grandmother of the Holy Trinity? Do you not ſee that this is a formal hereſy? For as the Holy Trinity is uncreated and eternal it conſequently can have no Mother or Grandmother." " Let me ſay no other hereſies than that," anſwered Friar Gerund, " and I ſhall never be laid hold of by the inquiſition." " I believe it," replied the Provincial ſmiling, " for the inquiſition troubles not itſelf with ſimpletons; but muſt you not be ſenſible it is an hereſy?" " An hereſy! A fine hereſy truly, o' my ſins! (exclaimed Gerund) pray tell me, our Father, was not St. Ann the Mother of our Lady? Yes, for ſo ſays the text, 'Dicit diſcipulo, Ecce mater tua;' Was not our Lady the Mother of Chriſt? certainly, for ſo affirms St. John, 'Dixit matri ſuæ, 'Ecce filius tuus:' therefore St. Ann was the Grandmother of the Holy Trinity." " If you were not more at a loſs in your *ſumulas* than you think yourſelf, you could not draw that conſequence, but this, therefore St. Ann was the Grandmother of Chriſt." " Well, what does it ſignify to me, whether it be one or the other, our Father?" " Why Chriſt is not the Holy Trinity, is he?" " Is he? Ay; would to the Lord I were as much ſo, 'Et Trinitatem in unitate veneremur.' Can your Paternity deny that Chriſt is the Holy Trinity?" " How can I do otherwiſe? He is the ſecond perſon of the Trinity, but not the Trinity; ſo Friar Gerund is a member of the convent, but he is not the convent: and if you doubt it, conſider how he would argue who ſhould ſay thus, Cecily Rebollo was mother of Catanla Rebollo, Catanla Rebollo was mother of Friar Gerund Zotes a member of the convent of Lower Colmenar, therefore Cecilia Rebollo

was

was the grandmother of the convent of Lower Colmenar. Your reaſoning is juſt as good, and it certainly would have been better for the "Orator "not to have attended to argument." "Our Father," anſwered Gerund, 'theſe are all gallan-'tries of the ſchools,' as Barbadino ſays."

"And was it a gallantry of the ſchools to ſay that St. Ann, like a good mother, inſtructed her daughter to rehearſe the *Ave Maria?* "What, ſaid Gerund, ſure your Paternity can not refuſe aſſent to a truth ſo clear and manifeſt? would a mother ſo pious, and ſo careful of the education of her daughter, as Mrs. Ann was, fail to inſtruct her in the Chriſtian Doctrine, juſt as it is ſet forth in the catechiſm of Aſtete, from the beginning of, "Every faithful Chriſtian," to the very end? And moreover there are thoſe who ſay ſhe taught her even to aſſiſt at Maſs, and that the good little girl aſſiſted, when but ſeven years of age, at all the Maſſes which were ſaid in her pariſh church with much devotion; for your Paternity knows that in ancient times, as I read in I know not what book, women aſſiſted at Maſs."

Nothing, as it will be imagined, could be anſwered to this; and the Provincial was not inclined to put any more queſtions upon the ſubſtance of the ſalutation, as it would be an endleſs affair, but, in regard to the ſtyle he could not help aſking what was the meaning of this wonderful ſentence, "To "this tranſparent angel, then, this diaphanous in-"telligence and ſpeculative object of the moſt ſharp "devotion, this fervent and ecſtatic people conſe-"crated theſe hyperbolic rites?" "Our Father," anſwered Gerund, "the devil take me if I know what I meant myſelf; I only knew that the ſentence is ſonorous, and that if it be pleaſing to the

the ear, nothing more is requiſite. For who has ever blamed theſe clauſes which go about in print in a ſermon on St. Andrew, and in truth not a whit more perſpicuous than mine?" "Nitid afflations of flamiferous torches, brilliant "ſcintillations of ſolar light, animated the obſe- "quious affections exciting feſtive admiration; "Candidus inſuetum miratur lumen Olympi." And obſerve, our Father, by the by, the manner of introducing the texts, exactly as I introduce them. "In the beauteous heaven of this magnifi- "cent chapel ſhine ſuns, diſtinct in number, Chriſt "and our Glorious Saint; fulſerunt quondam can- "didi tibi ſoles. Chriſt vitalizes with the fiery "ſcintillations of his love St. Andrew's loving heart; "Lampadis ignes—in me manet & ego in illo." What a divine thing! And can your Paternity now condemn my "Trinitatem in unitate veneremur?" "With this beauteous conſtellation there is nothing "to fear from the faſcination of the ſphere; be- "cauſe the lights which could recommend their "proper ſplendors, gloria ſtellarum," (Oh what glory! as if one ſhould ſay "vultum tuum depre- "cabuntur) now fill their brilliant orbs in homage "to the glory of St. Andrew, Et opera manuum "ejus annuntiat firmamentum." I myſelf could not bring a text more to the purpoſe.

"I would not tire your Paternity's attention with citing more clauſes, not only from this ſermon, but one and thirty more in the ſame large folio volume with it, which are all ſo entirely in this very ſame ſtyle that they are an admiration, an aſtoniſhment, an intoxication." "In that laſt word, (replied the Provincial) you have ſaid every thing, without knowing what was ſaid; for there cannot be a term which

which better agrees with or explains what this kind of ſtyle is, ſince none but one drunk with the wine of folly, ignorance, and preſumption would employ it; and you are certainly very right, for this ſtyle and that of your ſalutation are as like as two cheſnuts. But is it poſſible, what you tell me, that there is a book of printed ſermons in this ſtyle? I cannot believe it, for who would have permitted it?" "What, cannot your Paternity believe there is ſuch a book in print? Ay, and with all the neceſſary licences too, and approbations, well-turned and of very elevated buſkin, as with your Reverence's leave I will inſtantly give you ocular demonſtration." And away he flew to his cell and returned in a twinkling with a folio much thumbed and dogs-eared, for it was ſcarcely ever out of the hands of the good little Friar; who had it likewiſe almoſt all by heart. Preſenting it to the Provincial, he ſaid, "Is this a printed book?" "Yes, it is printed," ſays his Reverence. "Then, our father, read the firſt ſermon on St. Andrew; he did ſo and found the clauſes literally as above-cited. He was amazed: Friar Gerund triumphing, added, "Open it any where, your Reverence, and you will ſee if the author falls off, or if he is not equal to himſelf throughout."

His Paternity read many ſentences, to which he acknowledged thoſe of the ſalutation were tarts and cheeſe-cakes, and that ſome excuſe might be made for Gerund's being led aſtray by ſuch a model, which he is ſure muſt be the work of ſome deplorable coxcomb. "Softly, ſoftly, our Father, (replied Friar Gerund,) for in this your Paternity labours under a moſt enormous miſtake. The author is not what your Reverence thinks, but a great man, a mighty man, and one who has made

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ſo much noiſe in Spain that few have made more. Look, Sir, at the firſt page of the book, read the title of the work and thoſe of the author, and then let your Paternity tell me if he is an inconſiderable man." Tho' the Provincial had ſhut the book, and had even made a motion in his indignation towards throwing it out of the window, yet hearing Gerund ſay this, his curioſity was touched, and he opened it at the title page, and read as follows, " The ſa-
" cred Florilegium, compoſed of myſtic Flowers,
" watered on the celeſtial, delightful, frondiferous
" Parnaſſus of the Church, by the conſecrated
" Aganippe, the holy Fountain of the Grace and
" Glory of Chriſt: by the divine Affluence of
" which the lofty Marian Palm being encreaſed, is
" crowned, triumphant by the Privileges of Grace,
" with victorious Glory: Divided into panegyrical,
" analogical, tropological, and allegorical Diſ-
" courſes, founded in ſacred Scripture, corrobo-
" rated by the authority of the holy and exegeti-
" cal Fathers, the moſt particular Opinions of the
" principal Expoſitors, and copiouſly adorned with
" Erudition ſacred and prophane, in Ideas, Pro-
" blems, Hieroglyphics, philoſophical Sentences,
" and moſt ſelect Humanities. By the Reverend
" Father, Friar—&c. &c."

The good Provincial hardly knew for ſome time whether he was awake or no; but after coming to himſelf, and making ſome ſevere ſtrictures on the book and the inattention of the licenſers and approvers of it, he concludes with telling Gerund that he will not let him have the book again, leſt it ſhould confirm him in his perverſe taſte of ſermonizing and be his total ruin. " But, our father, ſays Gerund, your Paternity muſt let me have the book again, becauſe it is not my own." " Then whoſe is it?" aſked the Provincial, " I cannot tell your

your Paternity," anſwered Gerund, "becauſe it was lent me in confeſſion *." At this there was ſuch a laugh as ſhook the cell. But Friar Gerund, undiſmayed, proceeded, ſaying, "And though your Paternity is ſo liberal in your abuſe of it, I ſee it every where elſe meet with great applauſe; a large impreſſion was directly ſold off, and there is not one to be got though one would give an eye for it; for thoſe who are ſo lucky as to poſſeſs it are as choice of it as of old gold, and in truth they are all men of good taſte; and the author has made himſelf very famous in Spain by a work which he publiſhed, in the ſame ſtyle they ſay as this book, againſt a certain writer who makes a great noiſe in this age. So that if this be to preach ill, and in a bad ſtyle, I muſt tell your Paternity very plainly, that I never think of preaching in any other ſtyle or any other manner as long as God ſhall grant me the uſe of my underſtanding." He ſaid; and without another word, tucking his beloved Florilegium under his arm, turned his back rather abruptly upon that reverend aſſembly.

The Provincial was greatly irritated at the boldneſs as well as ſtupidity of his declaration and at his irreverent departure. In the firſt impulſe of his wrath he was about to order him to be put in the dungeon; but ſome Father Maſters, who better knew the ſimplicity of Friar Gerund, aſſured him that it was nothing but pure nature, and by no means impertinently deſigned. With this he was appeaſed, and contented himſelf with ſaying that if he was at the beginning of his Provincialate, as he was near the expiration of it, it ſhould be long enough before that block-head, Gerund, ſhould mount

* Upon condition of ſtrict ſecrecy.

mount the pulpit. An expreſſion which one does not know how ſhould eſcape his mouth, as he was a moderate and courteous man.

Whilſt this was paſſing in the cell of the Provincial there was a terrible confuſion in the convent amongſt the below-ſtairs * Friars concerning this ſame ſalutation. The truth was that the greater part were of the opinion of our father, namely, that it was impoſſible to preach more abſurdly, whereas others defended it as a moſt valiant performance; and though they acknowledged he had talked much nonſenſe, yet they exculpated him with his youth and want of ſtudy, and in ſhort ſaid, that his wonderful talents of voice, action, and demeanour, ſupplied every thing. Above all, the formidable party of the lay-brethren was intirely with him, heart and voice, and every ſoul of them was clearly of opinion that he ought immediately to be ordained and made a preacher. But thoſe amongſt the lay-brethern who were moſt zealous for him, if there could be degrees in the common zeal with which they burnt, were the companion, or eſpecial attendant, of the Provincial, and the ſecond clerk of the convent. Theſe were votes of great conſequence; becauſe the companion had got the length of the good Provincial's foot in ſuch a manner, that he had more weight with him than a ſcore of grave fathers, and it was a current report in the province that he entirely governed him.

Nor

* The inferior and moſt menial ſervants in Spain are called "de Eſcalera abaxo"—the below-ſtairs ſervants, as from their being always occupied in the lower parts of the houſe and the adjacent offices, they never aſcend the ſtairs; and the expreſſion is here humourouſly applied to the inferior Friars, and, farther on in the work, to other characters.

Nor was our little clerk endued, in his walk, with a leſs happy knack of creeping into the affections and ſubjugating the will. He was as complete a lay-brother as you could behold in a ſummer's day; of middling ſtature, round face, pleaſant looks, a merry eye, ſmart, active, officious, handy, and knew a thouſand little manual dexterities. He would cut paper-ornaments, draw decently, make wooden clocks, put a watch in order, and then to toſs up a tit-bit or mix a cool-tankard, he had the hand of an angel. By theſe cleverneſſes, and a certain good-natured flattering way the fellow had, he inſinuated himſelf into the cells, eſpecially of the grave fathers, made their beds, cleaned their tables, milled their chocolate, and ſerved them in a thouſand other little offices; and as they found him ready for every thing, he had gained not only the favour but the confidence of the greater part, inſomuch that he almoſt gave them the law, made them do whatever he pleaſed, and praiſe whatever he praiſed. It is not to be told the infinite importance theſe two votes were of to Friar Gerund, and after them the votes of the reſt of the lay-brethren; for the two firſt ſet themſelves with great ſucceſs to coax, and wheedle, and ſtroak the backs, the one of the Provincial, and the other, of almoſt all the grave fathers; whilſt the reſt, as each one had the ſaint of his devotion, went on by little and little overcoming the Friars of the maſs and of the choir to that degree, that in a few days the whole convent began to be perſuaded that Father Friar Gerund was an excellent preacher, and deſerved immediate inveſtiture with the proper powers.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

In which is treated of what the curious reader will ſee if he peruſes it.

TALI auxilio & defenſoribus iſtis, with theſe doughty defenders and potent panegyriſts, you might ſee the fortune of the day turning ſo much on Gerund's ſide, that the whole community, except a few ſuper-ſanctified ſulky ſouls, threw themſelves upon the Provincial with the moſt preſſing inſtances, that he would give him letters dimiſſory for ordination, and appoint him a Sabatine preacher. His ſtiff integrity was long in bending, but at laſt the feat was finiſhed by the companion of his Reverence, who knew him better than the beggar knows his diſh; though he would not yet ratify his conſent in full form, till one of the moſt grave and maturely-wiſe Fathers of the convent, who was very fond of Gerund, but who reckoned more upon his docility than he was juſtified in doing, became guarantee for him that he ſhould mend his manner of preaching, reſolutely taking upon himſelf the charge of inſtructing him, ſo that he ſhould preach at leaſt with tolerable judgment. Upon theſe conditions, which were a wall of braſs to the conſcience of the good Provincial, he permitted him to be ordained a prieſt, and made him Sabatine preacher of that ſame convent with general applauſe.

He who more than all the reſt celebrated the event, was the Father Friar Blas, Predicador Mayor of the houſe, and the oracle in preaching matters of our Friar Gerund; becauſe being now

become in ſome manner his immediate ſubaltern and dependant, he had him at command to form him intirely to his hand, and was happy in figuring to himſelf that he ſhould turn him out ſuch a diſciple, as would perpetuate his maſter's fame; which in time was fully verified.

This being ſuſpected by the grave Father who had anſwered for him to the Provincial, and undertaken to inſtruct him before Friar Blas had completely corrupted him, the ſaid Father, under the pretence of going by way of recreation for ſome days to a certain grange or farm belonging to the convent, took Gerund with him, intending to remain there a whole month, on purpoſe that he might have more time to inſinuate his inſtructions, hoping that they would now take effect, as he had not at his elbow the Predicador Mayor to whom it had been chiefly owing that the ſeed of good doctrine he had received proved unfruitful. This grave Father was called the Maſter Prudentio, and the name agreed with him well, as he was a prudent, wiſe, and more than ordinarily learned man, of a very courteous diſpoſition, and good-natured even to exceſs; and on that account eaſy to be perſuaded to any thing, and eaſy, conſequently, to be deceived.

The firſt morning, then, after their arrival at the Grange, as they were walking out in a pleaſant grove, ſaid the Maſter Prudentio in a kind tone to Friar Gerund, "So now, my Friend Gerund, thou art at laſt a prieſt of the Moſt High, and Sabatine preacher of the convent?" "Yes, Father Maſter", anſwered Gerund, "I am, thanks be to God, and the interceſſion of your Paternity, and that of the other good ſouls." "You know," continued Prudentio, "that I am bound for you to the Father Provincial that you fulfil your obligation,

tion, and do not bring us to ſhame." "Upon that head your Paternity may be very eaſy," replied Gerund, "for I hope in God to acquit myſelf in ſuch a manner, that you will have no reaſon to repent your pledge." "But how can that be, man," ſaid the Father Maſter, "if you have not ſtudied a word of philoſophy, theology, rhetoric, or the holy fathers, nor indeed of any faculty whatever; and a perfect orator, ſays Cicero, ought not to be ignorant of any thing, as it will be requiſite, upon different occaſions, that he ſpeak of all things."

A converſation now enſues in which the Father Maſter gives very good inſtructions to the young preacher; and in the courſe of them the reading of good ſermons being recommended, Gerund aſks Prudentio which he thinks the beſt, and is told in anſwer, that all compariſon is odious, but that the ſermons of St. Thomas de Villaneuva, of Friar Louis de Granada, and of the venerable Father Antonio Vieyra highly merit his attention. Upon hearing the name of the laſt-mentioned author, Gerund relates what the Barbadino * has ſaid in his

 diſpraiſe,

* It may be proper more fully to inform the reader unacquainted with the Portugueze language that the word Barbadino, before which he always finds an article, is not a proper name, but a ſubſtantive epithet given to a Capuchin. This order, a reform of the Franciſcan, is the only one in which the beard is worn. *Barbadino* is the diminutive of *Barbado*, or *the bearded*. The diminutive is uſed———not from the *ſmallneſs* of their beards, but———from an idea of humility. It ought properly to have been ſpelled Barbadi*nho*; but the Spaniſh manner of writing it was copied. The *n* followed by an *h* in Portugueze has the ſame ſound as the *n* in Spaniſh, and both of them the ſame as the French and Italian *n* preceded by a *g*. The neareſt ſound to which in Engliſh is that of an *n* followed by an *i*.

diſpraiſe, and the Father Maſter, allowing him not wholly free from fault, makes a long and vehement defence of him, introducing ſome circumſtances of his hiſtory. "As to perſuaſive eloquence," ſays this father, "as to perſuaſive eloquence, which is what alone deſerves the name of eloquence, let the Barbadino ſhew me a more active, more vigorous, more triumphant eloquence than that of the Father Antonio Vieyra, &c. He is a Rhone, a Danube, in his wondrous rapidity—carries, draws, forces, raviſhes every thing with him—no underſtanding but what yields to the convincing ſolidity of his argument, no heart that can reſiſt the rapid, vigorous, impulſes with which he combats it—no other ſermons to be deviſed which would conquer more ſouls, eſpecially *in an intelligent and cultivated audience.*"

The Father Antonio Vieyra was called from Portugal * by the general of his order †, at the requeſt of Pope Alexander the ſeventh, of many cardinals, and of the famous queen of Sweden, Chriſtiana, at that time at Rome, who had all a great deſire to hear him, from the fame which was ſpread of him all over Europe. After having preached many times in the preſence of the ſacred college, it was agreed on all hands that he was ſtill much greater than his fame. After having preached, in competition as we may ſay, with the greateſt orator of that age in Italy, the moſt Reverend Father John Paul Oliva, Apoſtolic preacher to three popes, and general of the Jeſuit order; notwithſtanding the elevated merit of this truly great man, notwithſtanding

* The country which gave birth to this great man.
† That of the Jeſuits.

ſtanding his being reputed, and with reaſon, as the Evangelical Demoſthenes of Italy; notwithſtanding the natural prepoſſeſſion with which his countrymen muſt neceſſarily behold him; notwithſtanding the weight thrown in the balance from reſpect, from dependence, from adulation, or from all together, being the ſupreme head of all his order, and having an almoſt deſpotic authority in the court of Rome; notwithſtanding all this, in the two ſermons preached on the feſtival of Saint Staniſlaus de Koſka, by the general and the ſubaltern, the Italian and the Portugueſe, all hearers, both foreign and domeſtic, gave the preference to that of the latter. This ſame general, cautious and ſparing of their eulogies as all generals are, in a letter he wrote afterwards from Rome to Liſbon, calls Father Vieyra "The true interpreter of ſcripture, the ſingular "organ or channel of the Holy Spirit, the model "of orators, and the father of eloquence." Both the pope and the queen of Sweden begged with the utmoſt earneſtneſs, that he would remain in that court, the one in order to have him for the oracle of his pontifical chapel, and the other that he might be the ornament of her royal, wiſe, and learned cabinet: but both deſiſted from their endeavour, not to mortify the moſt religious and zealous father, who, having dedicated himſelf by vow to the Apoſtolic inſtruction of the ignorant negroes of the Brazils, and the applauſes which Europe paid becoming intolerable to him, humbly beſought the head of the church and that wiſe princeſs, that they would ſuffer him to repair whither he was called by his own ſpirit, and that of the divine vocation. Neither could he be detained in Liſbon by the preſſing inſtances of the king of Portugal, who

would have fixed him in that city, to have the comfort of hearing him as a maſter from the pulpit, and obeying him as a father at the confeſſional, giving up to him the direction of his royal conſcience. But the great Vieyra, firm to the Apoſtolic call, and ſuperior to all the fleeting honours with which the world allured him, repreſented ſo efficaciouſly to the monarch, how much more and how much better he might ſerve him in Brazil than Liſbon, that he was at length reluctantly perſuaded to let him go.

This moſt extraordinary man was buried in the year 1697, as appears by the inſcription under a print of him prefixed to his works, at Baia in Brazil, "*Frequentiſſimo urbis concurſu, æterno orbis deſiderio.*"

"What now, if, after this eulogy and theſe anecdotes, to counterbalance the many moſt abſurd and ridiculous ſermons, of which ſamples have and will be ſeen in the courſe of this work, and to make ſome amends for having greatly curtailed this Second Book of the Hiſtory (at the end of which we are now arrived) by the omiſſion of the critique on the Barbadino's book, the reader ſhould be preſented by the tranſlator with the greateſt part of a ſermon of a totally different complexion, of one of the elegant and judicious ſermons of the venerable Father Antonio Vieyra," the true interpreter of ſcripture, the ſingular organ or channel of the Holy Spirit, the model of orators, and the father of eloquence?

"It

It is hoped that the gentle reader will be pleaſed with the preſent, and, therefore, it ſhall be made: and if an ungentle one, or one who may think that *Sine jocis nil eſt jucundum*, ſhould knit his brows, and cry, Pſhaw! are there not ſeriouſly-ſtupid ſermons enough of our own growth! He may paſs it by, and proceed directly to the Third Book without loſs of time or hindrance of buſineſs."

No ſingular and ſupereminent performance of the great Vieyra ſhall be culled, but extracts given from one of the firſt ſermons that offers; and this happens fortunately to be one at almoſt the end of a long ſeries upon the ſame ſubject, when, or never, the ſpirit of the writer may be ſuppoſed to flag. This ſermon is the twenty-ſixth of the thirty upon the Roſary, beginning in the cxxth page of the fourth vol. Barcelona edit. 1752, and the parts of it which the reader will ſee with quotation-marks are tranſlated as literally as they can poſſibly with any propriety be tranſlated. It begins thus."

" LUKE chap. xi. ver. 27.

Beatus venter qui te portavit & ubera quæ ſuxiſti!

" Bleſſed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps
" which thou haſt ſucked.

" THIS text which has been ſo many times
" repeated and ſo variouſly conſidered, never
" had a more high and more adequate interpretati-
" on than on the preſent occaſion. The devout

" woman in the Goſpel formed it anciently with " her words, and this very text is this day to be " commented on by works. She bleſſed the virgin " womb and ſacred breaſts of Mary, *Beatus venter* " *qui te portavit & ubera quæ ſuxiſti.* And this " ſame womb and theſe ſame breaſts of Mary, are " now canonized by the virtue and miracles of her " Roſary; for the virgin womb ſupplied another " womb, and by the ſacred breaſts were other " breaſts ſupplied.

" Singular, and in all its circumſtances admirable, " is the caſe, my brethren, which I ſhall now tell " you, related by St. Alan de Rupe, in his book on " the birth of the Pſalter of the Virgin. Two " young women of the mountains were paſſing " through a deſert, when they were met by two moſt " fierce and hungry wolves, which divided between " them the innocent and defenceleſs prey. One of " theſe damſels was devoutly attached to the Roſa- " ry, which ſhe every day rehearſed; the other " not. To the latter one of the wolves approach- " ed, and fixing his teeth in her throat, preſently " brought her lifeleſs to the ground. What hap- " pened to the former I will relate in the words of " the author, which are theſe, " Quæ Roſarium " Beatiſſimæ Virginis recitare conſueverat (mira " res!) lupus ejus ubera abrumpit, ventrem diſcer- " pit, viſcera voravit. Et adhuc triduo vixit, in " quo ſincere confitetur, devote communicat, fidu- " cialiter moritur. A Maria in extremis viſitatur, " & ad cœlorum gaudia perducitur—that is to ſay, " The other wolf attacked the damſel who rehearſed " the Roſary, tore off her breaſts, lacerated her " womb, and eat it, and drew out all her entrails. " And did ſhe directly die too like her companion? " So it would have been in the courſe of nature;

but

" but becauſe ſhe was a devout of the Roſary, the " Virgin, our lady, preſerved her alive without " heart or entrails for three days, in which ſhe " performed the duty of confeſſion much at her lei- " ſure, and communicated devoutly, and at the " end of them our Lady herſelf viſited her; and, " as if the wolf had been a tyrant and ſhe a martyr, " carried her directly up into heaven *. Now let " us remember thoſe words which are the moſt " glorious comment upon our text, *Eujs ubera ab-* " *rumpit, ventrem diſcerpit.* And in ſeeing this " damſel without breaſts and without womb, yet " alive, who but muſt repeat many times to the " worker of ſo ſingular and ſo ſtupendous a prodi- " gy, *Beatus venter qui te portavit & ubera quæ* " *ſuxiſti!* Bleſſed virgin womb! *Beatus venter.* " For it ſupplied another womb; *ventrem diſcer-* " *pit.* And bleſſed ſacred breaſts! *Beata ubera*; " for they ſupplied other breaſts; *ubera abrumpit.*

" This particular caſe, as a comment ſo proper " to the text I have propoſed, ſhall be the foun- " dation of my diſcourſe; but in ſuch a manner " that from the particular reſpect it ſhall be ex- " tended to the common one, that it may ſerve all. " We ſhall ſee then, with the Divine grace, that " as the Virgin our Lady, in reward for the de- " votion of the Roſary, ſupplied in this her votary " the want of what was ſo neceſſary to her for this " life and the other, ſo ſhe does and will ſupply, " in all who have the ſame devotion, all want of " whatever is convenient for temporal life, and all " want of whatever is important for that which " will be eternal. AVE MARIA.

* A privilege martyrs are entitled to, without viſiting purgatory.

" *Beatus venter qui te portavit, & ubera quæ*
" *ſuxiſti.*

" What would become of this miſerable world,
" ſo defective and neceſſitous, after that by the ſin
" and corruption of the firſt man, it fell from the
" perfection and abundance with which God had
" created and enriched it, if the Divine Provi-
" dence and mercy had not provided it with a re-
" medy equal to its neceſſity, which ſhould be the
" univerſal ſupplement of all our wants? This
" ſupplement, devout Chriſtians, is the moſt pow-
" erful Virgin, our Lady, who, not only from her
" birth, by inclination and natural piety, but
" likewiſe *ab æterno* from her predeſtination, and
" by virtue of it, was choſen and deſtined by God
" for this moſt glorious end. The Theologiſts aſk,
" whether, in caſe Adam had not ſinned, the ſon of
" God was or was not to have become incarnate?
" And the opinion beſt founded in the ſecrets of
" God himſelf, which he hath revealed to us in the
" Holy Scriptures, is, that, in ſuch a caſe, his Son,
" the eternal Word, was not to have become in-
" carnate, and conſequently not to have had a mo-
" ther, nor would there have been in the world the
" Virgin Mary. But as Adam did ſin, or was to
" ſin, the divine Preſcience foreſeeing that crime,
" which is juſtly called happy. *O felix culpa!*
" this was the reaſon and the motive why God
" predeſtinated the humanity of his Son, that, as
" an infinite repairer of that ſin, he might give
" juſt and adequate ſatisfaction to the offended di-
" vinity.

" But if the Word might have been made man
" without having a mother, like Adam, why did

" God

" God ordain likewiſe *ab æterno*, that he ſhould be
" born of a woman with a ſecond predeſtination,
" or the ſecond part of it, likewiſe not neceſſary
" but free. The reaſon was, ſay all the Saints,
" that as one woman introduced into the world the
" want of obedience and of grace, ſo another wo-
" man ſhould be the redreſs and ſupplement of it;
" the want by Eve, the ſupplement by Mary. So
" that *ab æterno* and by virtue of her proper pre-
" deſtination the Virgin, our Lady, was conceiv-
" ed, choſen, and deſtined, firſt to repair and ſup-
" ply the wants of the firſt mother in paradiſe, and
" afterwards thoſe of the human race in all the
" world. The Virgin herſelf will tell it all to us,
" before her birth in figures, and after ſhe was born
" in perſon.

" Who was ever more deſtitute in this life and
" more in want of every thing neceſſary to it than
" the child Moſes, when his parents, not being
" able to hide him from the wrath of Pharaoh,
" (for by his crying he would diſcover himſelf) that
" they might not drown him with their own hands,
" launched him on the ſtream in a baſket of ruſhes,
" which had no other property of a boat than that
" of being caulked? On the river were wanting to
" the child his father and mother, who remained
" on land; in his little veſſel were wanting to him
" oars, ſail, and pilot; above all was wanting to
" him his nouriſhment, bereaved of thoſe breaſts
" which gave him milk; finally, he was wanting
" to himſelf, for he had neither arms to ſwim
" with, nor judgment to know his danger, nor
" voice to beſeech aſſiſtance. Thus he went ſailing
" in the midſt of his own ſhipwreck, ſhrouded
" even in his ſwadling-bands, and laid in the baſket
" of ruſhes the new Argonaut of the Nile, when

" Mary

" Mary his ſiſter appears on the bank, ſent thither " by his parents to attend to the event. O fortu- " nate infant, in the midſt of what appears thy " greateſt unhappineſs! And does Mary aſſiſt " Moſes? Then, though he wanted every thing, " ſhe ſhall ſupply whatever he may want. No " one can deſire a better guide or pilot to his ſhip " than the eyes which Mary fixes on it. She here " ſhews plainly that ſhe already repreſented in name " and actions, her, who was afterwards called the " Lady of Good direction, and of the Happy " Voyage *. The eyes of Mary, then, which on " this occaſion ſerved as oars againſt the force and " violence of the current, kept calling the barque " to ſhore, and the child found harbour in no leſs " than the princeſs of Egypt's arms. A nurſe " muſt be found to wipe the tears from its eyes " and give it milk: Mary offers herſelf for the " ſeeker of a nurſe. And whom do you think ſhe " would bring? The genius only of one who had " that name could form ſuch a ſcheme. The mo- " ther of Moſes himſelf is brought for a nurſe, to " whom the princeſs delivers him up, ſtrongly re- " commending her being careful of him as of her " own child, with a royal promiſe of being well " rewarded for her trouble. Now I aſk, if there is " wanting to Moſes any of the many things which " before were wanting? Now he has a father, now " he has a mother, now he has nouriſhment, now " he is on land, now he has life, and now he has " what was wanting to him, and he could never " hope to attain, which is, to be the adopted ſon of " that very king of Egypt who had commanded " him

* Two titles under which the Virgin is invoked by mariners.

" him to be thrown to the crocodiles of the Nile.
" Thus Mary knows how to ſupply the wants of
" thoſe who are recommended to her by their vir-
" tues, though they may not be particularly de-
" voted to her. But what, if they ſhould be her
" brothers, as Moſes was to Mary, and in that re-
" lation to the Virgin ſtand all the brethren of the
" Roſary? But we are not come to that yet.

" Paſſing on to the New Teſtament; a certain
" marriage was celebrated in Cana of Galilee, at
" which ſays the Evangeliſt the Mother of Jeſus
" was preſent: John ii. 1. *Et erat mater Jeſu ibi.*
" Some will wonder that the Virgin Mary ſhould
" be found there and aſſiſt at ſuch ſort of entertain-
" ments as wedding-feaſts; not as a Virgin, for the
" Virgin-ſtate, though ſo ſublime, deſpiſes nor
" condemns not that of marriage, but as Mother
" of the Saviour; *Mater Jeſu.* As Mother of
" the Saviour this Lady was ſeen at the foot of the
" croſs and appeared well there. John xix. 25.
" *Stabat juxta crucem Jeſu Mater ejus,* accompany-
" ing his deſtitution, ſuffering the ſame pains, and
" co-operating in the very redemption. There it
" was that the Mother of Jeſus appeared well;
" but at marriages! at banquets! *Et erat Mater*
" *Jeſu ibi!* Yes, ſhe was there, and aſſiſted at the
" banquet and the marriage, to ſupply what might
" be wanting to them: and where there is, or is
" to be, want, there it is where the Mother of
" Jeſus cannot be wanting, and there where ſhe
" aſſiſts; *Erat Mater Jeſu ibi.* Chriſt and his Diſ-
" ciples were likewiſe at the ſame marriage, but
" the Evangeliſt remarks that they were invited;
" John ii. 2. *Vocatus eſt Jeſus & Diſcipuli ejus.* But
" of this Lady it is not ſaid that ſhe was invited;

" becauſe

" becauſe ſhe herſelf, and her providence, and her " obligation invited her and drew her thither, that " if, through the poverty or the negligence of the " married pair, any thing ſhould be wanting, ſhe " by her carefulneſs and charity might ſupply it. " The event ſhewed it; and thus ſhe went mira- " culouſly ſupplying that which was deficient; ibid. " 3. *Deficiente vino.*

" But let us hear the reply of Chriſt, in which " more ſtrongly ſhines this providence, and theſe " powers in the ſovereign Mother. This Lady " repreſented to her Son, as creator of all things, " the deficiency there was; ibid. 3. *Vinum non ha-* " *bent.* And the Lord, as ſurpriſed at her implied " requeſt, anſwered, ibid. 4. *Quid mihi & tibi?* " —what buſineſs is it of yours or mine, what is " wanting in the houſe or at the table of other peo- " ple? ibid. 5. *Nondum venit hora mea*;——my " hour for working miracles is not yet come. But, " notwithſtanding, this Lady did not deſiſt from " proſecuting the remedy of that want, ſaying to " them who ſerved, that they ſhould do whatever " her Son commanded them, as if ſhe had ſaid to " Him himſelf, If your hour for working miracles " is not yet come, my care and obligation to ſup- " ply what is wanting, pays not regard to hours; " and the ſame hour in which things are wanting, " that is my hour." The Lord at length com- " manded that the pots in which there was no wine " ſhould be filled with water, which was immedi- " ately converted with abundance and improve- " ment into the very liquor that was wanting. In " this manner did the moſt gracious Mary ſupply " in this want, not only one, but many wants, and " the wants of many. To the governor of the " feaſt ſhe ſupplied the want of attention, to the

" married

" married couple the want of proviſion, to the table
" the want of drink, and even to Chriſt himſelf
" the want of time, cauſing that to be anticipated
" which was not arrived. Finally, of all thoſe
" who were preſent, this Lady alone took notice of
" the want, becauſe in the governor of the feaſt it
" was a thing to be condemned, in the married cou-
" ple to be ſorry for, in the gueſts to wonder at,
" and for this Lady only to ſupply.

" Thus was the Virgin Mary from her predeſti-
" nation choſen, and thus is ſhe inclined and intent
" from her birth in this defective world, to remedy
" and ſupply all the wants which are ſuffered in it;
" but much more ſo ſince the inſtitution of her
" Roſary, in aſſiſting and rewarding its votaries.
" Now comes in its proper place the notice of that
" prodigious event I repreſented in the beginning;
" in which it is not eaſy to ſet forth, or even com-
" prehend the many and various wants, difficult
" and intricate to exceſs, which this Lady therein
" ſupplied, and in a manner beyond all admiration
" admirable.

" She ſupplied life in the want of all the means
" and inſtruments of life itſelf; and againſt all the
" diſpoſitions and cauſes of death prevented the
" ſoul from going out at that great door—for the
" name of wound is little—and detained it there.
" He only who can comprehend the anatomy of the
" human body, the dependence and harmony of all
" its parts, and the admirable artifice with which
" the inſtruments which ſuſtain it are continually at
" work hiddenly or inſenſibly within us (whence
" David ſays to the divine artificer himſelf of this
" fabric. Pſalm cxxxviii. *Mirabilis facta eſt ſcien-*
" *tia tua ex me)* he only who can comprehend all

" this,

" this, can fully underſtand how many miracles are
" contained in the ſoul's not ſeparating from that
" body ſo mangled and empty, and a woman's be-
" ing preſerved alive in it after a wild beaſt had
" torn out and devoured all her entrails. Without
" them ſhe muſt have wanted blood, ſhe muſt have
" wanted veins, ſhe muſt have wanted arteries, ſhe
" muſt have wanted animal and vital ſpirits, and
" ſhe muſt have wanted above all the heart, the
" fountain, and principle of life. And that in this
" ſtate ſhe ſhould live, ſpeak, underſtand, and ex-
" ercife intirely all the operations of ſenſitive and
" rational life, bringing to remembrance her ſins,
" bewailing them with voluntary repentance, con-
" feſſing them with her tongue, and only not ſtrik-
" ing her breaſts, becauſe ſhe had none! O mi-
" racle above all miracles, in which the Mother of
" the Sovereign Artificer himſelf ſeemed to vye
" with and ſurpaſs to him in his own work!

— — — —

" The manner in which the Mother of God ſup-
" plied what was wanting in that body, almoſt a
" corpſe, but truly alive, I have already ſaid was
" beyond all admiration admirable; becauſe ſhe did
" not ſubſtitute for the torn-off breaſts other breaſts,
" or give another heart, entrails, and womb, but
" with the very privation of the things which were
" wanting, or the nothing of them, ſhe ſupplied
" all. This is a perfection, an excellence, a curi-
" ouſneſs of ſupplement never ſeen, even in the
" works of God himſelf, ſince the beginning of
" the World. In the firſt three days of the creati-
" on, becauſe there was no ſun, (ſince it was creat-
" ed on the fourth,) God ſupplied the want of the

" ſun

" ſun with light, and that made day, Gen. i. " *Fiat lux, & facta eſt lux, appellavitque lucem* " *diem.* After Eve was created, a rib was wanting " to Adam, of which ſhe was formed, and God " ſupplied the want of this rib with an equal quan- " tity of Fleſh, Gen. ii. *Replevit carnem pro ea.* " Cain ſlew Abel, and God ſupplied the want of " that ſon to the mother with another called Seth, " as ſhe herſelf ſaid, Gen. iv. *Poſuit mihi Deus* " *Semen aliud pro Abel.*

— — — —

" So that God always ſupplied the want of one " thing with ſome other thing. But to ſupply the " want with the want itſelf, or the thing with the " privation and the nothing of it, this perfection, " excellence, and curiouſneſs of ſupplement God " reſerved for his mother *."

— — — —

The preacher here conſiders an objection which might be made, why the Lady of the Roſary did not prevent the Wolf from hurting the " Damſel,

* It would be very weak in any perſon to argue againſt the reality of this miracle from the want of the teſtimony of ſenſe, or the viſibility of it; as weak as it would be to argue againſt the undoubted miracle of Tranſubſtantiation, which is every day wrought without ocular proof. *Regnum Dei non venit cum obſervatione.*

The venerable Vieyra is not to be ſuppoſed, by the reader who may be unacquainted with the writers of the Romiſh Church, to advance any novel Doctrine in ſpeaking ſo highly as he does in this ſermon of the power of the

Damſel, the poſſibility of which he acknowledges, and thus exemplifies:

" One of the Queen's Children, a little girl, fell " from a window of the Palace into an Area in " which a Lion was kept confined, in whoſe paws " they expected to ſee her die if ſhe ſhould eſcape " from

the Virgin Mary. It is ſpoken of, or meant to be ſpoken of, as highly by them all; and if they fall ſhort of the venerable Vieyra in their expreſſion of it, it is only becauſe they fall ſhort of him in genius.—One very happy illuſtration of the power of the Virgin is to be met with in the eighteenth volume of the *Memoirs de l'Acadamie des Inſcriptions et Belles Lettres*, which the reader may not be diſpleaſed to ſee.

Un moine revenoit d'une maiſon dans laquelle il s'introduiſoit toutes les nuits. Il avoit a ſon retour une riviere à traverſer: Satan renverſa le bateau, & le moine fut noyé comme il commençoit l'invitatoire des matines de la Vierge. Deux Diables ſe ſaiſiſſent de ſon ame, & ſont arrêtés par deux anges qui la reclament en quatité de chrétienne. " Seigneurs Anges (diſent les diables) il eſt vrai que Dieu eſt mort pour ſes amis, & ce n'eſt pas une fable; mas celui-ci étoit du nombre des ennemis de Dieu; &, puiſque nous l'avons trouvé dans l'ordure du péché, nous allons le jetter dans le bourbier de l'enfer; nous ſerons bien récompenſés de nos prevôts." Apres bien des conteſtations les anges propoſent de porter le différend au tribunal de la Vierge. Les diables répondent qu'ils prendront volontiers Dieu pour juge, pareequ'il jugeoit ſelon les loix: " Mais, pour la Vierge (diſent-ils) nous n'en pouvons eſpérer de juſtice: elle briſeroit toutes les portes de l'enfer plutôt que d'y laiſſer un ſeul jour celui qui de ſon vivant a fait quelques réverences à ſon image. Dieu ne la contredit en rien; elle peut dire que la pie eſt noire & que l'eau trouble ete claire: il lui accorde tout: nous ne ſavons plus où nous en ſommes; d'un ambeſas elle fait un terne, d'un double-deux un quine; elle a le dez & la chance, Le jour que Dieu fit ſa mere fut bien fatal pour nous."

" from the fall. The child wore a Roſary for or-
" nament; for Roſaries were the necklaces of La-
" dies in thoſe days. The keeper of the beaſt and
" the other ſervants ran directly to the place, and
" what they ſaw and heard, was, that the Lion
" having attacked the child, ſhe had thrown her
" Roſary round his neck, and was playing her little
" hands amongſt his ſhaggy locks, and fondling
" him as if he had been a lap-dog, ſaying to him
" very prettily, " Lion, Lion, don't eat me, for
" I am to be a Nun in Caſtile."

But, the preacher ſays, that, as in the caſe of Lazarus, who was ſuffered to die that the Son of God might be glorified, this Damſel was ſuffered to be thus torn by the Wolf, that the Mother of God might be glorified.

" Such then was the manner, beyond all admi-
" ration admirable, in which the Mother of God
" ſupplied what was wanting, through the voraci-
" ouſneſs of the Wolf. Let us remember the
" words of St. Alan, *Ubera abrumpit, ventrem diſ-*
" *cerpit*, &c. The Virgin womb, ſupplied the
" womb, and the ſacred Breaſts, &c.

" And that no one may doubt that to work this
" miracle was the peculiar property of the Virgin
" Mary in the quality of the Lady of the Roſary
" and for the merits of the Roſary itſelf, her own
" Son, whom ſhe carried in that very womb and
" nouriſhed at thoſe very breaſts, celebrated it, and
" ſung thus in his language, which is that of the
" Hebrew

" Hebrew text: Chriſt ſpeaking of the bleſſed
" Belly of his Mother, ſays, *Venter tuus ſicut acer-*
" *vus tritici, vallatus Roſis.* Cantic. vii. 2. Ex
" Text. Hebr. And ſpeaking of her ſacred Breaſts,
" ſays, in the ſame manner, *Ubera tua ſicut duo*
" *hinnuli gemelli capræ qui paſcuntur in Roſis.* We
" ſhall come to the Roſes * preſently. Let us firſt
" conſider the two extraordinary compariſons of
" the Belly and the Breaſts, which as they are bu-
" colic and paſtoral, are both expreſſed in rural
" and country terms. Thy Belly, he ſays, is like
" an heap of wheat, *Venter tuus ſicut acervus tri-*
" *tici.* The connection which wheat has with the
" Belly, is, that the former is ordained for the
" ſuſtenance of the latter: therefore if the Belly
" is praiſed as wheat, *ſicut acervus tritici,* it is a
" Belly which ſuſtains another Belly. And this
" was the miracle of the Virgin Belly, which ſuſ-
" tained that of the devout Damſel after it had been
" devoured. Thy Breaſts he ſays are like little
" twin mountain-kids which ſuck, *ſicut duo hinnuli*
" *gemelli qui paſcuntur.* Breaſts do not ſuck to
" ſuſtain themſelves with milk, but are ſucked to
" ſuſtain other things; therefore, if the Breaſts
" are praiſed as things which ſuck, *ſicut hinnuli,*
" they are Breaſts which ſuſtain other Breaſts; and
" theſe were the ſacred Breaſts which ſuſtained
" thoſe of the devout Damſel, after they had been
" food to the Wolf. This being premiſed, now
" come

* A plain proof that our verſion of the Bible is erroneous, as it ſays nothing of *Roſes* in either of theſe paſſages; and the venerable Father informs us he takes them *ex Text. Hebr.* nor is any thing ſaid about the *ſucking* of what are there called *Roes*; but we find it ſhould be *Kids.*

" come the Roſes. And why does the text ſay that " the Belly is ſet round with Roſes, *Vallatus Roſis?* " And that Roſes are the things which ſuſtain the " Breaſts, *Qui paſcuntur in Roſis?* Becauſe the " miracle of the Belly and Breaſts of the Damſel " (not they ſuſtained in her, but ſhe ſuſtained " without them) was all for the miracle of the " Roſes, which likewiſe in rural Metaphor, in " name, and in virtue, repreſented the Roſary.

" From this caſe, ſo particular and prodigious, " follow, as from their trunk, the univerſal fruits " which I promiſed to gather from it; it being cer- " tain, as we ſhall now ſee, that as the Virgin, our " Lady, in reward for the devotion of the Roſary, " ſupplied in this Damſel, &c. ſhe will ſupply in " all, all wants Temporal and Eternal. Come " now, all people, and I will ſhew them, &c.

" Beginning with the Temporal; what doſt " thou want? I want that which ſupplies all wants, " which is money. Thus ſays a poor man, and " thus all may ſay. But *I* ſay, that, if they re- " hearſe the Roſary every day to the Mother of " God, ſhe will abundantly ſupply this want."

Inſtances are here given of this being ſo completely done in France and Germany, that the good people on whom the miracle was wrought became ſo rich that " they maintained all the poor in the " country in which they lived."

One may be rich, but yet unhappy from the want of children. The devotion of the Roſary brings down the bleſſing of fruitfulneſs; as is ſhewn by inconteſtable examples in France and Holland.

Who has more wants than the poor ſoldier? Particularly thoſe of defence in the day of battle, and of ſecurity againſt the ſevere laws of his commanders? Yet in the late wars in Flanders many ſoldiers,

diers, by virtue of repeating the Roſary, found the bullets of their enemies ſtrike againſt them but as pellets of wax, and fall harmleſs to the ground. "Two ſoldiers being condemned to die for having "broken an edict of the duke of Alva, their con- "feſſor knowing the extreme ſeverity of the gene- "ral, gave them no hopes of life, but exhorted "them to recommend themſelves to the Lady of "the Roſary. One of them, an hardened and "obſtinate wretch, paid no attention to his ad- "vice; but the other embraced it heartily, and ſet "himſelf to repeating the Roſary with all the de- "votion and ardour which the urgency of the caſe "required. At length they were carried forth to "puniſhment, each ſeated on an aſs, as is the uſual "cuſtom; and the event was, that the aſſes paſ- "ſing, ſurrounded by guards, before a church, the "aſs which carried the ſoldier who had repeated "the Roſary broke through the midſt of the "throng with ſuch fury that he could not be ſtop- "ped, and entering into the church went up to a "chapel of the Lady of the Roſary, under the "Sacred Immunity of which the ſoldier remained "not only ſecure but free."

To the ſoldier follows the litigant; a poor widow, who, having neither money nor friends, had a cruel and unjuſt decree made againſt her by the judge; but by virtue of her attachment to the Roſary, the words were ſo changed in the judge's mouth, as to appear on the record wholly in her favour.

A good woman was unhappy from the want of her huſband's love; ſhe repeated the Roſary, and ſoon found him at her feet in an humble poſture.

"I go

" I go on repeating ſo many examples, becauſe " I believe the variety of them in all ſtates, and " the miraculous manner in which the Virgin of " the Roſary flies to the aſſiſtance of her votaries, " and ſupplies all their wants, will not cauſe diſ- " guſt to you ; and eſpecially as theſe examples are " neceſſary to our ſubject, for without them we " cannot prove nor perſuade."

Who undergo more dangers than ſeafaring people, particularly from the Moors and from ſtorms? Companies of Moors lie in ambuſh frequently on the ſouthern coaſt of Spain to kidnap unwary paſſengers. A religious Portugueſe travelling that way, was ſet upon by one of theſe companies ; he had immediate recourſe to his Roſary, and, as if a flaſh of lightning had iſſued from each bead, the Moors were all ſuddenly ſtruck blind: the delivered traveller returned thanks to the protecting lady, and laughing at the blind Moors, joyfully purſued his journey.

Againſt ſtorms, the preacher himſelf can prove the efficacy of the Roſary from his own experience. He was once in ſuch a ſtorm that the ſhip loſt all her maſts, but upon the whole crew promiſing to repeat the Roſary every day of their lives the ſtorm ceaſed, and another ſhip immediately appeared which took them from their own diſabled one and carried them to ſhore.

In a voyage from Europe to Brazil a ſailor fell overboard, and was brought to the ſhip four days afterwards riding on fiſh-back.

" Captain Alan, famous in the hiſtories of the " Roſary, to which he was moſt devoted, upon " his ſhip's going to the bottom in the midſt of the " ſea, and every other ſoul on board being drown- " ed, found himſelf in that very place on ſhore,

" and

" and walking upon land, made unequal by little " hills and ſome mountains: at the end of them " he obſerved (for he went counting them) that the " mountains were fifteen and the hills an hundred " and fifty; for of that very Roſary which he " wore about him had our Lady made a bridge of " firm land over the waves of the ſea *."

That amongſt the variety of ſtates men of letters may not be excluded, ſeveral proofs are given of the Roſary's conferring great abilities; and particularly, " Another ſtudent, who wanted neither " parts nor memory, was ſo unapt to poetry that " he could not join three ſyllables together which " would run in a verſe; but being taught, not by " his maſter, but by his mother, to repeat the Ro- " ſary, ſo fruitful a vein of poetry was opened in " him, that he directly not only far exceeded all " his fellow-ſtudents but became equal to the poets " of greateſt fame †

Poor ſouls ſhut up in priſon want liberty; the Virgin has often miraculouſly delivered them for their devotion of the Roſary.

Then as to diſeaſes, the laſt temporal conſideration with our preacher, the Roſary is a Panacea. No fever, of whateverkind, no diſorder of the eyes, the ears, or tongue; no ſtone, no gout, no dropſy, no plague, no lameneſs, no wound, not even the apoplexy, nor confirmed madneſs, can withſtand its power.

With

* Roſaries generally conſiſt of an hundred and fifty ſmall beads (for *Aves*) and fifteen large ones (for *Paternoſters*.)

† If the preacher had mentioned the name of this poet, the reader ſhould have been acquainted with it.

With regard to eternal concerns, we ſtand in need of reſiſtance againſt temptations, of repentance, and of grace.

" A beautiful but wicked woman in Mexico " tempted a youth, who was caught eaſily in her " lure. And both of them going out of the city, " by her advice, to a place fit for the execution of " what they had concerted, the woman told him " that he muſt firſt lay aſide a Roſary which he " wore round his neck covered by his cloaths. The " youth ſurpriſed that ſhe ſhould ſee what he car- " ried ſo hiddenly, began to ſuſpect ſome evil, and " anſwered that he would not for the world lay " aſide the Roſary on which he every day repeated " his prayers to the Mother of God. And what " does the woman, ſeeing this reſiſtance? She ceaſ- " ed ſuddenly to appear as ſhe had before appeared, " and manifeſted what ſhe was; for under that diſ- " guiſe it was the devil, who, now transformed " into a moſt hideous figure, ſaid to him, May that " Roſary, and the many times you have repeated " it, avail you! for if you had thrown it from " you, I ſhould have carried you directly into " hell."

A poor wretch ſold himſelf to the devil, and gave him a contract, as is uſual, ſigned with his blood. He immediately became rich, but was very unhappy. In this ſtate he chanced to go into a church, not with a pious deſign, on the feſtival of the Roſary. " The ſermon was not like thoſe which are " ordinarily heard on that day, employed all in the " deſcription of the Queen of Flowers and the " excellence of the Roſe, without more ſubſtance " than the appearance of the Metaphor and the " ſound of the Name; but the diſcourſe was a

" ſolid and uſeful one (ſuch as they truly ought to
" be) founded in the virtue and powers of the de-
" votion and myſteries of the Roſary, and all con-
" firmed by authentic and experienced examples
" which are what alone prove and perſuade." This miſerable ſlave of the devil was ſtruck with what he heard, and reſolved to try what the Roſary would do towards redeeming him from his captivity. His infernal maſter failed not endeavouring to diſſuade him, laughing at his new hope, appearing to him whenever he was repeating his Roſary, ſhewing him his contract, and telling him that he troubled himſelf in vain, for that he was his, and ſhould be ſo to all eternity. But, one day, as the penitent captive was proſtrating himſelf before the Image of our Lady of the Roſary, he ſaw a paper drop from her hand; he took it up, and from the writing and ſigning found it was the very identical contract by which he had ſold himſelf to the devil. But the miracle ſtopped not here: he looked at it again, and behold, not a ſtroke of a letter was to be ſeen, the whole being completely eraſed.

" St. Dominic happened to meet in Italy with a
" famous robber who belonged to a gang. The pi-
" ous father attempted in vain to convert him, but
" at length prevailed ſo far as to make him promiſe
" to repeat the Roſary every day; which he con-
" ſtantly did, whenever he was at leiſure from rob-
" bery and murder. In a ſhort time he died of a
" diſeaſe, and was buried by his companions, with-
" out any religious act, impiouſly and brutally as
" he had lived. After he had been buried two
" years, St. Dominic happened to paſs that way
" again, when he heard a confuſed and plaintive
" voice, but could not tell whence it proceeded,
" till coming to the very ſpot where he was buried,

" he

" he found it proceeded thence and could hear it " ſay diſtinctly, " O Father Friar Dominic, ſer- " vant of the living God, have pity on me!" The " earth being opened, there came out, to the aſto- " niſhment of all thoſe who accompanied the ſaint, " a living man. Being aſked who he was, he " ſaid, " Father, I am that great robber, whom " you endeavoured to convert, and I would not, " and only agreed to repeat the Roſary according " to your advice. My companions buried me here " alive, thinking I was dead, on account of a long " fit I was in. Being buried and covered with " earth, it might naturally be expected I ſhould " die directly, and go to ſuffer in hell the pains to " which I was condemned for my wicked life; but " the Sovereign Virgin Mary obtained of her " bleſſed Son that I ſhould not die, and that theſe " two years, in which I have ſuffered the moſt hor- " rible pains, ſhould ſerve me inſtead of purgato- " ry." This he ſaid in public; and then con- " feſſing his ſins to the ſaint, as ſoon as he had re- " ceived abſolution and communicated, the body " dropped down dead, and the ſoul, with the " grace of the Sacrament, which alone had been " wanting to it, went up to be with the Lord in " Glory."

The moſt convincing and irrefragable proof of the virtue of the Roſary, the preacher, like a true orator, has reſerved for the laſt. He now only touches again upon the Breaſts and Belly and concludes.

The Tranſlator has endeavoured to be religiouſly juſt to the original. He has not preſumed to add any thing: And if he has omitted ſome of the venerable Father's proofs, they were ſuch on-

ly as were not ſo very excellent and ſtriking as thoſe which have been laid before the reader.

If there would not be an impropriety in mixing foreign matter with this diſcourſe, the tranſlator would be glad to be indulged in juſt mentioning a piece of doctrine of this truly venerable Father, which he was pleaſingly ſtruck with, and greatly admired when he read it, and which he finds in the beginning of the twenty-third Sermon of this ſeries upon the Roſary at the lxxxviith page of the fourth Volume. The preacher is relating with much grace the ſtory of the trial of wit on "What is the ſtrongeſt thing?" from the fourth chapter of the firſt book of Eſdras, and acknowledges the ſentence of Zorobabel, who ſaid that *Truth* was the ſtrongeſt thing, to be better than thoſe of his competitors; but the ſagacious Father has a ſentence of his own which is ſtill better than Zorobabel's, for he ſays that *he has found by experience*, that there are much ſtronger things than Truth, and they are LIES.

THE

THE

HISTORY

OF

THE FAMOUS PREACHER

FRIAR GERUND.

BOOK III

CHAP. I.

Of a Barrabas-like trick which the foul fiend played Friar Gerund to clinch the nail of his folly.

THE very critical and very curious reader will have obſerved perhaps (and yet it is very natural that he ſhould not obſerve) that the diviſion of my work and the beginning of this third book is not according to art. For the firſt book having finiſhed with the childhood and firſt part of the education of our incomparable Friar Gerund, and left him in the noviciate, habited a Religious,

it ſeemed that the ſecond ſhould have cloſed with the ſtudies, great or little, which he followed in it, and that the third ought to begin from his being dubbed a Prieſt and Sabatine preacher; inaſmuch as this new ſtate, and likewiſe this new employ conſtituted an epoch in his life, natural, opportune, and proper for this third diviſion. Whence perchance will this obſerving reader impeach poor book the ſecond upon the article of his laſt chapter, pleading that he hath infringed on the rights of the third book, and that it was an uſurpation and tyranny to deprive him of the ſaid chapter.

I will not ſwear that he who ſhall make this remark may not have ſome ſhadow or appearance of reaſon. But beſides that hitherto no pragmatic ſanction has been publiſhed to give certain, fixed, and univerſal rules for the limits and termination of paragraphs, chapters, or books; as theſe cuſtomary diviſions have been introduced into the literary world in order to give a breathing-time as well to the writers as the readers, when I affirm that I was not out of breath or in the leaſt tired 'till I left Friar Gerund, not only with the title of Sabatine preacher but with the firſt glimmerings of the inſtruction of the Father Maſter Prudentio, I cannot help thinking but that it will be ſufficient to ſhut up this critical obſerver's mouth. If my readers were tired ſooner, that ought not to be laid to my account. Do I prevent them from ſhutting the book when they pleaſe, and from ſleeping ſoundly 'till they awake of themſelves, by which they may not only divide, but make mince-meat of the books and chapters whenever they think proper. But they will tell me perhaps, that although there be no written law to regulate theſe diviſions, yet

that

that they are regulated and even dictated by natural law; that is, by the conſcience and reaſon of methodical, clear, and economical writers. To which I anſwer, that, as to this affair of conſcience and natural reaſon, each one can have it but in the meaſure which God has been pleaſed to give it, and that of underſtandings there is as great a variety as of faces. Such an one thinks he writes and ſpeaks with the beſt method in the world, and to another who reads or hears him he ſeems an eternal embroiler, and a very Babel of confuſions. For example, let it be told to the author of "The true Method of Study" that all he has written is a mere emboliſm or inſertion of foreign and abſurd matter, that in many places the practical rules which he gives are ſcarce preceptible, that thoſe which are perceptible are impoſſible or extremely difficult to be practiſed, and conſequently that no faculty can be learned by them—he would become poſſeſſed by the Demon of Rage, would tear his beard away at your tearing away what he thought his bravery and ornament, and at any one who ſhould come on ſuch an embaſſy would ſhower a volley of "*Parvoices*, *Ridicularies*, and *Craſas Ignoranzas* *," to ſend him back faſter than he came.

Again, not many years ago a certain Latin Surgeon (for ſo he himſelf ſaid he was) an honeſt well-meaning man, printed a book with this title, *A Rational Method and Chirurgical Direction for the Cure of Chilblains.*" Who would not hence ſuppoſe that the work conſiſted of methodical and practical rules for the curing theſe wantonneſſes of

* Portugueſe words much uſed by this author, ſignifying Follies, Abſurdities, and darkeſt Ignorance.

the blood which ſo ſorely vex the young folks, and ſometimes men grown, and even grey-headed? But no, Sir: of the thirteen chapters of which the book is compoſed the laſt only has ſome little touch upon practical method; the other twelve, beſides being moſt impertinent to the ſubject, have as much of method and chirurgical direction as of propriety, and benefit to the reader. Of this one John de la Encina, the mercileſs writer of three letters tolerrably well compoſed, endeavoured to convince the author, whoſe ſides he well belaboured for his ſelf-attributed appellative of *Latin* Surgeon; and though he really made it very evident that the title of *Method* could be allowed to this idle performance only by way of joke or antiphraſis, yet the honeſt author went to the other world perfectly perſuaded that in this there had not been written a thing more methodical or directive. Now let their worſhips come with a grave face and talk to me of the conſcience and natural reaſon which dictate to every author the method he ſhould obſerve in the economy of his work!

But in ſhort—for we are beating our brains to no purpoſe—let the curious reader obſerve that in the firſt paragraph of the laſt chapter of the preceding book our Friar Gerund appeared a Prieſt *in facie eccleſiæ*, and Sabatine Preacher in full form, and let him anſwer before God and in conſcience this little queſtion: Would it have been ſeemly that the ſaid chapter ſhould have conſiſted of no more than a ſingle paragraph, and that it ſhould have preſented itſelf in the book but as a ſucking chapter, or a chapter in miniature, when the others may paſs for general chapters, even of the moſt numerous fraternities, from the multitude of its members, and numbers

bers which concur in the compoſition of them? Let the prudent and equitable reader do juſtice; and if, notwithſtanding, he will not allow me to have any reaſon on my ſide, *Patience, Charles, Patience.* *

Having made this digreſſion, as neceſſary as troubleſome and impertinent, let us ſet about tying the broken thread of our hiſtory. It is a tradition from father to ſon that the Maſter Prudentio and our Friar Gerund were juſt finiſhing a hearty dinner after their long walk and profitable diſcourſe,—by the ſame token they had for a deſſert ſome lozenges in the ſhape of ſnails, and ſome macaroons like acorns, which had been preſented to Prudentio, by a certain nun of the order to whom he was confeſſor———when they heard a loud calling at the gate of the farm-houſe. The lay-brother, the farmer who lived in and took care of it, went out at the noiſe to ſee who was there, and behold——— who could have divined it!——there was no leſs than the Predicador Mayor, the incomparable Friar Blas in his own proper perſon, in company with a ſturdy, broad-ſhouldered, buſhypated, countryman; the Predicador mounted on a raw-boned, thin-flanked, long-legged, hollow-eyed, pyballed

 portmanteau-

* The province of Catalonia belonged ſome time to Charles the third of France, who for a while reſided, and ſpent much money in it; but no ſooner had he left it and returned to France than the people revolted, and, upon being told of his complaints of their ingratitude, ſaid, *Paciencia, Carlos, Paciencia!* Hence likewiſe the proverb upon intereſted adulation, *Viva Carlos tercero, haſta que vive el dinero!* Long live Charles the third, if he does not outlive his money!

portmanteau-horſe, and his companion on a narrow-rumped, round-barrelled, quick-eared, lively, grey colt. Now it happened, that in a village preſuming to the title of town (two leagues diſtant from the Grange) which was anciently called Little Jaca, but now, either by corruption or to reduce it with the diminutive to one word, is called Jacarilla, a fraternity dedicated to St. Oroſia, had a few years ſince been inſtituted by the parſon of the pariſh, a native of the province of Arragon, and much devoted to the Saint. The Majordomo for that year, who was the Farmer, accompanying Friar Blas, had pitched upon him to preach the ſermon; and though it was worth no more than five reals, two pounds of turron *, and a bottle of the wine of the country, Friar Blas had accepted it, for in the affair of ſermons he was of the opinion of the retail dealers, that "Many a little makes a mickle," and that we ſhould, "Greet every ſinner who comes "with ſilver." It was going out of their way to call at the Grange, but the Predicador could not reſiſt the temptation of fetching this compaſs, that he might dine at a houſe belonging to the order, and above all, that he might ſee his beloved Friar Gerund, though they had ſo lately parted.

As much as Friar Gerund rejoiced at the ſight of his friend, ſo much did Father Prudentio grieve at the troubleſome viſit, fearing that if he left them to talk together alone, the hare-brained Predicador would deſtroy all that, according to his way of thinking, Gerund had benefitted in the morning's converſation. He determined therefore, not to loſe ſight

* A ſweetmeat made of almonds, nuts, pine-kernels, and walnuts, toaſted and mixed with honey.

ſight of them a moment till Friar Blas ſhould troop off, which he ſuppoſed he would do directly after dinner; and to expedite matters as much as poſſible, he ordered the lay-brother to warm the remnants of their meal in all haſte, and add a few raſhers of bacon, which is the ready ſuccour for ſudden gueſts, when they come to the taking away the cloth.

Whilſt this was preparing the Majordomo gave them not a little diverſion, who, though he was a mere clown in his breeding, expreſſions, and demeanour, was ſufficiently cunning, and, rather than not, ſomewhat of a wag. He already knew that the father, Maſter Prudentio, was a man much reſpected in the order, for Friar Blas had told him ſo on the road; therefore, as ſoon as he came into the parlour, he made him a moſt reverend obeiſance, ſcraping his left foot ſo far behind him, that he had like to have fallen upon his knee, but yet without offering to move his hat, which was firmly fixed down to his eye-brows, and ſeeing the father ſtill eating ſome of the deſſert, ſaid, "Good afternoon, your eternity *, moſt Reverund Feyther Fliar Maſter, and much good may it do your Revrunce; pray God it be all convarted to fat †." And as ſoon as he had ſpoken, without waiting to be aſked, he laid hold of one of the jugs of wine, which ſtood on a waiter upon the table, in order to drink what they call a St. Victoriano, that is, to toſs it all off, and with a bumkin air of gaiety and

* *Eternity*, *Ternity*, *Trinity*, , &c. uſed by the vulgar for *Paternity*.

* An uſual compliment to any one eating. The Italians ſay, "*Latte e Sangue!*"——i. e. may it be converted to milk and blood!

and freedom, immediately added, "To your health, my reverunt Trinity; add alſo to that of my feyther Precicador, Fliar Bras, who is the flower of notable Perdicators; and alſo to that of that young Fliar, for, the deuce take my enemies, I take him to be a geenus, and think that in time he will come to be another Fliar Bras; and alſo to that of my friend here, the Feyther Farmer Fliar Gregory, for though he is not of the maſs, (no more was his feyther) God bleſs him, yet, at ſheep-fair a whole flock of Feyther Perſentados can't match him in cunning, and in ſhort, nothing comes amiſs to him." Having finiſhed this litany, he laid the jug, which was of a middling ſize, to his mouth and finiſhed that, and, turning it upſide-down on the waiter, threw himſelf on a bench and began ſtretching and yawning with much authority.

Prudentio was much pleaſed with this introduction, and, being a very goodnatured man, ſaid to him, after his draught, in a friendly tone, "Much good do ye, uncle---how do you call yourſelf?" "Baſtian Borrego, an' pleaſe your reverunce;" and at ſaying this he made a motion towards raiſing his hat a little. "Many years of health and happineſs," continued Prudentio "to you, and your ſpouſe, and your children, if you have any." "Ay, and as fair as flowers, thof I ſay it that ſhould not ſay it (replied uncle Baſtian) eſpecially one little one, who has juſt put on the habit of St. John of God, thoſe whom we commonly call water-gruel or ſoup-meagre Fliars*; let him alone, your Reverunce! My word for't he'll do! 'Tis a jewel." "And ſo uncle Baſtian," proceeded Prudentio, "is Majordomo of St. Oroſia?" "And ſo I was," anſwered

* Hoſpitallers, an order deſtined for the care of the ſick.

anſwered Borrego, " of the flaternity of the Sacrament, and of the Croſs, and of All-ſouls; and there is now nothing wanting, but that they lay that of St. Roque upon my ſhoulders; which they will not fail to do, for troubles were made for the poor." " According to that you think it a trouble to ſerve the Saints ?" replied the Father Maſter. " As to the Saints, our Feyther, it is good to ſarve them; but the caſe is, according to my poor imagination, that in theſe Majordomoſhips o' my ſins, the Saints are ſerved but little, and the brethren much. If not, tell me, your Reverunce what great ſarvice it is of to the Saints that a poor fellow like me ſhould ſpend in each of the Majordomoſhips ſixty reals in wine, twenty in cake, ten in nuts, all out of brotherly love; without reckoning the wax, and the dinner for the Revrunt the Clargy, and the payment of the Preacher, which all together makes ſuch a ſtroke as raiſes a weal above an hundred and twenty reals high. The three laſt articles indeed may paſs, as Church-matters; but then the wine for the Brethren! When there are ſome men who will ſuck you half a dozen quarts *! And the cake, and the nuts, by way of whet! 'tis too much. And to this let your Trinity add the dance in the evening at the Majordomo's door, which often laſts till late at night, eſpecially if the Tabor-and-pipe-man touches upon the tune which we call the Frighten-flea-tune. Will your Reverunce tell me this conduces to the ſarvice either of God or the Saints ?"

" I cannot think indeed (ſaid Friar Prudentio) that they are much ſerved by this, and therefore I do not

* *Dos quartillas*, two quarter parts of an *arroba* containing eight *azumbres*, or twelve Engliſh quarts.

not approve of it. But if my uncle Baſtian knows that Majordomoſhips and Fraternities are but a pretext for drunken bouts, why has he any thing to do with them?" Why have I any thing to do with them! A choice queſtion by my truly! One may ſee plain enough that your Reverunce has been buried in your ſtudy amongſt your books, and knows not what paſſes in the world. Our Feyther, it is neceſſary for us who live in towns to belong to flaternities, becauſe——becauſe, it is neceſſary, and I ſay no more, for——a word to the wiſe, you know. Beſides this reaſon, which weighs half an hundred, there comes a Fliar every now and then, and does ſo ſet forth the undulgences of a flaternity! Then comes another, and preaches ſuch things upon the prayers we make for the poor dead ſouls, that if a man does not believe them, away they carry him the Lord knows where, or what becomes of him *; and if he *does* believe them, and does *not* act accordingly, they hold him for a *Jew*.

"But though you belong to fraternities," ſaid Prudentio, "they cannot oblige you to be Majordomo." "They can't oblige me to be Majordomo!" anſwered uncle Borrego; "if your Reverunce knows no more of tology than of flaternities I would not change knowledge with you. What reaſon is there, divine or human, that when I have drank of the wine, and eat of the cake of my brethren, they ſhould not eat and drink of mine? Beſides this, if I partake of the undulgencies and the benefit of the prayers, I muſt likewiſe partake the expence. For, pray, is there nothing more required than the belonging only to a flaternity, in order

* In the Inquiſition.

order to one's dying well or ill as God ſhall help one, and juſt popping one's head into pulgatory, and coming out again with all the eaſe in the world, without it's coſting one ſo much as it does any other poor ſoul? Much worſhip, much coſt; many words will not fill a buſhel; if we go to bowls we muſt take rubbers."

"But if the member of a fraternity goes to Hell, ſaid Prudentio, what will the prayers and indulgencies avail him?" "Ay, there," anſwered uncle Baſtian, "there your Reverunt Eternity has hit the mark, and one ſees that you are a tologer; and I, who am not one, have often put this difficult queſtion to many Feyther Preachers, and in truth they never knew how to ſolve it clearly. The flaternities affording nothing but prayers and undulgences, are of uſe only to thoſe who are in a ſtate of grace, but are of no avail to put one in that ſtate, unleſs it be by very round-about ways. Then, ſays I, in the name of God and the King, how much better are thoſe flaternities which are called conjurations?" "Congregations, you would ſay, uncle Baſtian," interrupted Prudentio. "Never mind bowels and ſynnables, your Revrunce; for if we underſtand one another, we underſtand one another, and every man ſneezes as God helps him. I ſay, how much better are theſe conjurations, or congrigations, or whatever they are, which oblige one to ſweep one's conſcience clean, confeſſing and communicating very often, as if one ſhould ſay, every month, or on the principal feſtivals, which give a chriſtian rules for living honeſtly, in which there are no majordomo-ſhips nor deviltry of charity and entertainments, and which in ſhort are a means to deliver a man from hell, when the utmoſt the others pretend to, is to take him out of pulgatory? Now I ſay, our feyther, that

that when I am once in pulgatory I ſhall ſartainly, ſooner or later, without their help, get out of it; but *In enferno mula es enrentio* [*In inferno nulla eſt redemptio*], and ſure enough the office or maſs of ſouls which the flaternities ſay for the departed brethren cannot drag me out of it."

The good Father Maſter was much entertained by the converſation of uncle Baſtian, for through his ruſticity he could diſcover that the man did not want humour and underſtanding. Deſirous therefore of hearing him talk farther he aſked him, who it was that in his town of Little Jaca or Jacarilla had founded the fraternity of St. Oroſia, as it appeared to him ſomething extraordinary; for though he had ſeen many fraternities of the Sacrament, of Souls, of St. Roque, and St. Blas, and other Saints, yet he had never ſeen or heard any thing of St. Oroſia, as this Saint, though ſo great, was but little known in Caſtile. "To this, Revrunt Feyther, I muſt anſwer," ſaid uncle Baſtian, ſtretching forth his hand, and taking a pinch of his own accord out of the box which the father maſter juſt then opened, "to this I muſt anſwer that, every city has its wonber, and evéry rogue his Saint. The parſon of our pariſh is an Arragonian, born and chriſtened in the city of Jaca, which they ſays lies away yander, hard by the country of the Moors: And by the way I muſt tell your Revrunce that he won't have us call him *Signior* Guillen (for that is his name) but *Moſen* Guillen, for that he ſays is the cuſtom in his country; and ſure enough at firſt we all laughed heartily at it; for this *Moſen*, ſounding like *Moſes* ſeemed to us to have a ſmack of the Jew." No, no, ſaid Prudentio: it is a very old Spaniſh word, taken from the Arabic, expreſſive of *my Signior*, and ſtill preſerved in Arragon as the diſtinctive and reſpectful title

title of the Prieſts." "Well then," proceeded Baſtian, "this Prieſt of ours is a Saint (and of that would I make oath before the face of God) and becauſe, he ſays, that in the city of Jaca, where he was born, they have the greateſt devotion to St. Oroſia who is their Patroneſs, he alſo has the greateſt devotion to her; and as our pariſh is called Little Jaca, he preached us a ſarmunt (and good Lord! what a ſarmunt did he preach us!) in which he told us that it would be right that we ſhould have the ſame Patroneſs as great Jaca, for that God and the Saints were no reſpecters of ſtatures; and I remember that he brought a text from Jeſabel, anointing David King"—"*Samuel*, the preacher muſt have ſaid" interrupted Prudentio—"Samuel or Jeſabel, for it is all one in the ſight of God," continued honeſt Baſtian, "to whom his Majeſty * ſaid that he ſhould not regard his ſtature, whether great or ſmall, and he directly ſaid it in Latin ſo clear and pat to the purpoſe that even my little Coney underſtood it, for ſo my wife is called, Barthola Coney, to ſarve God and your Trinity. In ſhort he told us ſuch, and ſo great things of the grorious Saint, that on that very day a veſtry was was called, and there we all voted with incontinence that ſhe ſhould be Patroneſs of the town; and moreover we founded a flaternity, into which almoſt all the neighbours entered; and laſt of all we bound ourſelves in on obrigation before the notary to make a feſtival every year to the bleſſed ſaint---and let us alone for that; for truſt me, your Revrunce, there's ne'er a more famous one in all the country round about. And as I was ſaying, every Majordomo ſtrives

* That is, God's Majeſty; often thus brought in by the vulgar after the name of God has been mentioned.

ſtrives to bring the toppingeſt preacher in all the neighbourhood; and ſo in the three years ſince the flaternity was founded, the firſt that preached was a Feyther Definder, who ſoared out of ſight; the ſecond was one of thoſe ſenior Feythers who are called—who are called—what a head!—who are called—'tis ſomething like Giblets"—"Jubilated Fathers," ſaid Prudentio—"Ay, ay, a Gibleted Feyther," continued Baſtian, "and o' my conſcience he was a very Eagle: And this year, which is the third, and it has fallen upon me to be Majordomo, I directly clapped my eye upon our Feyther Fliar Bras; for when I heard the ſarmunt of St. Benedict upon the Hill at Cevico de la Torre, that momunt I marked un for my own, and ſaid within myſelf, ha, I ſee thou art a brave cock! and if I ſarve the flaternity, pleaſe God, ſuch a bold bird ſhan't eſcape me."

Juſt now entered the lay-brother Gregory with the victuals, and Prudentio almoſt repented that he had made ſuch haſte towards diſpatching his gueſts, as he took great pleaſure in the converſation of uncle Baſtian. But yet as it was outweighed by the inconveniences he feared from the Predicador Mayor if he and Gerund ſhould talk together alone, he purſued his firſt idea of haſtening their meal and diſpatching them as ſoon as it was ended, and therefore gave orders aloud to Gregory that whilſt the gentlemen were eating he ſhould give their horſes a feed of corn that they might be ready for them ſoon.

The Friar eat like a Farmer, and the Farmer eat like a Friar; and as ſoon as Prudentio could put in a queſtion with any tolerable hope of an anſwer, he aſked Baſtian how the preachers were to talk about a Saint who was ſo little known? "As to that,

that, our Feyther" ſaid the uncle, " our Moſen Guillen takes care; for your Revrunce is to know that they ſent un from Great Jaca an heap of ſarmunts as high as this (lifting his hand half a yard from the table) all in print, as would amaze one. It ſeems as how theſe ſarmunts are all copies of one which a fliar compoſed for St. Oroſia, in order to preach it in the city of Jaca; yet in the end it happened, I know not upon what account, that he did not preach it. But the fliar, who they ſay is a deſpret man for ſarcumſtances and one of the braveſt preachers in all that country, thof he did not preach the ſarmunt, printed it; and as he has a great friendſhip with Moſen Guillen, he ſent un the heap I ſpoke of; and Moſen Guillen, as ſoon as a Majordomo is choſe, gives un a copy for un to give to the preacher whom he invites, by way of ſample and direction. But to your Ternity's health, my Revrunt Feyther; " let us moiſten the word;" and in ſaying this he laid a luſty flagon to his lips.

" Thank you, uncle;" replied Prudentio, and continued, ſaying, " To be ſure this ſermon muſt be ſomething very extraordinary, and without doubt gives great information concerning St. Oroſia?" " As to me, our Feyther," anſwered the good Borrego, licking his lips after his draught and wiping his whiſkers with the back of his hand, " I am but a poor ſimpleton who can neither write nor read, and do not underſtand it; but a ſon of mine, who is a Lynx, though but eighteen years old, and can already read law-hand, read it one evening to my Coney and me, and it ſeemed to us to contain very deep things. It is unpoſſible for God but that the ſarmunt muſt be one of the moſt ſtupenjuſteſt ſarmunts which were ever preached in the world, becauſe

becauſe your Revrunce may obſerve that beſides its being printed and publiſhed, it—but if your Trinity has a mind to read it, leave it to me, for I will aſk Moſen Guillen for one and bring it to you when I return from accompanying our Feyther Predicador Mayor back to his own convunt."

"There is no occaſion for that," ſaid Friar Blas, "for I will give your Paternity the copy that the Majordomo preſented to me which I have with me in my wallet, for I was ſo delighted with reading it that I did not know how to put it out of my hand, and by the mere reading it I have it as if were by heart. It is one of the greateſt ſermons I ever read in my life." "And does it take notice of all the circumſtances?" aſked Friar Gerund eagerly. "Let me drink a health to our Father Maſter, and then I will anſwer thee." Friar Blas took a draught equal to that of the Majordomo, and wiping his mouth with deliberation and authority proceeded; "Does he take notice of all the circumſtances! Not a ſingle one is there but what he brings in. But how? He takes notice of the ſituation in which the church of Jaca ſtood; he takes notice of its coat of arms; he takes notice of that of the ſignior biſhop who was at that time; he takes notice of the number of the regidors of the city; he takes notice of the women who formerly defended it againſt the Moors; and though it is true that no one heard the ſermon, becauſe it was not preached, yet as it was compoſed in order to be heard, he takes notice of the infinite number of thoſe who might have heard it; and laſtly he takes notice of the number of thoſe who carried the canopy over the hoſt, which was eight. And all with texts ſo appoſite, opportune, and literal as is aſtoniſhing, and it ſeems almoſt like an impoſſibility

that

that any mortal genius ſhould have arrived to ſuch a pitch of excellence. This, this is preaching! or rather, in the preſent caſe, This is compoſing ſermons! for every thing elſe is ſtuff!" And in a tranſport upon ſaying this he ſtruck the palm of his hand upon the table with ſuch vehemence as wanted little of overturning all the crockery which ſtood upon it; and as to the flagon, a faith-worthy author aſſerts that it would infallibly have gone to the ground had it not been inſtantly embraced by the hands of the vigilant Sebaſtian Borrego.

Ages did the minutes ſeem to the bleſſed Friar Gerund till he read a ſermon ſo much extolled by ſuch a man as the Predicador Mayor, whom he eſteemed the moſt redoubted Scare-chriſtian that dignified the pulpit in that age. He was burſting to aſk him for it, and had already brought the requeſt to the very tip of his tongue, where it ſtood quivering with eager impatience to depart, when he was with-held by reſpect to the Father Maſter, to whom the other had made the offer of it; to this reſpect was likewiſe added ſome little fear, which he had conceived till he ſhould know what opinion his Paternity would form of this Sermon, eſpecially as he had obſerved certain geſtures of diſpleaſure in his Reverence, whilſt Friar Blas was inſiſting on the perfection and punctuality with which the author had taken notice of all the circumſtances.

Indeed ſo little was this to the taſte of the ſenſible Prudentio, that he broke out with ſaying, "I accept the offer of the Sermon which the Predicador makes me, only by way of diverting myſelf with it, and pitying the compoſer of it; for as to any thing elſe, it is plain from what the Predicador ſays, there is no occaſion to read it, eſpecially

pecially to know that it muſt be an heap of abſurdities and puerilities, and that it has nothing of a Sermon but the title and ſubject. Sermons of *Circumſtances!* and of *ſuch* Circumſtances! Surely there never was a madneſs more deplorable, more ſhameful, more unworthy the chair of the Holy Spirit, or which more expoſes the folly of the Preacher, the depraved taſte of the audience, and the profound ignorance both in one and the other of true eloquence. In Spain only is this ſcandalous ſtupidity practiſed; and even in Spain it did not take place till towards the latter part of the laſt century, when the pulpit began to be profaned with theſe ridiculous indecencies by certain Merry-Andrews, Puppet-ſhew-men, or Poetaſters in proſe, applauded as great preachers by the ignorance of the vulgar. You cannot ſhew me a ſingle Sermon of thoſe, which are called *circumſtanced*, of a more ancient date. All foreign nations turn us into ridicule (and the worſt of the affair is, that we richly deſerve it) for this impertinent, puerile, mad extravagance.

"A Sermon of Circumſtances! How ſhould there be any circumſtance in a Sermon than that of preaching of the Saint, of the Myſtery, or of the ſubject which is propoſed to be treated on? What connection has it with the virtues of St. Oroſia, that the cathedral of Jaca be in this or that ſituation? That it be called by this name or the other? That the arms of the Biſhop be a Lion, or an Oſtridge? That the Church has for its bearing, two keys with two doors, or two arks without locks? Whether the Regidors of the city be nine or nineteen? Whether the Canopy was ſupported by eight, or eight hundred, if it were poſſible? And finally, what could St. Oroſia have to do with,

or

or what glory could accrue to her from, the women of Jaca's having defended the city againſt the Moors, when this event happened many years before ever there was a St. Oroſia in the world! Do any of theſe things conduce towards forming an high conception of the merit of the Saint, a great idea of her power, a lively confidence in her protection, or an excitement to the imitation of her heroic virtues, which is, or ought to be, the whole buſineſs of a panegyrical Sermon?

"The maſters of ſacred eloquence, or even of profane, were never betrayed into ſuch impertinences. Is there to be found, even the moſt diſtant likeneſs of them in the ſermons, the homilies, or the panegyricks of the holy Fathers? Did Cicero or Quintilian ever give into ſuch ridiculous follies? If an advocate in his pleading in a court of juſtice ſhould make a circumſtance of the arms of the judge, the ornaments of the bench, the vaulting of the roof, or any ſuch fopperies, would he be ſuffered to proceed in his harangue? Would he not be ſent to finiſh it to the inhabitants of the Madhouſe? How then, in the name of God and Reaſon, ſhould this be tolerated in a Preacher? How ſhould he be applauded, how ſhould he be celebrated for it? How ſhould not his praiſes be converted into his hiſſes, and a ſtorm of hats and caps aſſail him in default of cabbage-ſtalks and rotten eggs?—But this required a more leiſurely diſcuſſion, and is not well timed at preſent. Well, now, gentlemen, you have finiſhed your meal and have got five leagues to go to Jacarilla: Here, Gregory, bring out the gentlemen's horſes: Brother Blas, pray leave me this curious Sermon for my entertainment, and there is no time to be loſt, for it is growing late."

For

For his ſins was the poor Majordomo let into a ſecret, at endeavouring to riſe from the table, which was, that it was out of his power; for his head weighed too much for his body to ſupport. The caſe was, that whilſt the zealous Father Prudentio had heen vehemently preaching againſt the preachers who loſe their time in taking notice of ridiculous circumſtances, the good Uncle Baſtian had not loſt his time in courting the flagon, and, repeating his draughts, which were all in folio, the wine had done its office; ſo that when he attempted to riſe from his ſeat he fell between the table and the form, having the misfortune to ſtrike his head againſt the corner of the latter, and receive a wound, which ran like a tap. Nothing was now to be done, but to dreſs and bind up his broken pate, have him carried to bed by four of the hinds, and give him till the next morning to recover from his trance *.

Prudentio much lamented this untoward accident, becauſe it was now unavoidable that Gerund and his beloved Predicador Mayor ſhould be together; but he determined not to leave them a ſingle inſtant by themſelves: and whilſt he was ſcheming ſome method of entertaining them, the foul fiend, who never

* If we obſerve that this Sebaſtian Borrego is not introduced as any extraordinary and uncommon character, but rather as a ſpecimen for the deſcription of the people of his claſs, and recollect that he ſays ſome of his brethren will ſuck half a dozen quarts of wine, we may find reaſon to think the general notion of Spaniſh ſobriety is a miſtake, and ſubſcribe to their proverb, uſed ſomewhere in the foregoing part of this work, that, All the world is country, i. e. That the vulgar of all countries will drink to exceſs when they drink at free-coſt.

never ſleeps, contrived that the arch-prieſt of that diſtrict, the parſon of a neighbouring pariſh, ſhould juſt then come to viſit him, and who, ſoon after the firſt compliments were paid, ſaid that, with the leave of his company, he had ſomething to conſult upon in private with his Reverence.

CHAP. II.

Friar Blas and Friar Gerund go to take a walk; and of the ridiculous rules for preaching given to the latter by the former with all his five ſenſes.

HIS Reverence's company could not at that time have formed a wiſh more to their hearts' content; and therefore, without waiting for a ſecond hint, they take their hats and ſticks and ſally forth into the fields, fully reſolved not to be houſed again 'till late in the evening. Before all things the Predicador Mayor would fain read to his beloved Sabatine the ſermon he was to preach for St. Oroſia, which he carried cloſely buttoned up in his breaſt, aſſuring him that of all the ſermons he ever compoſed it was one of thoſe which were moſt to his ſatisfaction. But Friar Gerund told him that there would be time enough to read the ſermon, and that he had then a thouſand things to ſay to him which he would not by any means ſhould be forgotten; eſpecially, that as Opportunity was bald behind it was neceſſary to take her by the forelock, ſince they might not have the happineſs of being alone together again for a long time. He then dealt out to him all the converſation which had paſſed in the morning with the Father Maſter; what he had told him of the faculties in which every good orator ought

to be (at leaſt tolerably) informed; the neceſſity of reading the Holy Fathers, and in default of that, the method of ſupplying it by the attentive peruſal of ſome good and choſen volumes of ſermons; thoſe which he had particularly pointed out, which were the compoſitions of St. Thomas de Villanueva, Friar Lewis de Grenada, and the Father Vieyra; and finally the rules, which, at his requeſt, he had offered to give him for the rightly compoſing all kinds of ſermons.

"Well, and what didſt thou think of all that the pious Greybeard ſaid to thee?" "What do you ſuppoſe, Sir, I could think," anſwered Gerund, "but that there is nothing but lees left in this old caſk? How ſhould a dotard do otherwiſe than dote?" "Well now, to ſave long ſending and proving, ſince there is no contradicting experience, and that thou may'ſt ſee how ſenſeleſsly this old man talks, hear one plain and ſimple, but at the ſame time, convincing, argument: I have ſtudied none of thoſe faculties which he ſays are ſo neceſſary in order to be a good preacher. I have never read of the Holy Fathers more than what I meet with of them in the portions of the Breviary, and in the ſingle ſermons I happen to light upon, or the few collections I make uſe of: I don't know that I have ſeen ſo much as the binding of the volumes of St. Thomas de Villanueva; as to thoſe of Friar Lewis de Granada, the devil take me if I ever read a ſingle line; and of Vieyra only I have read ſome ſermons, becauſe I am much pleaſed with his acuteneſs. Now this being ſo, I aſk thee, Doſt thou think before God and in thy conſcience that I preach decently?" "What do you mean by decently?" aſked Gerund with great quickneſs; "I never in my life have heard, nor do I believe I ever ſhall hear

hear a preacher equal to you." "Therefore to preach well," concluded Friar Blas, "there is no occaſion for all this ſtuff, with which the old almanac of a Prudentio would teaze thy heart out."

"The argument is unanſwerable," ſaid the candid Friar Gerund; "and ſo I now, my dear Father, give you my ſolemn word never to mind any thing he ſays. My Guide, my Tutor, my Maſter, and, as they ſay, my Pulpit-Godfather, ſhall be You, and you only; your counſel ſhall be my oracle, your will my precept, and never will I depart a jot from whatever you ſhall teach me. Therefore, as the afternoon is yet young, and the occaſion cannot be more happy, pray give me ſome clear, ſhort, intelligible rules, ſuch as I may eaſily remember, for the compoſing well all ſorts of ſermons: for though we have often ſpoken upon this, that, and the other point relating to the ſubject, yet we have never treated of it conſecutively, and, as they ſay, upon principles." "With all my heart," ſaid the Predicador; "hear me then attentively and without interruption.

"The firſt rule: The choice of books. Every good preacher ſhould have in his cell, or at leaſt in the library of his convent, the following books: The Bible, Concordance, Polianthea or Theatrum Vitæ humanæ of Beyerlink, Theatre of the Gods, Faſti by Maſculus, or Pagan Kalendar of Maſejan, Mythology of Natalis Comes, Aulus Gellius, Symbolical World of Picinelus, and, above all, the Poets Virgil, Ovid, Martial, Catullus, and Horace: as to ſermons there is need only of the Florilegium Sacrum, which is in itſelf an India.

"The ſecond rule"—"Stop Sir," interrupted Gerund, "would it not be right to add ſome expoſitor, or Holy Father?" "Don't be ſilly; there

is no ſort of occaſion for them. Whenever thou would'ſt ſupport any poſition or thought of thy own by the authority of any Holy Father, ſay roundly at once, Thus ſays the Eagle of Doctors, thus the Golden mouth, thus the Honey-comb of Milan, thus the Oracle of Seleucia; and put in the mouth of St. Auguſtin, St. John Chryſoſtom, St. Ambroſe, or St. Baſil, whatever thou haſt a mind, for theſe two reaſons; firſt, becauſe no one will go to look for and compare the citation; ſecondly, becauſe though what thou ſayeſt never entered into the heads of the Holy Fathers, yet it might have entered them. As to expoſitors, never mind them; but expound thou the ſcripture juſt as thou pleaſeſt, or as it turns moſt to account, for thou haſt as much authority to interpret it as they. Whether Cornelius ſays this, or Barradas that, or Maldonado the other, what is it to thee? And in ſhort, becauſe I know it is neceſſary to cite many expoſitors, in order to appear a well-read and ſcriptural man, I would not prevent thy citing them whenever thou pleaſeſt; I rather adviſe thee to cite them by wholeſale; but in order to cite them it is by no means neceſſary to read them, and therefore do by them as thou doſt by the Holy Fathers, father on them whatever thou wilt, taking great care that the Latin has no ſoleciſms in it, and, my word for it, they will never diſcover the baſtardy by thy face. One expoſitor only I would recommend to thee to have always at hand, and that is Silveyra, for he is admirable at ſifting a thing to the bottom; and if thou wanteſt to prove that night is day, or black white, thou wilt ſcarcely fail of finding in him wherewith to ſupport it.

" The third rule: Let the title or ſubject of the ſermon be always ſomething jocular, or ſonorous, or

or profeſſional, or theatrical, or quibbling. I will give thee ſome examples that thou may'ſt the better underſtand me. 'The amorous Triumph, ſacred Hymeneals, feſtive Epithalamium, &c.' the title of a ſermon preached on a certain nun's taking the veil; by the ſame token, the preacher in the firſt head of his diſcourſe made her a Stag, and in the ſecond a Lion, two animals figured in the arms of her family. Theſe are titles! Theſe are ſubjects! This is invention! If in the family-coat had been deſcribed an Hippogriff, the preacher would as eaſily have accommodated it to the religious profeſſion; for men of genius are your true chemiſts, who from every thing extract the precious. Hear three other admirable titles of a different caſt; 'The dolorous Parentation, funeral Oration, ſorrowful Epicedium,' at the interment of another nun of great rank; and though the orator took no determinate ſubject, but only poetically hiſtorified the life of his excellent heroine, he did it ſo conformably to the rules of that art *, that he never departed from them in the phraſe, ſcarcely ever loſt ſight of them in the cadence, and ſometimes followed them exactly even in the aſſonance †. Hear, for God's ſake, how he begins the body of the

* The art of poetry.

† Aſſonance, a kind of rhyme, (if it may be called ſo) in Spaniſh poetry, is, when the two laſt vowels of a word are the ſame with thoſe of the word to which it correſponds. Thus Ciélo and Buéno are aſſonant, and Márta and Sánta. In words accented on the laſt ſyllable the laſt vowel only is regarded; Diós and Signiór are aſſonant. In ſlippery or dactylic words the laſt and the antepenultima are the vowels which make the aſſonance, as Máxima and Bárbara, Múſica and Júbilo, Pérfido and Féretro, &c.

oration, and be tranſported, if thou would'ſt not be thought a ſtock or a ſtone. 'Adieu, celeſtial 'choir! Seraphic lilies, ſeen no more! Daughters, 'adieu, beloved of Heaven, and Heaven's Sons; 'adieu, ye conſecrated Swans!'

"I know very well that ſome blockheads condemn theſe cadencies in proſe, and eſpecially if they are aſſonant; endeavouring to perſuade us that verſe is as diſſonant in proſe as proſe in verſe. For this they quote I-know-not-what old-faſhioned fellow of a Signior Longinus, an antiquated, golden-age author, who brands thoſe who uſe this ſtyle as puerile and even ſtupid and ignorant, 'Puerile eſt, 'immo tardi rudiſque ingenii, ſolutam orationem 'inamena verſus harmonia contexere.' But what ſignifies it that Longinus ſays ſo? Or what account are we to make of a man who might perhaps have been the third or fourth deſcendant from him who pierced Chriſt's ſide with the ſpear *? Beſides Longinus wrote in Greek, and they who tranſlated him into Latin and thence into French may have raiſed a thouſand falſe teſtimonies againſt him. Laſtly, how can that which ſounds well to all the world be diſſonant?—But let us proceed with the titles and ſubjects.

'Weep, Woman, and thou ſhalt conquer:' A ſermon on the tears of the Magdalen. What can be more divine than the being able to repreſent the bitter weeping of the moſt penitent ſinner by the title, and even the jocular and amorous ſentences, of one of the moſt profane comedies? Theſe perfections are not to be taſted by low ſouls. Lazarillo de Tormes: a ſermon preached in the fourth week in

* The name of the man who pierced our Saviour is ſaid to have been Longinus.

in Lent, commonly called Lazarus's week, before a certain religious community; in which every trick, fetch, plot and device, every piece of knavery and buffoonery of that famous and witty raſcal was accommodated with inimitable propriety to the reſurrection of Lazarus, which the preacher had taken for his ſubject. 'The greateſt in the leaſt:' a ſermon preached on St. Francis de Paula, without ever departing from that moſt ſuitable quibble, which ſeemed born for the purpoſe. If, in ſhort, thou would'ſt arrive at the very quinteſſence of ſubjects, thou haſt nothing to do but to imitate thoſe of the juſtly celebrated Florilegium, which indeed ought to be thy model for every thing. There thou wilt meet with, 'The Joy of ſuffering, 'in the ſuffering of Joy,' on the joyous griefs of the Holy Virgin: 'The Royal State of Reaſon, 'againſt the chimerical Reaſon of State: The 'Light of Darkneſs in the Darkneſs of Light: 'The Happineſs of Misfortune in the Misfortune 'of Happineſs; and ſo of almoſt all the ſubjects of that never-ſufficiently-to-be-praiſed genius and ſurpriſing monſter of predicatorial excellence. If any whey-faced ſour critic, or crabbed chriſtian, would perſuade thee, as many have endeavoured to perſuade me, that ſuch ſort of ſubjects and titles, beſides having no grace, or ſavour, or trace of true ingenuity, are puerile, mad, wanton, and quite foreign to the ſerioufneſs, gravity, and majeſty with which all matters ſhould be handled in the pulpit, never ſet thyſelf about diſputing with them, but, making them a low bow, leave them to enjoy their opinion as much as they will, and do thou follow thy own. Becauſe, even ſuppoſing them to have reaſon on their ſide, they who know it are but

four, and they who are delighted with theſe things are four hundred thouſand.

" The fourth rule: Let thy ſtyle be always pompous, ſwollen, briſtling with Greek or Latin, altiſonant, and with as graceful a cadence as poſſible. Avoid moſt ſedulouſly vulgar and common words, however proper; for if the preacher ſpeaks from an High place, and in an High voice, it is but reaſonable that his expreſſion likewiſe ſhould be High. Thou haſt an illuſtrious model in the author of the Florilegium, and by ſtudying his phraſes alone thou wilt form ſuch a ſtyle as will overwhelm thy audience with wonder and delight. Silence thou ſhouldſt call *Taciturnities of the lip*; to praiſe, *to panegyrize*; the ſight, *viſual attingence of objects*; never ſay Habitation, for ſo any clown would ſpeak, ſay *Habitacle*, and leave it to me to anſwer for it; *to exiſt* is vulgar, *exiſtential nature* is a great thing. That the original crime is conveyed down by ſin, we hear at every turn; but that it is traduced by the fomes of ſin, beſides being more ſonorous, is more Latin, and more obſcure; and perhaps there may not be wanting ſome fool who may think that the firſt crime was committed in Hebrew, and that a writer called Fomes tranſlated * it into Spaniſh. I have ſome little doubt indeed that the propoſition (ſaving the beauty of the phraſe) is an abſurdity; for the original crime is not conveyed down by ſin, but by nature, which was corrupted by it. But let this be as it will; for as I am very little of a Theologiſt I don't care to meddle with what I do not underſtand. Be careful never to ſay Aaron's Rod, leſt they ſhould take it for

* Traducir; in its moſt common ſenſe, means, to tranſlate.

for the rod of ſome bum-bruſhing pedagogue; in ſaying The Aaronitiſh Wand, the imagination is elevated to an idea of necromantic power. Twinkling Nature, it is plain, ſounds better than Short-ſighted Nature, which ſeems to be pitifully begging a pair of ſpectacles as an alms. Theſe examples are ſufficient to ſhew thee the ſort of phraſes thou ſhouldſt ſtudy and imitate in the Florilegium: by this means thou wilt form the politeſt ſtyle in the eaſieſt manner; and a ſermon intirely compoſed in it, its real value conſidered, (though we are circumſcribed to the meagre allowance of a Major-domo) there is not gold enough in the whole world to pay for.

Of what importance is it that the illuſtrious Signior Valero in his celebrated paſtoral letter—and I cannot imagine for what it was ſo praiſed by the moſt learned men in the kingdom—has made a ſevere ſatire againſt the elevated ſtyle in ſermons, eſpecially when employed by men, who, it ſhould ſeem, from their auſtere profeſſion and mortified appearance, would never open their mouths, either in the pulpit or out of it, but to pronounce Bones, Sculls, Sulphur, and Satan? I do not remember his exact words, but I know they are very like theſe:

"What a thing it is to ſee come up into a pulpit a preacher, ſhrouded rather than cloathed, in a ſtrait ſack of moſt harſh texture girded with a knotted cord, from which in imagination the very touch ſhrinks with horror; a large, coarſe, pyramidal hood drawn over the head down to the eyes; a ſtreaming, portentous beard, diſcoloured by the hoarineſs of age, the viſage half ſwallowed up in that gloomy grove, and the remainder pale, wan, emaciated by rigorous faſts and watchings; the eyes ſunk to the very concavities of the brain, as if

fearfully retiring from profane objects, and ſilently imploring, "Keep us, Lord, from the vanities of the world!"—What a thing, I ſay, it is to ſee this living ſkeleton elevated to the pulpit, frightening by his appearance even thoſe who are not timorous, propoſing the ſubject of his ſermon with airy pomp, tucking back the ſleeve from his naked arm up to the very elbow, and diſcovering a black, ſhrivelled ſkin, hung looſely over the hard bone, and then to break forth in this or the like manner:

"Potent protection of delighted Spain, celebrious colony from Latium ſprung, idea of renowned conſuls clarified, and glory of the Arevacian tribes, what is this! What is this, ſweet emulation of the globe, ſworn queen of the Carpentanian mountains, in whoſe illuſtrious ſkirts the proſpect of profound concavities ſurrounds thee, &c.

"Muſt not the audience be ſcandalized (proceeds this pragmatical prelate) at hearing from this moving corpſe ſuch florid, ſwollen, and pompous phraſes, and, when they were expecting to be terrified by an idea of the heinouſneſs of their ſins, or to be inflamed with ardently-devout affections from lips buried in the thicket of that penitential beard, to be ſet a ſtaring by ſuch ridiculous bombaſt as would be ſcarcely tolerable even on the ſtage? If on the ſtage a player ſhould appear, with his nicely powdered perriwig, his gayly-feathered hat, cockaded with a knot of diamonds, embroidered waiſtcoat and correſponding coat, ſtockings with ſpangled clocks, neat ſhoes and brilliant buckles, his ſword with an hilt of gold and cane headed with the ſame metal, Paris chitterlin and ruffles exquiſitely wrought, and he himſelf of heroic ſtature, pleaſing figure, engaging features, and in the bloom of youth, health, and ſtrength, placed alone in the central point of view,

view, giving negligently ſome little affected adjuſtments to his dreſs, and, in act to ſpeak, airily fix his hat upon his head, and make to the expecting audience ſome ſuch beginning of a ſpeech as this,

> Now that the Fate, O Lord! with ruthleſs eye
> Would to my life her ſteel's dread edge apply,
> Now, now, that proſtrate on this bed I groan,
> Uncertain if to ſee another Sun——

Could there be hiſſes enough muſtered for him from all the muſquetry? would not the apples and oranges fly at him from the very boxes? would he not be thought fit by the ſuper-intendant for a place in Bedlam? Certainly he would. As much a madman therefore is the Capuchin who is a player in the pulpit, as the comedian who ſhould preach upon the ſtage. And the ſame is to be underſtood of every prieſt of whatever profeſſion he may be, as the example of a Capuchin in particular, was given only from the eſpecial incongruity there is in his mortified appearance and ſuch ridiculous affectations."

"Such is the ſubſtance of what this Signior Biſhop ſays; but what ſubſtance is there in all this? The wicked compariſon he makes between the preacher and the player is not to the point, however convincing it may appear; becauſe if on the ſtage are repreſented the lives of Saints and ſacramental acts in verſe, why may not there be preached in the pulpit tales and hiſtorical ſongs in proſe? What will they anſwer me! What will they anſwer me to this retort!

"There is another ſtyle, which, without being ſo much elevated in expreſſion, gives great delight by its cadencies, and few indeed are the hearers,

(let

(let Longinus and all deſcendants in a right line from the Hang-dogs who murdered Chriſt, ſay what they will) but what are raviſhed with it. The cadence is of different kinds, one of poetical meaſure, lyric or heroic; the other conſiſts in a certain correſpondence which the ſecond part of the clauſe has with the firſt, as, if the firſt finiſhes in *onte* the ſecond muſt end in *unte*; if the termination of one is in *irles*, that of the other muſt be *arles*; if this ends with Tamborlán, that muſt end with Mathuſalém. A few examples will—" But here was the parlous Predicador interrupted by the moſt unwelcome arrival of one of the farmer's hinds, running quite out of breath, and telling them, as faſt as he could, that they muſt come back directly, that the Father Maſter had ſent him after them, the Archprieſt having finiſhed his viſit and returned home.

There is no ſaying how much they both lamented this interruption, as they had work cut out for many hours. But as they could not refuſe the Father's call, they were obliged to bend their ſteps homewards; which they did with no very accelerated pace; and by the way Friar Blas made a ſhort repetition of the leſſons given to his diſciple, to imprint them more ſtrongly on his memory, and added that he had yet other, more important rules to give him about the moſt eſſential parts of which a ſermon is compoſed, as, " the exordium, the apoſtrophes, the circumſtances in the ſalutation (which let our Father, or a whole chapter of our Fathers ſay what they will, is the moſt neceſſary, ſuitable, and ingenious thing in the world, and what does moſt credit to a preacher) the eulogy of other preachers who precede or follow you on thoſe occaſions when there is a ſermon every day for a week

week together, the method of diſpoſing and faſhioning theſe eulogies, the key for finding in ſcripture or profane writings the name or office of the Majordomo and oftentimes both together, the uſe of mythology, fables, emblems, and ancient poets, (things which exceedingly adorn an oration), figurative and metaphorical ſubjects, taking them one while from the planets, another from metals, from beaſts, from fiſhes, from birds; for example, to call Chriſt in the Sacrament, the Weſtleſs Sun, or the Sun which never ſets; St. John Chryſoſtom, the Potoſi of the Church, (alluding not only to the mines of that name, but likewiſe to the ſignification of the word Chryſoſtom, which means Golden Mouth); St. Dominic, the Dog-ſtar of his time, in alluſion to the dog by which he was prefigured in his mother's womb *, and to the celebration of his feſtivals happening in the Dog-days; St. Roſa de Lima, the Roſe of the Paſſion †; St. Francis Xavier, the divine Heliotrope, or ſacred Sun-flower, as he followed, in the courſe of his miraculific life, from the Eaſt-Indies to the Weſt, that planet to which this flower is ſaid conſtantly to turn its face; and ſo of the reſt.

" Theſe, and a thouſand other things I had to ſay to thee; but, what's deferred may be reheard; and the Sermons themſelves which thou mayeſt be called

* The Biographers of St. Dominic have made his mother dream that ſhe was delivered of a Dog, with a flaming torch in his mouth, denoting how faithfully he would defend, and brightly illuminate the church.

† Or, what we call, the Perſian flower. St. Roſa, for her extraordinary piety, is ſaid to have had miraculouſly imprinted on her hands, feet, and ſide, the wound-marks of Chriſt.

called to preach will furniſh me with occaſions of telling them to thee. What I now charge thee, is, that thou wilt make no account of the wiſe nonſenſe of our Father Maſter Friar Prudentio, or that of any of his kidney; for theſe men have a taſte as much wrinkled as thin ſkin, and approve only ſuch ſort of Sermons as thoſe of the Theatines.—— Hell open before you, and Chriſt * in your hand." Friar Gerund gave his word that he would not in the minuteſt article depart from his counſels, principles, and maxims, and with this they entered the houſe, where the next chapter will relate what paſſed.

CHAP. III.

Father Prudentio reads the Sermon of St. Oroſia; gives upon this occaſion admirable inſtructions to Friar Gerund, and has his labour for his pains.

IT was not ſo early when they got home but that they found the Father Prudentio with his candle lighted, his ſpectacles mounted on his noſe, the Sermon of St. Oroſia before him, a pinch of ſnuff in one hand, his head reclined upon the other, the box open upon the table, and his features not in the moſt placid form. For, as Friar Blas had told him that he had the ſermon in his wallet, and had made an offer of it to him, as ſoon as he had diſpatched the Archprieſt, and finiſhed reciting his Matins and Laudes for the next day, he went, with the freedom of a ſenior and the authority of a Father Maſter, to rummage the ſaid wallet, preſently found the Sermon, and had ſet himſelf down to read it. But, at the very firſt ſentence, ſuch was the

* The Crucifix.

the diſguſt he conceived, that, had he not been withheld by the mildneſs of his diſpoſition, he would have torn it piecemeal.

Scarcely had he ſeen the two companions enter the room, when looking Friar Blas full in the face, he ſaid to him pretty warmly, "Tell me, Father Predicador, is it poſſible that you ſhould ſo much praiſe this Sermon of St. Oroſia! Indeed by your account of it I ſuſpected how it might be; my heart miſgave me that I ſhould find nothing but nonſenſe in it; but yet I could never imagine I ſhould find it ſo completely abſurd. I know not upon what account the compoſer happened not to preach it, but I know that had I been to give the licence for printing it, he would have waited till doomſday." "Our Father," anſwered the Predicador, with a mixture of diſdain and pity, "I did praiſe that Sermon, I do again praiſe that Sermon, and I do ſay, that all the praiſe, which I can give it, will fall ſhort of what it merits." "But, tell me, ſinner that I am!" exclaimed Prudentio, "is not the very firſt clauſe ſufficient to ſtamp the author for a moſt ſtupid coxcomb? "What, Sirs, are we in Jaca, or in Glory?" All the jut of which puerile and ridiculous entrance conſiſts in its being very like that vulgariſm, to be heard in every wine-houſe, "What, Sirs, are we here or in Xaveca*? In God's name what a ſtart is this, to begin a ſacred oration with in the place where his honour

* What, are we amongſt honeſt men or ſcoundrels? "Thoſe of the Xaveca," is a proverbial expreſſion for all ſorts of blackguards. Xaveca properly ſignifies a fiſhing net; and to the fiſhery on the ſouthern coaſt great numbers of the moſt profligate and arch rogues in Spain reſort.

The X and J have the ſame guttural ſound in Spaniſh.

honour dwelleth! Let us go on. "But who doubts that we are in glory, being in Jaca. For if the place of Glory is Heaven, there is now an Heaven in this place." Can there be more fooliſh quibbles, or a play of words more inſubſtantial?

"And how does he prove that the church of Jaca is ſynonimous to Heaven? Why, by the ſtrangeſt jumble of jumbles, confounding the material Heaven with that of Glory, juſt as it ſeems to him to turn beſt to account. He ſays that this church is Heaven, firſt, becauſe Heaven is called the Church triumphant, and the Church of Jaca is a triumphant Church, becauſe on the ſpot where it ſtands, a victory was gained againſt the Moors, whence it was called, The Field of Victory. According to this reaſoning, the famous Moſque at Damaſcus might in like manner be called, The Moſque Triumphant, as the Moors gained there a victory againſt the Chriſtians. What a ridiculous and extravagant acceptation of the Church Triumphant! which is not called ſo from having been a field of battle, or of the victory of the Saints which compoſe it, but from their triumphing in Heaven after their warfare upon earth. And to be ſure it did not fail to delight me, to ſee him load the margin with a prolix citation from Silveyra, noting the book, the chapter, the ſection, and the paragraph, to prove a thing of ſuch vulgar notoriety, as that Heaven is called the Church Triumphant; like that other blockhead of a Sermon-writer, who ſaid, 'Humility is profoundly called by my Father St. Bernard, Humilitas; as the curious reader may find in his books on Conſideration to Pope Eugenius.'

"The ſecond proof that the Church of Jaca is Heaven, is, becauſe the Sun is Preſident of Heaven, the Perſians call the Sun Mytra, the ſign of the Lion in the Sun's houſe, and the ſignior Biſhop of

of Jaca wears a Mitre, and has a Lion in his Coat of Arms. By this rule, there are more Heavens below the clouds than above them; for there we are told there are but eleven, and here we may reckon eleven thouſand, it being certain, that all Cathedral Churches have Biſhops, all Biſhops wear Mitres, and if the Perſian calls the Sun Mytra, we have here as many Suns as Biſhops, and as many Heavens as Cathedral Churches. It muſt be confeſſed that the proof is ingenious, ſubtle, and concluſive. And what does his Preacherſhip mean by the ſign of the Lion being the Sun's houſe? If he means that it is his own houſe, or one that he has a leaſe of, which is his conſtant and fixed dwelling, it is an abſurdity at which any wine-houſe man, who has a ſheet almanac hung behind the kitchen-door, would laugh. If he calls it the Sun's houſe, becauſe this brilliant poſtilion of the Heavens ſtops in his annual journey for ſome days at the imaginary inn or houſe of this ſign, to give barley of light to his immortal ſteeds, the ſign of the Crab is as much the Sun's houſe as the ſign of the Lion, and any one of the other eleven ſigns at which this illuſtrious traveller ſhall reſt, has an equal right to preſume to the ſame honour.

"The third proof. The church of Jaca is Heaven, becauſe Heaven is called Tyara; and Cartarius ſays, that it has two doors with two keys; the arms of the Cathedral of Jaca are two keys and a tyara. Well then, what have we to do but to declare a Heaven, with the authority of Cartarius? Poor ignorant Prieſt! All Churches, which have no particular arms, uſe thoſe of the Church of Rome (which are a tyara with two keys, denoting its temporal and ſpiritual juriſdiction), to ſignify that they have no other patron than his Holineſs, and that they

they are of the Catholic, Apoſtolic, Roman Communion. Hence the pooreſt Country Church has as much right to be Heaven as the Cathedral of Jaca, and the Father Doctor cuts a bright figure with his impertinent citation of Cartarius. But where he is more pleaſant, is, in the other three reaſons of agreement, which he adds why the Church of Jaca ſhould have the ſame arms as St. Peter's at Rome, the head of all Churches. He ſays that this is, 'either, that not even the ſupreme 'head of the world, Rome, might be able to boaſt 'of greater nobleneſs than the renowned Cathedral 'of Jaca' (it is well he was prevented from preaching this ſermon, as I am certain that for this propoſition alone that illuſtrious and wiſe chapter would have roared the organ, and ſet the dog-whippers, and even the dogs, upon him) 'or becauſe it ſeems 'that the head of the Church ought to have been 'at Jaca, had not St. Peter appointed it at Rome '(now it comes thick and threefold!) or becauſe 'Heaven, the beautiful Republic of ſo much bril-'liant Sapphire, is alone the condign Image of ſo 'reſpectable a Chapter.' Does not this deſerve a condign whipping, or at leaſt a fool's cap and bells?

"But I have done with it; for I have not patience to read any more of ſuch confounded ſtupidity. And this ſermon was printed! And poems were compoſed in its praiſe! And the honeſt parſon of Jacarilla gives it as a model for the preachers of St. Oroſia! And the Father Predicador Mayor ſo much extols this ſermon!" "Ay, Father Maſter," anſwered the Predicador, "I did, I do, and I ſhall praiſe it; for if all ſermons were to be examined with ſuch rigorous exactneſs and minuteneſs, what would become of all the bravery and elegance

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of the pulpit?" "What elegance, or what bravery, o' my ſins!" exclaimed Prudentio. "Is it elegance to ſay as many abſurdities as words? Is it bravery to ſpout hereſies and blaſphemies at every turn? And pray tell me, Friar Blas, what has any thing of this to do with the heroic virtues of St. Oroſia, the powerfulneſs of her patronage, or the imitation of her example, the only ends which the ſacred orator ſhould propoſe to himſelf in his panegyric?"

"Let your Paternity obſerve," ſaid Friar Blas, "that all this is ſaid in the ſalutation, which is deſtined ſolely to the treating on the circumſtances, and has no connection with the body of the ſermon, which is the place for the Eulogies of the Saint, and"—"Stop, Father Predicador," replied Prudentio quickly, "that is to ſay that the head is to have no connection with the body, or the beginning with the middle or the end, and that the foundation is to be in one part and the ſuperſtructure in another. The ſalutation either is or is not a part of the ſermon. If it is not, why is time idly ſpent upon it? If it is, why is it not to have union and connection with the reſt. And where has the Father Predicador read that the ſalutation of a ſermon was deſigned for the flattering of Chapters or Majordomos, for the deluſion of the audience, for quibbles and ribaldry, for puppet-ſhow-work, for bull-feaſt, for dance, for drunkenneſs, and the devil, for which we have the grief to ſee moſt ſalutations ſcandalouſly calculated?

I don't know, Father Maſter, whether I have read it or not," anſwered Friar Blas with much compoſure, "I only know that what is uſed can't be excuſed; that this is the general cuſtom of Spain; and that orators ſhould conform to cuſtom we are

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ſhewn by that rule known even to the children, *Orator patriæ doctum ne ſpreverit uſum.*" "It is plain (replied Prudentio) that the Father Predicador underſtands things only by the ſound, and conſequently no wonder that he forms ſuch ſtrange ideas of them. For, in the firſt place, this rule was not made for thoſe whom we call Orators or Preachers, but for thoſe who ſpeak or pronounce Latin in proſe, which is called *Oration* to diſtinguiſh it from verſe. To theſe it intimates, that when they meet with any word which has no fixed quantity in verſe, but ſome ſyllable in it is long or ſhort at pleaſure, in proſe they ſhould pronounce it always as the intelligent and learned men of their country are accuſtomed to do and not preſume to make themſelves ſingular in contradiction to ſuch cuſtom. And, ſecondly, even though the rule had been addreſſed to thoſe whom we call Preachers, it would not have favoured his intention, for it does not ſay that the preacher is not to deſpiſe any cuſtom whatever, but not to deſpiſe a learned cuſtom, DOCTUM *ne ſpreverit uſum*, that is, the eſtabliſhed, the conformable to reaſon, and the practiſed by men univerſally reputed learned and intelligent in their profeſſions. This is what is properly to be called cuſtom, for every thing elſe is abuſe and corruption. Now then, ſhew me a ſingle orator of Spain, of thoſe I mean whom ſober people eſteem true orators and not crazy fellows, of thoſe who are not ſought out as the Merry-Andrews of the pulpit, of thoſe who deſerve and who acquire the general reputation of wiſe, cultivated, well-informed, and circumſpect men—Shew me, I ſay again, a ſingle one of theſe who follows this curſed cuſtom, who does not deſpiſe, who does not abominate, who does not execrate it; who does

does not commiſerate thoſe who practiſe and praiſe it, or does not make a ridicule both of one and the other; and afterwards we will talk.

" On the contrary, I am ready to ſhew many ſermons, in print and manuſcript, of famous modern orators of Spain, who, having preached on the ſame feſtivals, and with the ſame *circumſtances* (that we are ſurfeited with hearing of!) upon which other preachers played the fool without modeſty and without meaſure, either magnanimouſly deſpiſed them all, without vouchſafing them a ſingle ſyllable, or if they touched upon them it was with an air of ſuch contempt as made the ridiculouſneſs of this abuſe viſible and even riſible to every hearer. I have ſome of theſe ſermons in my cell at home, and have fortunately brought with me one, the ſalutation of which I ſhall inſiſt upon your hearing; 'tis here under the deſk, for I had a deſign to read it to Friar Gerund." Then haſtily remounting his ſpectacles he did emphatical juſtice to this ſalutation, which inveighed againſt the abuſe in queſtion with much the ſame ſort of arguments as the good man had uſed himſelf, and at finiſhing it, turning full upon Friar Blas, ſaid, " Now let the Father Predicador ſee if there are wanting in Spain thoſe who draw the ſword reſolutely againſt the puerile and ignorant cuſtom which he urges. And he is to know that this ſalutation was heard with ſuch applauſe from the numerous and choſen audience to which it was preached, that even they, who from inadvertency or want of judgment had given into what it ſo ſharply reprehended, went away ſo convinced of their error, that they ſaid to one another the ſame as Menage and Balzac are reported to have done after the firſt repreſentation of the famous comedy of Moliere, called Les Precieuſes Ridicules,

Ridicules, in which he laughed with inimitable grace at the metaphorical and figurative ſtyle at that time the *Ton* in France, 'Moliere has abundant 'reaſon in what he ſays; he has made a judicious, 'delicate, and juſt critique, and ſo convincing that 'it is unanſwerable; henceforward, Monſieur, we 'muſt abominate what we celebrated, and celebrate 'what we abominated.' Indeed ſome of the preachers who heard this ſalutation, and who before had ſuffered themſelves to be drawn down the current, now aſhamed of themſelves, began to preach with ſolidity, piety, and judgment; and ſo far was it from diminiſhing the number of their followers, that it was notorious that their eſtimation and applauſe encreaſed."

"Very docile indeed were theſe reverend Fathers," anſwered Friar Blas with an ironical ſmile. "As to myſelf, I muſt ſay, that the ſalutation has not converted Me, ſo hardened am I as all that; becauſe, though his reaſoning ſeems to have weight, yet to me there is more weight in the contrary practice of ſo many approved preachers, and above all in the applauſe with which the hearers celebrate the touching and retouching of the circumſtances, experience ſhewing us that if theſe are much inſiſted on, let the remainder of the ſermon be made up of what it will, it is always extolled; and on the contrary, that unleſs theſe are well worried and ſifted, though the Preacher ſpeak divinities, the audience will ſhew much indifference and think him a poor creature, and the Majordomo pay him his money with an ill grace and a worſe face. And don't let your Paternity tell me that this is only the bad taſte and miſtaken opinion of the ignorant and vulgar. Many great and mighty Maſters are of the ſame opinion; and I need go no further for a proof

proof than to that very ſermon of St. Oroſia, which has fallen ſo much under the diſpleaſure of your Paternity. It has three approbations of three well-known and highly-celebrated Fathers, one a Dominican, one a Jeſuit, and the other of the order of the Author: Let your Paternity read the extraordinary praiſes which they all three give him, and the two firſt expreſsly and ſpecifically, for his noticing the circumſtances, and then tell me if it is for the ignorant and vulgar only to applaud the paying a particular attention to them."

"Look you, Father Predicador," anſwered the Father Maſter with a ſtudied deliberation, "you have now touched upon a point, on which I might ſpeak for ſome hours, if there was time and occaſion, though many have already ſpoken much and well upon it. This is, the improper and extravagant cuſtom, introduced into Spain and Portugal, but ridiculed generally by other nations, of the imprimaturs', licences', or approbations' of books, and even of the moſt wretched pamphlets, being converted into immoderate panegyrics on their authors, when the buſineſs of the Cenſor is only to ſay ſimply and ſhortly whether or not the work contains any thing contrary to Law, Good Faith, and Good Manners. I ſay there is now no need to enter into a cenſure of the Cenſors, as it is growing late and we ſhall loſe our ſuppers; but in theſe very approbations which you inſtance, either I am wickedly inclined, which I do not believe, or that of the Jeſuit Father is a piece of roguery, and when properly underſtood will appear to be a delicate ſatire againſt the abſurdities of the ſermon in all its parts. I think, at leaſt, I diſcover that the ſaid Father aimed at dextrouſly extricating himſelf from the ſcandal of praiſing this ſermon, if he did not intend to

ſatirize

ſatirize it; and thus much is certain that he declares repeatedly that he does not approve or praiſe it.

" The ſly rogue ſuggeſts himſelf to be connected with the family and order of the author; and never departing from the ground of " Laudet te alienus", which he conſtrues, Let the Stranger praiſe thee, he ſays, in one place, ' that he ought ' not to take upon him the office of an Approver;' in another, ' that he accounts it as one of his greateſt ' happineſſes not to be able to praiſe that ſermon;' in a third, ' that he is too nearly allied to ſet him- ' ſelf about praiſing it;' in a fourth, ſpeaking determinately of the circumſtances and the ſalutation, ' that it does not belong to him to celebrate it;' in a fifth, ' that eulogies would come better from ' any other mouth than his;' and laſtly, ' that ' even as to what relates to the good taſte of the ' Gentleman who gives this ſermon to the preſs, ' it will be of more conſequence, or at leaſt it will ' not fail to be more courteſy, to leave the whole ' affair of praiſing him to thoſe without; laudet te ' alienus.' Now either I am a numſcull and do not underſtand a word of Irony, or this ſame Cenſor is a moſt arch wag. His whole endeavour is evidently to avoid the ſubject, ſhun the difficulty, and ſay with grace and pleaſantry that others may praiſe what he neither can praiſe nor ought to praiſe. And, moreover, from that ſhrewd conſtruction of ' Laudet te alienus,' Let the Stranger praiſe thee, I cannot help ſhrewdly ſuſpecting—God forgive me if I make a raſh judgment—but I cannot help ſuſpecting that by the word Stranger he would not have thoſe to be underſtood who may not be in reality or affection ſo nearly allied to the author as he ſuggeſts himſelf to be, but that he leaves it in doubt whether we may not underſtand by it thoſe who

who are *Strangers* to the profeſſion, ‘ to literature, ‘ and to all propriety,’ in a word, dolts and block-heads. It is not impoſſible but that I may make the libel by my interpretation; but I am pretty confident that I am not miſtaken.”

“ And I, in my turn, am as confident (replied Friar Blas) that your Paternity is much miſtaken; for if this Father Maſter was not diſpoſed to give his approbation to the ſermon, pray, who obliged him to do it? Who threatened his life, holding a dagger to his breaſt, if he did not undertake this office? To which is to be added, that, if the author put his truſt in him as a friend to do him this favour (as this office is generally conſigned by the Tribunals to thoſe whom the authors point out to them) it is not likely that he ſhould be guilty of this treachery to him, and that when the poor man was expecting a panegyric he ſhould have the mortification to receive a ſatire. Honour and honeſty required that if he could not find in his conſcience really to approve it, he ſhould have excuſed himſelf from the office and not play him ſuch a Judas-trick.”

“ Fair and ſoftly, good Friar Blas, (replied Prudentio) for though your reply is undoubtedly ſpecious, and your manner of arguing, at leaſt for this time, founded in reaſon, yet it is not unanſwerable, ſince the moſt likely is not always the moſt true. How do we know but that the Approver might find himſelf in ſome political or charitable neceſſity which could not honourably be reſiſted? Now I can imagine a caſe which I think very natural. It is certain that this ſermon was not preached, we know not on what account; and likewiſe it is certain, that, for this very reaſon of its having been forbidden to be preached, the author (who was a man of ſome rank in his profeſſion)

and his partizans made a point of having it printed by way of vindicating him from the ſlur caſt upon him by the prohibition. Well then, let us ſuppoſe that his Provincial might have no great partiality for the author, but that he might be an intimate friend of this Jeſuit, the Approver, and that he ſhould have reſolved on not giving a licence for printing the ſermon till it had paſſed under the cenſure of this friend of his. Now in this caſe it is very likely that the author and his partizans played all their artillery on the poor Jeſuit, repreſenting in the ſtrongeſt terms how much the reputation, honour, and even preferment of this Religious depended upon his doing him that favour. What part could an honeſt kind-hearted man take in ſuch a ſtrait? To refuſe having any thing to do with it was utterly impoſſible; to praiſe the ſermon openly, there was not merit enough in it to juſtify, nor would his ſincerity permit; to reprobate it, was at once to ruin the author in the opinion of his principal, and to declare for thoſe who inſulted him. What then was to be done? It ſeems, I think, that he could not have purſued a more prudent meaſure than that which he did purſue;—to give an equivocal cenſure, which ſhould neither approve nor diſapprove the ſermon, and ſeek a ſpecious pretext for excuſing himſelf from praiſing it, and leaving the office to theſe who were better qualified."

"This may have been as you repreſent it (replied Friar Blas) but the eulogies of the other two approvers are not equivocal; they are very clear and expreſſive; and, in truth, they are neither of them of your ordinary gentry, but are both ſubjects of ſuch ſuperior form that they have titles enough (and to ſpare) for a ſeat at a general Council."

"I do

" I do not deny it, (ſaid Prudentio) but I have already ſaid, that of the eulogies of Cenſors and Poets little account is to be made; becauſe both one and the other, (generally ſpeaking) ſay not what the works they praiſe truly are, but what they ought to be. And if their merit were to be judged of according to thoſe praiſes, the moſt miſerable, wretched, little works, the moſt unworthy of public light, and worthy only of a public bonfire, thoſe which contribute moſt, and with the greateſt juſtice, to ſwell the ſize of the *Expurgatorios* *; ſuch would be the moſt excellent, for ſuch preciſely are the things which ſtrut forth into the world with the moſt pompous accompaniment and roaring train of Approbations, Acroſtics, Epigrams, Decimas †, and Sonnets, which have been all pitifully begged, unleſs indeed the author ſhall have fabricated them himſelf, and deſired his friends only to lend their names. But does all this prevent the ſaid works from being expoſed to the ridicule and contempt of the intelligent, or is the Holy Tribunal of the Inquiſition withheld from ſtalking in amidſt this goodly tribe of Prolegomena with uplifted wand, without caring a ſtraw for the authority or the multitude of the Approvers?

" It is certain that if the Cenſors kept within the preciſe limits of their office, and anſwered, as they ought, the great confidence placed in them, by not approving any work which they had not firſt rigorouſly examined; if they had the holy ſincerity to expoſe all their objections to the tribunals by which they are appointed to cenſure, and afterwards reſolutely determined not to approve the work till

* The Inquiſition-catalogues of forbidden books.

† A ſtanza, or little piece of poetry of ten lines.

all theſe objections ſhould be removed; then indeed a very moderate degree of praiſe from them would be of great weight. But knowing, as we do, how this farce is carried on; when it is notorious that friendſhip, connection, or party, are the things alone which are conſulted in the appointment of the taſk; that the whole affair is reduced to matter of mere ceremony and formality, inſomuch that if any one, zealous as well for the honour of Science as the Credit of the Nation, ſhould be for executing it according to the rigid rule of right and reaſon, he would be accounted ridiculous and impertinent, in what eſtimation are we to hold the praiſes we read in thoſe abſurd Panegyrics, called, by a wrong name, Cenſures?

"O Friar Blas, Friar Blas, how often have I lamented to myſelf this moſt prejudicial diſorder in our nation, extending only to Portugal, and ſcarcely known in other countries! And how eaſy has the remedy of it appeared to me! Do you know what it is? Why, that one ſhould proceed againſt theſe Approvers as one would againſt a *Contraſte* * or a Guarantee. What could be more juſt? For the Approver is no other than a Contraſte who examines the quality and genuineneſs of the work committed to his inſpection. Thou haſt declared that to be Gold which is but Pinchbeck, Tin to be Silver, and a piece of coloured Glaſs a precious Stone. Pay me then, Raſcal, and ſuffer the puniſhment which thy ignorance or iniquity deſerves. †

And

* A *Contraſte* is an officer appointed to examine, and eſtabliſh the goodneſs of coins, metals, &c.

† Note by the Author.

The ſcrupulous fidelity with which we are bound to the monuments we follow in this hiſtory, permits us not to

And how many follies would be excluded by ſuch a proviſion? How much paper would be ſaved? How would expence be leſſened to the authors, whom it coſts ſometimes as much to print the approbations as the work itſelf? Many and many could I name in which the approbations occupy as much ſpace as the whole body of the work, but I paſs them over from juſt reſpects. None are more prejudiced than the authors themſelves, if they print the book on their own account, becauſe they themſelves in this caſe buy their own praiſes in the expence they are at to bring them to the knowledge of others. Can there be more folly, or more poorneſs of ſpirit? It has ſome degree of reſemblance to the paying for the feigned tears of hired mourners at a funeral.

" Yet the miſery of human folly, in ſome of our writers, or plagiariſts, who would paſs for writers, ſtops not here. Will it be credible that there ſhould be many to be found, who, for want of good men, and that they may owe nothing to any one, praiſe their own ſweet ſelves, being the artificers of thoſe eulogies to be read in the antichamber of their works? Yes, verily, my friend, there are men to be found of this comfortable mould and enviable

to ſuppreſs this judicious invective of the Maſter Prudentio againſt the abovementioned abuſes; but they have been juſt now wiſely reformed by an act of the Royal and Supreme Council of Caſtile of the 19th of July, in the laſt year, 1756; to the juſt and prudent proviſion of which act it is to be hoped and expected that the Eccleſiaſtical Judges will, as far as they are concerned, conform. Tho' the diſeaſe be a real one, there is now a ſuitable remedy applied, and no neceſſity for the recipe pointed out by the monuments of our hiſtory.

ſerenity. More than two and more than twenty of theſe obliging creatures to themſelves could I name to thee. They are not ſo ſimple indeed as to ſubſcribe their own names to theſe eulogies, for that would be a candour laying claim to the diſtinction of a fool's cap; but with an anagram, a ſuppoſititious name, or the borrowed name of ſome of the apprentices to literature and brothers of the quill, of which there are in all parts; and frequently under the ſignature of *A Friend, Juſtice, Impartiality*, or, *A Diſciple of the Author*, the good gentleman trowels on himſelf the plaiſter of praiſe without reſerve, and makes a figure in the eyes of his ſimpleton readers."

"But, Father Maſter (interrupted the Predicador) this muſt certainly be a raſh judgment, or there is no ſuch thing in the Chriſtian world. Whence does it appear that theſe eulogies were fabricated by the authors of the works? Did they ever confeſs it to your Paternity?" "Friar Blas (replied Prudentio) thou haſt ſometimes certain *parvoices che fan pieta* *. There is no neceſſity for the Author's revealing it; the ſtyle diſcovers it; nor is it eaſy, either in verſe or proſe, to remain concealed; and without all that olfactory virtue which is poſſeſſed by *underſtandings of very open pores to perceive the ſubtle ſpirit which diſtinguiſhes writers in their works*, as the author of the letter againſt the Rout of the Alans gallantly expreſſes himſelf, any noſe of the underſtanding, which has not got a cold, may trace them from the effluvia they emit. Beſides which, ſome authors are ſuch good ſouls that they do confeſs it themſelves. And doſt thou think this is done from ſimplicity?

* Sillineſſes which excite compaſſion. A phraſe probably (from the mixture of Portugueze and Italian) affected in his great wiſdom by the Barbadino.

ſimplicity? Indeed it is; but the rogues ſay it not with that view, but becauſe they cannot forego the glory or the vanity of acquainting their confidants that they too know how to make ſonnets as well as other people, even though upon themſelves."

CHAP. IV.

The converſation interrupted by the entrance of ſupper.

FRIAR Blas was about to reply when Gregory came in with the ſupper, ſaying to them, with an air of ruſtic pleaſantry, "Our Fathers, *onia tiempus habunt, tiempus diſputandi & tiempus cenandi:* the bleſſed St. Fillbelly be with your Paternities now, and leave your cumlocutories; for the eggs are growing hard, the roaſt meat is a ſpoiling, and by the clock of my belly it is full nine at night." "Brother Gregory is in the right of it," ſaid the Father Maſter; and they ſat down to table. The ſupper was not ſplendid, but yet decent: a couple of ſallads, a boiled and raw one, new-laid eggs, half a turkey roaſted, ſome haſhed hare, and cheeſe and olives for deſſert; and Friar Gerund diverted them much while it laſted. As his pedantic preceptor the Domine Zancas-largas had his memory ſtored with heaps of Latin verſes, ſentences, and aphoriſms for every thing, and every thought, and every word, and which he bolted out at every turn, whether or no they were at all to the purpoſe, provided there was to be found amongſt his cento any ſimilarity in ſound to any thing in the preſent ſubject, and by this means had acquired amongſt the

ignorant the credit of a monſter of erudition, and *a well of knollitch* as he was called in that country, his diligent diſciple Friar Gerund endeavoured to copy this impertinence as well as all the other ridiculous extravagancies of the bleſſed Domine. With this idea he had well ſtuffed his head with Latin lines, apophthegms, and common-places, to ſhine away with upon occaſion; and when the flow of erudition was upon him, the little Friar became an unremitting diarrhea of Latinized abſurdity.

As ſoon, then, as the lettuces preſented themſelves upon the table, turning to his friend Friar Blas, he aſked him,

Claudere quæ cœnas lactuca ſolebat avorum
Dic mihi cur noſtras inchoat illa dapes?

The father Predicador found himſelf rather diſtreſſed by the queſtion, for as it was in Latin verſe, and he had only got Latin enough to ſerve, and that but indifferently, for the Breviary, he did not on the ſudden over-and-above clearly underſtand it, and therefore ſaid, "Speak more plainly if thou wouldſt have me anſwer thee." But preſently, upon Gerund's repeating it more ſlowly, and as the Latin was not intricate in itſelf, he comprehended it, and ſaid, "The meaning of this is to aſk, why we begin our ſupper with lettuce, when our fore-fathers were wont to finiſh with it?" The reaſon is very evident; becauſe in almoſt every thing we begin where our forefathers left off." "Claudian hath ſaid it (interrupted Friar Gerund, applauding the explanation) *cæpiſti qua finis erat*;" and the Maſter laughed as much at the impertinent readineſs of the one as the folly of the other.

Afterwards

Afterwards followed ſome boiled leeks, with the heads cut off; and ſcarcely had Gerund ſeen them when he exclaimed,

Fila Tarentini graviter redolentia porri
Ediſti quoties, oſcula clauſa dato.

Friar Blas ſaid, that he underſtood only that the verſe ſpoke of a leek *, but for the eaſe of his conſcience he muſt confeſs that he did not know what it meant. Friar Gerund then ſet the words in order of conſtruction, *Quoties ediſti fila graviter redolentia tarentini porri dato clauſa oſcula*, obſerving to him by the way, that in the territory of the city of Tarranto, grow the moſt famous leeks in all Italy, as the garlick of Corellia is the moſt famous in Navarre, and the aſparagus of Portillio in Old Caſtile; with which information Friar Blas ſaid, "Now I think I underſtand the meaning of the verſe; it is as much as to ſay, unleſs I am miſtaken, that whenever one eats leeks of Taranto, and I ſuppoſe the ſame would happen though the leeks ſhould be of Upper-Melgar, it ſeems rather as if one was kiſſing than eating, inaſmuch as it is in fact, rather ſucking than eating, and to ſuck one puts one's lips together." "You have hit the mark, (replied Gerund) but, notwithſtanding, the Latin poet has not ſo well explained this affair as the Spaniard, who ſays,

Fruit * who eats to rot that's lain,
Froth who drinks that's brew'd from grain,

He

* The Spaniſh and Latin name being nearly the ſame.
* Medlars.

He who ſucks the ſlimy Leek,
Dogs to kiſs who takes the freak,
In each ſo much its vaunted pleaſure miſſes,
That he nor Eats, nor Drinks, nor Sucks, nor Kiſſes.

The Maſter Prudentio did not fail to laugh again, this time, at the ſimplicity of Gerund, pleaſed with the joke of the Spaniſh lines he gave for explanation, and even praiſed the happineſs of his memory, though he inwardly pitied him for not employing it more worthily.

He, who ſaw himſelf celebrated, felt his vanity ſomewhat tickled, and reſolved to let nothing appear without ſaluting it with its diſtich. When the eggs therefore came upon the table he took one in his hand, held it up to the candle, and, thinking he diſcovered a chicken in it, gave a loud laugh, and ſaid,

Candida ſi croceos circumfluit unda vitellos,
Heſperius Scombri temperet ova liquor.

Poor Friar Blas was quite at a loſs, for this was too much Latin for a preacher who compoſed only in his mother-tongue, and at a loſs he would have remained if his good friend Gerund had not taken compaſſion upon him and given him this explanation.

Eggs, which th'already gender'd chick inſhrine,
Boil in the belly with good ſtore of wine *.

Upon

* The author, it is to be ſuppoſed, would have this explanation underſtood in the ſame manner as the former.

Upon this Prudentio took occaſion to jeer the Predicador on his want of Latin, telling him he was like the Parſon who ſaid to his pariſhioners, "I indeed do not know much of Latin, but I will apply myſelf to the ſtudy of it, and till I learn it I have nothing to do but to preach." "None of your ſarcaſms, our Father, (replied Friar Blas, who felt the ſatire) to preach there is no neceſſity to underſtand the Latin of poets, it is ſufficient for me to conſtrue that of the Bible tolerably, and as for that, Calepine and I againſt any two."

Now came the diſh of roaſt meat, which was half a turkey, and as ſoon as Gerund had a glimpſe of it he exclaimed in a plaintive tone,

Miraris quoties gemmantes explicat alas,
Et potes hunc ſævo tradere, dure, coco.

And, without ſuffering his friend to be diſtreſſed again, immediately explained it thus,

The Bird, whoſe plumes ſo oft delight thine eye,
Shall thy blind Palate, cruel, doom to die!

But all his compaſſion for the poor bird did not withhold him from clapping his knife into the joint of the wing which he took off and laid upon the Father Maſter's plate, and after helping himſelf to the beſt part of the breaſt ſhoved the diſh to Friar Blas with whom he did not ſtand upon ceremony.

To each draught from the flagon he dedicated a diſtich of the many which he had laid in for ſuch occaſions; though they ſpoke of the moſt famous wines of Europe in ancient time, and that which he drank was a little, wretched, ſour ſtuff of the country

country *, but honoured by him at his firſt draught with this impertinence.

Hæc de vitifera veniſſe picata Viena
Ne dubites, miſit Romulus ipſe mihi.

At the ſecond,

Hoc de Cæſareis mihi vindemia cellis
Miſit Iulæo quæ ſibi monte placet.

And at the third,

Hæc Fundana tulit fælix autumnus opimi,
Expreſſit mulſum Conſul, & ipſe bibit.

In ſhort no draught paſſed without a Latin dedication; and it appears from authentic papers that in that one ſupper only he drank twenty times, and all without any prejudice to his head, which was well ſeaſoned, and flagon-proof, from his having been brought up at Campazas with the beſt milk of the Deſert and of Campos.

The good Predicador was aſtoniſhed at ſeeing ſuch a copious ſtream of Latin poured forth by his beloved friend, and though he was unconſcious of its meaning, yet he delighted, even to driveling, at the luſtre with which, in his opinion, his favourite ſhone forth, proteſting that notwithſtanding he had formed an high idea of his genius, he could never have believed it aroſe to ſuch a pitch, not having before aſſiſted with him at ſuch a function. He wondered

* *Vino de la Tierra*; in the ſame ſenſe as the French and Italian, *Vin du pais*, and, *Vino del paeſe*, meaning a poor ſmall wine.

He wondered how the deuce he could carry in his head ſuch a multitude of verſes, and what above all ſurpriſed him, was, the ſuitableneſs with which he applied them. Gerund indeed never waited for a fitter opportunity of lugging in his lumber than that of hearing or ſeeing ſomething of which mention might de made, directly or indirectly, in the verſes he had heaped up in that aſinine memory of his, uſing profane learning merely from the aſſonance, juſt exactly as he had uſed ſacred learning in the ſweet and pleaſant ſalutation preached by him in the refectory. But as honeſt Friar Blas had no idea of any other propriety in the uſe and application of his texts, he was no diſtinguiſher of colours, and what ſounded to him ſounded to him, (to uſe his own expreſſion) confirming himſelf in the opinion that the Order had not theſe two ages acquired ſo bright an ornament as this youth.

His admiration encreaſed, when, on the haſhed hare being ſet upon the table, he heard Gerund break forth with this deciſive ſentence,

Inter aves Turdus, ſi quid, me judice, certet;
Inter quadrupedes, gloria prima Lepus.

The Predicador could form but a random gueſs at the meaning, though his heart ſuggeſted more or leſs what might be the thought, when he obſerved that no ſooner had Gerund ſpoke but he emptied nearly half the diſh upon his plate But the Father Maſter ſaid in his uſual good-natured way, "Why, man that opinion of thine, that amongſt the birds there is no choicer morſel than the Thruſh and amongſt the beaſts than the Hare, proves that thou haſt as much taſte in thy palate as thy underſtanding,

ſtanding, and that thou wouldeſt give as good a judgment about a dinner as a ſermon. I have always heard that the Thruſh was but an extraordinary * of Friars, and the Hare a common diſh with the fraternities. " And who has told your Paternity (replied Gerund) that the fraternities have not excellent diſhes, and Friars very delicate extraordinaries?" " Subſtantial, I grant, (ſaid Prudentio) but not delicate."

Now came, by way of deſſert, the cheeſe and a plate of olives, when Friar Blas thought that without doubt Gerund muſt have emptied his budget, for what Poet could have treated on ſuch things as olives and cheeſe? But he was pleaſingly undeceived when he ſaw him take the cheeſe in one hand and a knife to cut it in the othrr, and repeat in an authoritative tone the following pair of diſtichs;

Caſeus, Etruſcæ ſignatus imagine lunæ,
Præſtabis pueris prandia mille tibi.

To which he directly gave this tranſlation, which he had ſomewhere read,

Cheeſe, marked with creſent of the Tuſcan ſhield,
A thouſand dinners to your boys ſhall yield.

" And it would be all one I ſuppoſe, (ſaid Prudentio ſmiling) if it be marked with the creſcent of Valencia, ſince I ſee not, whether for a cheeſe or a cheeſecake, that there be more grace in one creſcent than another. But what! Haſt thou nothing to ſay to the olives?" " I am coming to that,

* *Extraordinary*, here means only, beyond the ordinary allowance of the convent.

that, Father Maſter," replied Gerund, and taking half of them, ſaid,

" *Hæc, quæ picenis venit ſubducta trapetis,*
Inchoat, atque eadem finit oliva dapes.

Which has been conſtrued thus,

Olives, from danger of the preſs releas'd,
Grateful begin and grateful end the feaſt.

" Why, thou art tipſy, ſurely, (ſaid Friar Blas, laughingly) when did olives *begin* the feaſt?" " When! (anſwered Gerund) why when people began to eat where they now leave off, and when lettuces were ſerved for a deſſert, *juxta illud,*

Claudere quæ cenam lactuca ſolebat avorum, &c.

Who is tipſy now? Don't you remember what you ſaid yourſelf at our ſitting down to ſupper, that we begin where our forefathers left off?"

The Father Maſter was well enough pleaſed with this retort, and ſtill more confirmed in his old opinion, that Friar Gerund did not want parts, but that the cultivation and application of them had been wanting, particularly to criticiſm and good taſte. The cloth was now preſently taken away, when Prudentio got again upon his favourite topic of the Cenſors, on which he declaimed ſo long as to lay Friar Gerund aſleep as ſound as a top, and make the Perdicador yawn and gape fearfully, and his eyes draw ſtraws. He found it therefore high time to conclude, and, waking Gerund, not without much difficulty, they all went to bed; the Predicador

cador taking leave over-night, as he intended to be up very early in the morning to go to Jacarilla with Uncle Baſtian, his Majordomo, who, it was to be ſuppoſed, would by that time be recovered from his intemperance and the accident it had cauſed.

CHAP. V.

Friar Gerund hanſels the office of Sabatine-preacher with a diſciplinant exhortation.

SCARCE had the next day dawned when a lad from the Convent arrived with a letter to Friar Gerund in which he was commanded by the Superior to return as ſoon as poſſible, as he gave him to underſtand that the town [where the Convent ſtood] had appointed a Proceſſion of Rogation for Rain, then greatly wanted, in which the Diſciplinants, or Fraternity of the Croſs, had determined to go forth, and that he muſt prepare himſelf to preach the Exhortation. Very greatly did our Sabatine preacher rejoice at this information, as he was burſting with impatience to ſhew himſelf in public, and thought the days ages till an opportunity arrived. But, unfortunately, about half an hour before the meſſenger came, his great friend the Predicador Mayor had ſet out for Jacarilla, which he did not a little lament, as his friend would have given him ſome idea, or ſome rules, peculiar to his good taſte, for the ordering that kind of function, on which they had never yet expreſsly treated; and as this was his firſt appearance it was of great conſequence that he ſhould come off with the moſt flying colours. Now he thought of conſulting

ſulting on the point with Father Prudentio; but then he ſaid within himſelf, "This old fellow will give me nothing but his uſual cant; he will adviſe me, I know, to talk to the brethren, like any miſſionary, with zeal, and fervour, and the reſt of it; that I ſhould tell them, how public calamities are always the puniſhment of public and private crimes; that I ſhould confirm it by examples of ſacred and profane hiſtory, of which he would count me a whole budget-full, for the old one knows more than Merlin: that afterwards I muſt fall naturally upon the neceſſity of appeaſing the divine diſpleaſure by the means of penitence, ſince there is no other; and in ſhort, that I ſhould drive it into them, that of theſe means alone did Jeſus Chriſt avail himſelf, ſhedding his blood for our ſins to ſatisfy his eternal Father and appeaſe his juſt indignation againſt the whole human race; and that upon coming to this I ſhould exert all my powers in perſuading them to rend, firſt, their hearts, and afterwards their ſhoulders, not in the ſpirit of vanity, but in the ſpirit of compunction. This is the thread the Father Maſter would ſpin. I know as well as if I heard him; and would endeavour to make me believe that of ſuch things, and no other, ought all diſcourſes of this kind to conſiſt; but——to another dog with this bone. To be ſure I ſhould cut a fine figure in my firſt function and appearance in public to preach like a worm-eaten woe-begone mortal, and ſay things which any old woman might ſay. I will be far enough from aſking a word of his advice, and will compoſe my exhortation as God ſhall give me to ſee right without the aſſiſtance of neighbours."

In this reſolution he went into the Father Maſter's room, who was ſtill in bed, as the long-talking about

about the Cenſors had given him the head-ach, and made him paſs but an indifferent night. He informed him of the letter from the Superior, who had ſent a mule for him by the meſſenger, and aſked him if he had any commands to the Convent. This incident was far from being agreeable to Prudentio, becauſe he had taken it for granted that if he could not totally eradicate his folly he ſhould have conſiderably leſſened it in his walks and converſations with him at the Grange; but as there was no remedy he was fain to conform, and only charged him in general terms to preach with judgment and piety as the ſubject required, ſaying that if it pleaſed God he intended to hear him. "It is very well, our Father (replied Friar Gerund very confidently) let your Paternity keep yourſelf eaſy on that head; I doubt not but that I ſhall this time acquit myſelf much to your ſatisfaction." And with this he took his leave.

An ancient legend of the Order ſays, that in all the way from the Grange to the Convent, which was not leſs than four long leagues, our Friar Gerund went ſo penſive and ſo wrapped up in himſelf that he did not ſpeak, not even a ſingle word, to the lad who run before the mule; and what cauſed greater admiration to all who knew him, was, that he did not only not ſtop to take a draught at the inn which was an half-way houſe, but that he did not even ſo much as look at it, or know when he paſſed it. This was occaſioned, as he afterwards confeſſed himſelf, by his being totally abſorbed in making mental notes and excogitating matter of which to compoſe an exhortation of the true *rhumb*, that ſhould ſtrike a great ſtroke, and at once eſtabliſh his fame.

Immediately

Immediately crowded upon his imagination the confuſed ideas of Sterility, Rogation, Fraternity, Croſs, Penitents, Pelotilla *, Scourge, Blood, Penitents of light, &c. ; and all his care was how he ſhould find in Mythology any thing which might have alluſion to theſe ideas; for as to the diſpoſition and the ſtyle, the devil a care did it give him, ſince by following the ſame he had uſed in the ſermon of St. Ann, and by endeavouring to imitate that of the inimitable Florilegium, he was ſecure of the applauſe of his audience, which was the only object he had in view.

For the article of ſterility, the Silver and the Iron ages readily preſented themſelves; for till the firſt of theſe men were a kind of little Angels, and the earth produced ſpontaneouſly all ſorts of fruits, not only for ſuſtenance but delight, without the neceſſity of cultivation, of which they were intirely ignorant; but as in the ſilver age they began to be ſomewhat roguiſh, the earth likewiſe began to be niggardly of her fruits, and reſolved that henceforwards they ſhould have none but what they bought by labour. But here was the difficulty, that the poor men, accuſtomed to abundance and eaſe, did not know how to cultivate it, till Saturn taking their caſe into his compaſſionate conſideration, came down from Heaven, and taught them the uſe of the ſpade and the plough, in order that upon paying down their ſweat and labour, the earth ſhould furniſh them with food. But then it occurred to him that

* The pelotilla is the ball of wax, &c. uſed by ſome of the Diſciplinants, as the reader has ſeen in the third chapter of the firſt book; others perform the function with a ſcourge of ſmall cords; and ſometimes with both, uſing the pelotilla firſt and the cords afterwards.

that this was not much to the purpoſe, becauſe the queſtion here was not concerning ſterility from want of Cultivation, but from want of Rain, and for this it was as neceſſary to have a fable as to have bread to eat.

In that inſtant however he happily thought of the Iron age, in which the earth would abſolutely produce nothing, whether cultivated or not; and the reaſon was becauſe the Gods abſolutely denied rain in puniſhment of the wickedneſs of men, who were become very raſcally and thought of nothing but cheating one another continually, as is obſerved by the moſt learned Condé Natal [Natalis Comes.] Great was his joy when he found himſelf, he did not know how, with ſo ſuitable an introduction; and noting it in the unbound book of his memory, he went on to revolve in his imagination ſome matters of Mythology which might be applied to the affair of Rogation.

After a little digging came opportunely the famous caſe of Bacchus, when finding himſelf in the deſerts of Arabia, where he was travelling upon ſome buſineſs of conſequence, and dying with thirſt, from not meeting with a drop of water in thoſe ſandy waſtes, he got together the ſhepherds of the neighbourhood, and forming with them a devout proceſſion of Rogation in honour of the God Jupiter, he offered to build him a temple if he would ſuccour him in that diſtreſs; and immediately Jupiter appeared in the form of a ſtout, well-appointed, ſuperbly-horned Ram, who, ſcraping with his foot in a certain part, ſprung a copious fountain of ſweet water; and the happy, grateful Bacchus fulfilled his vow, building to the God-Ram the firſt temple with the title of Jupiter Ammon. He congratulated himſelf much upon this lucky hit, eſpecially when

when he knew afterwards that the Majordomo of the fraternity of the Croſs that year was called Paſquel Carnero [Ram,] and he propoſed in his mind to make him Jupiter Ammon, with which he thought he had found a treaſure for the principal circumſtance in the ſubject, and held it beyond a doubt that from that time there would be no fraternity ſermon which he ſhould not be moſt ſolicitouſly urged to preach.

He was confirmed in this good opinion of himſelf and his great ſufficiency, when, in order to touch upon the fraternity itſelf, compoſed for the moſt part of huſbandmen, he thought of the *Ambarvalia*, or ſacrifices in honour of the goddeſs Ceres, Tutelary of the fields and harveſts, over which ſacrifices preſided a kind of fraternity, compoſed of a dozen brethren who were called *Fratres Arvales*, that is, Brethren of the Field, deriving their name from *Arvus Arvi*, which has that ſignification; for though it is true that theſe were no more than twelve, and the brethren of the Croſs were above an hundred, this appeared to him a trifling matter; ſince if the number Seven in Holy Scripture ſignifies a multitude, much more may be ſignified in Mythology by the number Twelve.

Where he found himſelf a little gravelled, was, to find ſome piece of erudition of good taſte which might allude to fraternity *of the Croſs*, and after having puzzled his brains for ſome time without getting any thing to pleaſe him, his good fortune brought him an admirable thought, which at the ſame time was moſt bonnily adopted to the aggravating circumſtance of the Croſs and to that of The Penitents of Blood, which had not given him leſs anxiety than the other. He recollected to have

read

read in an extraordinary book called, *An Idea of a new General Hiſtory of North America*, how the Indians, in honour of the God *Izcocauhqui*, who was the God of Fire, went to the mountains for a great tree, which they conducted with attendant multitudes, muſic, and great apparatus to the court of the temple; there they barked it with extraordinary ceremonies; afterwards they raiſed it in the ſight of all the people, that they might ſee it had the due height preſcribed by law; then they lowered it and every one adorned it with certain papers crimſoned with their own blood; having done which, they raiſed it again with great attention, devotion, and reverence: then the maſters took their ſlaves upon their ſhoulders and danced with them round a large bonfire, lighted near the tree, and, when the poor ſlaves thought leaſt of it, flung them headlong into the flames and burnt them to aſhes.

It is not to be conceived how much the bleſſed Friar Gerund rejoiced and gloried in this moſt ſuperlatively happy hit, for in that alone he found all that was neceſſary for what remained. Here was a tree brought from the mountain with much ceremony, and raiſed with great devotion in the court of the Temple. What ſymbol can be more proper for the Tree of the Croſs? It's being barked afterwards deſtroys nothing of its propriety. Here are papers dyed in the blood of the brethren, who raiſe the tree; could a thing be painted more exactly to ſuit the penitents of blood? Since, whether theſe dye Paper or Skirts with their blood is a mere quibble upon a word, eſpecially as it is well known that theſe very ſkirts, being linen, will one day become paper. Here are Maſters who dance round the tree and the bonfire with their ſlaves upon their ſhoulders, whom they afterwards throw into the flames,

flames, and then ſtand laughing at them; a very natural image of the Penitents of Light, who are, as it were, the Maſters of the Fraternity, and only incite the Penitents of Blood to burn themſelves with the firebrand of the ſcourge, or the live-coal of the pelotilla.

A thouſand congratulations did he give himſelf upon this proviſion of materials, the moſt exquiſite and moſt ſuitable to the ſubject that (according to his way of thinking) could have been brought together: and now did he wiſh heartily that the exhortation were to be preached the very next day, that he might make himſelf known as ſoon as poſſible; ſince having once laid in the materials, he thought he could diſpoſe them in a couple of hours, eſpecially as the whole was to be confined within very narrow limits, ſuch being the cuſtom he had obſerved upon theſe occaſions, when he had himſelf been preſent, the preacher beginning only juſt as the proceſſion is forming; and as to the getting it by heart, that gave him little concern, for his memory was really happy, and, as they ſay, aſſinine, ſignifying that it was as ſtrong as an aſs, and with as little grace or judgment.

But yet, on further reflecting upon all the circumſtances of this laſt-piece of mythological erudition, he could not reſt perfectly ſatisfied, as it ſeemed to him that the application of the paper dipped in blood to the penitents of the fraternity was rather violent; and though he thought that it might paſs in a caſe of neceſſity, or forced-put, or at a village where there might not be any other cricics or cenſors than the Barber and the Notary; yet he was very deſirous of finding ſomething more ſtrictly appoſite to penitents of blood, the better to inſure his ſhining, and to avoid the hypercritical remarks of

of ſcrupulous gentry, of which there were ſome in the convent, and likewiſe in the town, which, as we have before obſerved, was tolerably well inhabited, being neither ſuch a deſert as Quintanillia del Monte, nor ſo populous as Cadiz or Seville.

In this anxiety he was drawing near home, as penſive as you pleaſe, and not a little vexed with himſelf, when on a ſudden he gave a great ſhout, accompanied by a ſmart ſlap with the palm of his hand on the pummel of the ſaddle, and broke out with, "Was there ever ſuch a blockhead as I! In this ſame admirable book, *The Idea of a new General Hiſtory of North America*, a few pages after what is related of the tree of the bloody papers in honour of the God Izcocauhqui, I remember to have read two things, which I immediately took notes of againſt ſuch an occaſion, and they are ſo born as it were for it that if I myſelf had feigned them, they could not have fitted more to an hair. They are both in the tenth ſection, which treats on the ſymbols of the Indian months, according to Gemelli Carreri; and the firſt of them ſays thus, for I am ſure of it as if I had the book in my hand.

"*Tozoztli*, the ſymbol of the ſecond month, means, *A bleeding or pricking of the veins*; foraſmuch, as on the ſecond day of this month, the Indians, either with the points of the *Maguey**, or their

* An American tree, the leaves of which end in a ſharp ſtrong point, ſerving either for a pin or needle; from the fibres of the leaf is made thread. This extraordinary tree, according to Father Joſeph de Acoſta's account, Nat Hiſt. India, yields beſides water, wine, oil, vinegar, honey, and many other things. The ſap, plentifully iſſuing from an aperture in the trunk, is ſweet and cooling, and drank as water; letting it four, it is vinegar; half boiled, it is muſt; full-boiled, wine; and boiled to a conſiſtence, honey.

their razors of flint, drew blood in token of repentance, from their thighs, ſhins, ears, and arms, and faſted at the ſame time.——Their penitential feſtival was dedicated to the God *Tlaloc*, the God of Rain." And farther on: "They who had the office of making *Xuchiles*, or noſegays, at particular times of the year, called *Xochimanque*, kept a feſtival in their third age † to the Goddeſs *Chivalticue*, which is as much as to ſay, *the Petticoats of Women* or by another name, *Coatlatona*, *the Goddeſs of Twins*."

"The ſecond is as follows, without wanting a title.

"*Huetozoztli*, the ſuperlative of *Tozoztli*, and ſymbol of the third month, means, *A great pricking or bleeding*; becauſe on the delay of the rain, which was generally wont to begin about this time, correſponding to our April, their penitence was heightened, blood drawn more copiouſly, the ſacrifices greater, and the faſts more ſevere. The feſtival was made in honour of the God *Citcolt*, the God of Maize, or Indian corn, &c. Theſe two jewels did I fairly ſet in my note-book, and thence transfer to my memory, and yet was I racking my brains for others to adapt to the principal circumſtances of the ſubject! But where are more exquiſite to be found! Where, more new! Where more exactly cut out for the purpoſe! Here I have ſterility of the earth from want of water; here I have *Tlaloc*, the God of Rain; here I have a proceſſion of penitents of blood, and even in the month

† The Spaniards divide the life of man into ſeven ages: childhood, boyhood, adoleſcence, youth, virility old-age, and decrepitude.

of Hueytozoztli, which is the very month of April, in which we now are, and in which our proceſſion is to be made; here I have Xuchiles and Xochimanque, that is, thoſe who make *ramilletes* or *ramales*, for there is no great difference *; here I have Coatlatona, or the petticoats of women, things exactly like which the Penitents muſt neceſſarily wear; and in ſhort, here I have an India, and now would I not change myſelf for forty Friar Blaſſes, nor for as many authors of Florilegiums as both the Eſtremaduras † could produce. But, hold! this muſt not prevent my ever venerating both, as my maſters, as my models, as my great originals in the faculty I profeſs."

Tranſported with theſe thoughts, and almoſt mad with joy, our little Friar arrived at the Convent-gate, diſmounted, preſented himſelf before the Superior, received his Benedicite, made his bow, retired to his cell, untucked and put himſelf in order, took a good pull at a flaſk of wine, and without delay ſet his hands to their taſk, labouring his exhortation ſo ſtrenuouſly that he finiſhed it before he ſlept; and on the day of the proceſſion, which was attended by much people from all the neighbourhood round about, by Anthony Zotes and his

* No great difference in the ſound, Friar Gerund means, between the two words, Ramilletes, and Ramales; but the former ſignifies the noſegays made by the Xochimanque, and the latter, the cords or ſcourges uſed by the diſciplinants.

† Playing on the word Florilegium; the province of Eſtremadura is accounted the moſt rich and fruitful in Spain, and conſequently moſt abounding in flowers. The other Eſtremadura is in Portugal; both called by this name from having extreme borders towards the Moors.

his wife, and likewiſe by the Father Maſter Prudentio, who returned from the Grange the night before, he delivered with graceful confidence the following piece of admirable oratory, faithfully copied from the original.

" To the auriferous age of innocence; *lavabo inter innocentes manus meas:* in uninterrupted track ſucceeded the argent ſeaſon of defective ſloth; *argentum & aurum nullius concupiri.* Yet the peccability of mortals arrived not to degree lethalic, but appropinquated to be nigreſcent maculation on their priſtine niveous candour; *pocula tartareo haud aderant nigrefacta veneno.* The aſtoniſhed Gods, *ego dixi dii eſtis,* determined to obſtruct the violation of eſtabliſhed order by admonitory grace—admirably here, ſays the author of the Symbolic World, *ante diem cave*—and paralogized correction in preludes of caſtigation; *corripe eum inter te & ipſum ſolum.*

" The mother Cybele—the learned know that in the fabulous Ethnic Lexicon this diſcriminative appellation is on the earth impoſed, *Terra autem erat inanis & vacua*—the mother Cybele—*Cybeleia mater,* as the Proboſcis-Poet elegantly ſings——the mother Cybele, who till then ſpontaneated her productions, now reſolved upon negation, unleſs they were reciprocated for by the toilſome labour of the humid coloniſt; *in columna nubis.* But, Oh! Heavens! how was the calamitous agricoliſt to elaborate without the inſtrumental cauſe for cultivation, and if altogether ignorant of the material cauſe of the efficient for the inſtrument? *Quæcumque ignorant blaſphemant, quomodo fiet iſtud?* Commiſerating Saturnus deſcended from Olympus' height, *deſcendit de cælis,* and taught man the manuduction of the reſcindent ſpade, and the dividing plough, *terra finde-*

tur aratro. Has your comprehenſion graſped it, Mortal Hearers? Then have I fully proved that puniſhment is produced by ſin: *Et peccatum meum contra me eſt ſemper.* But we are yet in aberration from the point.

" To the argent ſeaſon ſucceeded the ſecle hight ferruginous; *Sæculum per ignem*; and though they ſaw inſtruments for cultivation, and men poſſeſſed of ſcientrific comprehenſion of their uſe, *poſſedit me in initio viarum ſuarum,* the obſtructed Cybeleian mother correſponded with ſterility to the toils of the agricoliſt; *et pater meus agricola eſt.* Here the objective interrogation: if the adunque iron retorted on her with its furrows, if the ſharpened ſhare called loudly by its ſtrokes, why did ſhe not liſten and her covenant keep? Why did not the Earth protend her verdurous offerings? How opportune does Lyra anſwer! becauſe the ſtony Heavens denied the pluvial drops—*non pluit menſes ſeptem.* But what motive could induce that ſtar-ſtudded canopy to ſuch durity ſevere? Cartarius appoſitely ſays, becauſe ſins were multiplied by the ſcelerat ſons of men—*Et deliciæ mea eſſe cum filiis hominum.* But now what remedy apply? Hear the ſapient Mythologiſt.

" Let the mighty Bacchus ſlide down from the celeſtial vaulted roofs; let him teach the mortal to compunctify and implore the clemency of the Thunderer with penitent rogation—*Te rogamus; audi nos:* Let him offer worſhip and ſacrifices on future altars, and Jupiter Ammon will himſelf deſcend, who is the ſame as Ram, and with a ſole ſtroke of his foot, or under his foot-ſole, ſhall ſpout the liquid to ſatisfy the thirſty ſoul, and fertilize campaigns——*Deſcendit Jeſus in loco compeſtri.* The learned need not application's lore; but the leſs wiſe

wiſe may ſtand in need thereof. Have not, then, the clouds for ſeven long months denied their ſalutiferous dropping ſweats? Have not the ſymptoms of a ſtony earth from this negation ſprung? Let therefore a devout rogation be enacted; let the brethren of the Croſs of Penitents go forth; let preſide their worthy Majordomo Jupiter Ammon, Paſqual Ram, from underneath the feet of whom, *de ſub cujus pede*, ſhall ſtart the copious fount, fecundifying fields,

'Horrida per campos bam bim bombarda ſonabant.'

Furthermore; in the ſacred lines is celebrated much the Paſqual Lamb——*Agnus Paſchalis:* the judicious know that of Lambs are formed Rams; therefore our illuſtrious Majordomo Paſqual Ram muſt in ſeaſon infantine have been a Paſqual Lamb. The illation is innegable. But all has not yet been ſaid.

"To the frugiferous Ceres, tutelary goddeſs of the fields and harveſts were offered thoſe ſacrifices, Ambarval called, and ſolemn proceſſions went round the fields, *Ambarvales hoſtiæ*. And who were thoſe of whom theſe proceſſions were principally formed? Certain brethren devout, ycleped Arvales, *Arvales fratres*; who, as the beſt interpreters opine, were all Agricoliſts. This is not the offspring of my head inventive; 'tis aſſerted by Cato moſt profound, *Ambarvalia celebrabant Arvales fratres, circumeuntur campos, & litabant Ambarvales Hoſtias.* To whom did they immolate? It is already ſaid; to the goddeſs Ceres, which is derived from *Cera* [Wax] to denote alſo the penitents of *Light. Vos eſtis Lux mundi.*

" But leſt the impertinent or ſcrupulous critic ſhould complain that the Penitents of Blood alſo are not duly honoured with our notice, come with me, and you ſhall ſee, that this ſanguinary ſanctimony of the brethren is not the invention of modern times, as ſome ignorants would perſuade, but the practice of moſt antique fraternity, in all ages and all climes received. Come! Up! Give to America ſeptentrional a leap.

" There will you ſee the God Tlalòc, ſuperintendant of the Rains, denying procaciouſly what he wiſhes to confer, and not induced to let them fall in the month of Togoztli, which is the month of March. There you will ſee, to move him to ſoft pity, how the Indians, armed with Magueys or ſharpened flint, blood from their bodies every part will draw in copious ſtreams. There you will ſee the ſtill incenſed Tlalòc perſevering in his angry frown in the month of Hueytozoztli, which to April correſponds, the month of preſent date, ſtill deny the rain for the reigning ſins of men, who, repentant, augment ſeverity, and draw till it ſtreams along upon the ground their life's warm blood with rigorous Xuchiles, that is, by violence of ſcourge, bathing in it the goddeſs Chivalticue, which the Deity of Petticoats imports, and directing the penitent proceſſion to the temple of Citcolt the God of Maize, to the end that, interceding and uniting with the great Tlalòc, he may ſend the ſalutiferous drops to looſen the bowels of the hard-bound earth for the gracious deliverance of her fruits.

" Now, then, my brethren, at ſight of ſuch examples, as efficacious as opportune, what may we not expect to ſee you do? By what are you detained? *Quid facis in paterna domo delicate miles?* Why do you delay to ſeize with courage ſtout and

and holy thoſe candid Xuchiles, and, convocating firſt the purple humour to the carnoſities poſt-tergate, then draw it forth with the cerated Magueys, till, ſopping in its paſſage the albicant Chivalticues, it water liberally the hardened earth, *Guttæ ſanguinis decurrentis in terram?* Behold! ye faithful, our divine Tlalòc's incenſed! Behold! the beneficent Citcult in his rueful wrath takes part! Run, run, to appeaſe them! Fly, fly, to deprecate their rage! Seize, again I ſay, thoſe Xuchiles; take well the meaſure of thoſe Magueys; and let the red liquor bubble from your ſhoulders. Thus will you appeaſe the anger of the Gods; thus will you make atonement for your ſins; thus will you obtain for your fields epithalamiums of prolific rain—— *Conjugis in gremium læte deſcendit*, and for your own ſouls ſovereign epicycles of ſupreme grace, the ſecure pledge of future and eternal glory, *Quam mihi & vobis*, &c.

He had not well pronounced the laſt word, when the church reſounded with ſhouts from under all the cowls as loud as if they had paſſed through a ſpeaking trumpet, or at leaſt a funnel, which ſaid, Bravo Father Friar Gerund! Braviſſimo Father Friar Gerund! And what is more, the Penitents were ſo moved by the exhortation, though not a ſoul of them underſtood a word of it, that, at the inſtant, they threw off their cloaks with the moſt courageous zeal, and began to apply their inſtruments of flagellation with ſuch power, that before they got out of the church there was blood enough ſpilled upon the pavement to have made black puddings. The women who were about the aunt Catanla gave her a thouſand embraces and a thouſand kiſſes, plentifully bedewing her face at the ſame time with the offerings of their eyes and noſes out of pure tender-

neſs, and telling her that ſhe was a thouſand times happy in being the mother of ſuch a ſon. An old prieſt belonging to the church, who ſtood by Anthony Zotes, and who, notwithſtanding his having been plucked three times in the examination for the ſub-diaconate, once for the diaconate, and twice for the prieſthood, was yet, on account of his age and his good life, a reſpectable man, giving him a ſtrict embrace, ſaid to him, "Signior Anthony, fifty and two Exhortations to the Diſciplinants have I heard in this church ſince I have been an unworthy prieſt of it, as I have the honour to be, but ſuch an Exhortation as this, or any thing comparable to it, I never did hear, nor do I believe I ever ſhall hear: God's bleſſing go with the little Gerund, and may his majeſty not take my life till I ſee him a Preſentado!

It is left to the pious and curious reader to conceive how Uncle Anthony and Madam Catanla felt themſelves at being eye and ear-witneſſes of theſe praiſes and applauſes of their ſon: and a thing to be conceived likewiſe rather than related, is the vanity and ſelf ſatisfaction which at that inſtant took poſſeſſion of the heart of Friar Gerund, at hearing his own loud and repeated acclamations. But as the joys of this life are of ſhort duration, and as it generally happens in the midſt of our greateſt triumphs that ſome untowardly diſaſter will admoniſh us, that we are ſtill but mortals, his ill fortune contrived that poor Friar Gerund ſhould receive ſuch a knock on the pate, immediately upon his coming down from the pulpit, in the very veſtry of the church, as to a pate of leſs tenacity might have given a new turn.

It happened that there was at that time in the town, upon a recruiting party, a Captain of a marching

marching Regiment, a ſenſible, well-read, free, open man, who, having heard the Exhortation, and ſtruggling one while with his anger and another with his laughter, determined at laſt to entertain himſelf a little in roaſting the preacher; and therefore coming into the veſtry he ran up to him directly, and, giving him in mockery a tight ſqueeze, ſaid with a ſoldier-like gaiety, "To ſpeak ingenuouſly, my dear little Father, though I have rambled much about the world and was fond of hearing the preachers in all places, yet in my life did I never hear any thing like this, never ſo excellent a Shrove-tide * Exhortation, or proper prelude to a droll or mummery." Friar Gerund was ſomewhat out of countenance at this ſtrange compliment, and as on the article of unembarraſſment and eaſy familiarity he could by no means meaſure ſwords with the noble Captain, he aſked him only, with ſome diſcompoſure, "Pray, Sir, what of droll or mummery was there in the Exhortation?"

"O, to be ſure, there is nothing the matter with his eye, as they ſaid of the poor man, when it was knocked out and he had it in his hand †. Why, could any thing be more delicate than the choice fables with which your Paternity was pleaſed to favour us in order to *compunctify* us? That of Saturn was worth a million; that of Bacchus ought to be ſet in gold; that of Jupiter Ammon and Paſqual Ram, with the beautiful touch on the Paſqual Lamb, is too precious to bear compariſon; and in

* The three days before Lent, called Carneſtollendas, from their bidding adieu to meat for a ſeaſon, is a time of univerſal feſtivity and merriment.

† A proverbial ſaying, uſed when any weighty charge is affected to be made light of.

ſhort, all the paſſage of the American penitents with their Xuchiles, Magueys, and Chivalticues; the Gods in whoſe honour the penitence was performed with their moles and marks; the motive to it; and even to the correſpondence of the months in which it was obſerved, was altogether a moſt happy compoſition of divinities: and your Paternity, though ſo young, might be commander in chief of the preachers againſt Melancholy, or even, without acting yourſelf, ſend out a detachment of preachers, who, if they at all reſemble your Paternity, might attack her in her very trenches, and not only diſlodge her from her camp, but drive her intirely out of the world." And without ſaying more, or giving time to Friar Gerund to reply, he made him a low bow and turned upon his heel.

CHAP. VI.

In which is ſeen the variety of human judgments, and that there is no fatuity which will not meet with favourers.

THUS did the rogue of a Captain take leave of the good creature of a Gerund, having thrown cold water upon the complacency the holy man was experiencing in the applauſes and acclamations of the church, and left him penſive, diſconſolate, and ſorrowful. But as the griefs of this life are not of long duration, any more than its joys, as we juſt now obſerved, the grief occaſioned by the lively ſatire of the Signior Officer laſted but a little while; for no ſooner had Gerund got from the veſtry to his cell, but the whole muſquetry of the Convent, that is, the mob of Collegiates, Choriſters,

Choriſters, Lay-brethren, and young folks, poured like a torrent into it. And as of all vulgars this vulgar is one of the moſt eaſily amazed and ſtupified with nonſenſe of any in the world, and for that reaſon is one of the moſt prejudicial, it is not to be told what a club-like blow they had been ſtruck by Gerund's Exhortation; inſomuch that, being no diſtinguiſhers of colours, and governed only by noiſe and the ſound of words, he appeared to moſt of them a perfect miracle of genius.

Into his cell, then, they tumbled, pell-mell, with ſuch a ſhouting, uproar, and madneſs of joy, that the very Convent ſeemed to be coming down; and as they had all been fellow-ſtudents and were nearly of the ſame age, though he was now a prieſt and a preacher, they could not for their lives preſerve any reſpect towards him, but gave the demonſtration of their honeſt joy with all the freedom of moſt familiar plainneſs. Some embraced him, ſome huzza'd him, ſome ſpoke to him on the right ſide, ſome on the left, ſome before, ſome behind, ſome pulled him by the body of his habit, ſome by the ſleeves, till they could have the pleaſure of ſeeing that he noticed them, and there were not wanting others who raiſed him upon their ſhoulders in the air, proclaiming him the greateſt preacher which the Order or the world had ever ſeen. One, who was ſecond vicar of the choir, exclaimed in deep baſe, "Till now did I not think that there had been upon earth another Friar Blas; but in troth he may learn another trade; for all he preaches, though ſo exquiſite, ſo full of conceits, and ſo rare, is but dregs and droſs to what we have heard from Friar Gerund." An old lay-brother, a good-natured ſimple ſoul, who had been refectory-man above forty years, whilſt he ſtood looking him earneſtly in the face actually ſhed

tears

tears out of pure joy and tenderneſs. The butler told him that all the wine in the cellar was at his devotion, as was but fitting for one who ſo much honoured the ſacred habit. The cook offered him his ſervices with great frankneſs and heartineſs; and even the ſteward——a ſort of gentry not wont to be very generous——preſented him immediately, *in voce*, with a couple of kegs of caveeched Sardinas *, with a promiſe of two more of others when he ſhould have them, in token of the love he had for him and the pleaſure he had received from him.

It is left to the pious and curious reader to conſider what muſt have been the pleaſure of Friar Gerund at hearing all theſe acclamations, as he was by no means a man inſenſible to his own praiſes, nor in the leaſt inclined to the opinion of that philoſophiſed orator who ſuſpected the applauſes of the multitude to be an argument of his being wrong.

But now behold, whilſt the noiſy gentry were in the midſt of their uproar, and the bleſſed Friar Gerund moſt ingulphed in his glories, in came the Superior, the Father Maſter Prudentio, and all the reſt of the grave Fathers, to pay their compliments and congratulations after the function, as is the laudable cuſtom in all communities. At the inſtant ſubſided the tumult of the youngſters, each of whom put himſelf in order the beſt he could, clapping his hands under his ſcapulary, and ſticking himſelf againſt the wall with downcaſt eyes and reverent ſilence. The Superior contented himſelf with ſaying that he ſhould repoſe after his fatigue, and without adding another word preſently retired: of the reſt of the Fathers, ſome only made a kind of offer

* A kind of pickled herrings.

offer at an inclination of the head, ſqueezing with difficulty from between their teeth a mumbling unintelligible compliment: others gave it in audible words, but ſo equivocal that an evil-minded perſon might have interpreted them with little benignity, as, "'Twas a great thing indeed, Friar Gerund! In truth I never heard a greater, nor do I ever expect to hear any thing equal to it, unleſs it be from thee:" two or three of them who were rather of a reſerved turn, ſaid only, "God reward thee, Friar Gerund, for thou haſt laboured much;" and full ſurely was the good little Friar ſolaced thereby, thinking it was the ſame thing to labour much as to labour well.

All this while the Maſter Prudentio was ſilent, looking at him from time to time with a mixture of compaſſion and ſeverity; but as ſoon as the other fathers withdrew, ſeeing the collegiates were about to follow them, he deſired them to ſtay, ſaying, that he had now an Exhortation to give to the exhorting father, which might at the ſame time be not wholly unprofitable to them. He then ſat himſelf down in a chair, made Friar Gerund ſit in another, and turning towards him, ſpoke to him in this manner.

"Friar Gerund, haſt thou loſt thy ſenſes? Waſt thou in them when thou compoſedſt ſuch a ſtring of abſurdities, and when thou hadſt the face to preach them? Is this what thou offeredſt at taking leave of me at the Grange, ſaying that I might make myſelf eaſy, as thou waſt certain that for this time thou ſhouldſt acquit thyſelf to my approbation? But what! doſt thou think I can approve of the greateſt texture of madneſs and abſurdity that ever I heard in my life, unleſs it be exceeded or rivalled by the crazy ſalutation of the ſermon of St. Ann! And this

too

too on a function in itſelf ſo ſerious, ſo tender, ſo dolorous, in which every thing ought to breathe penitence, compunction, groans, and tears! Had we committed no other ſin, I could almoſt ſay, than that of thy exhortation, that alone would deſerve that God ſhould chaſtiſe us with the dreadful ſcourge of drought and ſterility we are ſuffering. But I will not venture to pronounce this, as I know thou ſinneſt not from wilfulneſs, but innocence or ignorance.

" Why now, thou ſilly man, what haſt thou done by thy Exhortation but ſtun our ears with inſipid, impertinent, and ridiculous fables, verifying to the letter what the apoſtle ſpoke prophetically of thee, and other preachers like thee, who ſhall flee from the truth and convert all their attention to fables, the hearers likewiſe being infected with this depraved taſte, *A veritate quidem auditum avertent, ad fabulas autem convertentur.* What power have theſe to move us to perform penitence for our crimes, and by this means appeaſe the ſeverity of the divine juſtice, ſo juſtly irritated againſt them?

" Would there not be more efficacy in the real examples in ſacred and eccleſiaſtical hiſtory, both of them filled with inſtances of the dreadful temporal chaſtiſements with which in all times God hath viſited the ſins of men, without laying aſide the ſcourge till ſatisfaction had been made for them by grief, amendment, and repentance? Have the deluges, inundations, wars, famines, plagues, ſterility, earthquakes, volcanoes, and other aſtoniſhing alterations in the courſe of nature, governed by the ſupreme Author of it, ſprung from any other principle, or had any other end?

" If thou hadſt dedicated the time thou haſt miſerably waſted in reading fictions, to the peruſal of the

the ſacred Bible, thou wouldſt in that have met with infallible hiſtories to ſerve as a foundation to thy Exhortation, without the ridiculous and even ſacrilegious recourſe to fabulous inventions. Sterility proceeding from the want of rain and the ſuperabundance of ſin thou wouldſt have met with in Egypt in the time of Pharaoh and Joſeph. Sterility proceeding from the ſame cauſe thou wouldſt have met with in Iſrael, at the time of the prophet Elias. Sterility proceeding from the ſame cauſe thou wouldſt have met with in the kingdom of Judah, in the times of the Jorams. And if after ſacred, thou hadſt caſt thy eyes upon eccleſiaſtical and profane hiſtory, thou wouldſt ſcarce have found a ſingle age without numerous examples of it, with the addition that the chaſtiſement ceaſed not till the ſins by which it was incurred were ceaſed or leſſened. To what end then ſhouldſt thou have recourſe to dreams and fables? How can a truth be ſolidly enforced by means of a lie? Or what affinity is there between the myſteries of Chriſt, and the cheats of Belial? *Quæ conventio Chriſti ad Belial?*

" But ſuppoſing that in fable were to be found ſome kind of reſemblance, as in many of them there really is, to our truths or our myſteries, what force is added to the one, or ſplendour to the other, by this ridiculous reſemblance? Nay I will go farther, and ſuppoſe the fable to have the greateſt likeneſs imaginable to ſome of the myſteries which we believe and adore, as for example, the birth of Minerva, the goddeſs of wiſdom, who was feigned to have ſprung from the brain of Jupiter, to the generation of the Word, or eternal wiſdom, which was engendered from all eternity in the mind of the Moſt High; and what do we infer from this? That

the

the truth becomes more credible or reſpectable becauſe we meet with an obſcure ſhadow of it in that abſurd lie.

" But if the uſing fables in the pulpit by way of enforcing our truths is always an inſufferable thing, and in a certain degree a kind of ſacrilege, it is more ſo when they are preached to the ſimple and the vulgar. A diſcreet audience look upon the fable as it deſerves, and know it at the bottom to be no better than a lie. There is no other inconvenience with reſpect to them, than the mixing the fabulous with the true, the ſacred with the profane; a mixture which is indeed very monſtrous; ſince even in Poets and Painters, who have moſt ample licence, it has been pronounced by the beſt of ſatiriſts to be intolerable.

——— *ut placidis coeant immitia,* ——— *ut*
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.

" But when a ſermon is preached before a concourſe made up for the greateſt part by uncultivated ruſtics, there is the higheſt inconvenience in their hearing fable for hiſtory, fiction for reality, and lies for truth. We may ſee it in the will of that old woman, who, having heard the miniſter of her pariſh ſpeak oftentimes in his ſermons of the God Apollo, left this legacy, " Item, I leave my two " hens and my cock to the bleſſed Saint Pollo out " of the great devotion I have had to him ever " ſince I heard him ſo much preached about by our " miniſter." Doſt thou think it impoſſible that amongſt ſo many poor creatures as compoſe the Fraternity of the Croſs, to whom thou preachedſt, ſome of them, and many of them, may not go away

away perſuaded that Ceres, Jupiter Ammon, Bacchus, and the reſt of the trumpery mob thou talkedſt of are great Saints, and powerful advocates in drawing down the bleſſing of rain?

"Then what ſhall I ſay of thy folly in that American mythology which thou ſeemedſt to look upon as the forte of thy Exhortation, ſo immerſed waſt thou in it, and ſuch ſatisfaction and vanity hadſt thou in the delivery of it! I did not think that even *thou* couldſt have been ſo very abſurd; and pray obſerve, this is expreſſing one's ſelf as ſtrongly as poſſible. Who, in the name of wonder, could furniſh thee with ſuch information, or how hadſt thou the ill-luck to light upon it to make thyſelf moſt ridiculous! Certainly thou haſt a ſingular talent at ſtriking in with the worſt of whatever is to be found in books, and as ſingular a grace in availing thyſelf of it. But the truth is, thou waſt for making an oſtentation of thy memory and happy pronunciation, delighted with thoſe ſlovenly, exotic, barbarous names of *Tlaloc*, *Tozoztli*, *Hueytozoztli*, *Xuchilles*, *Citeolt*, and *Chivalticue*, thinking that this was a great thing, and that thou ſhouldſt amaze thy audience. And in truth ſo thou didſt; for theſe poor creatures are no diſtinguiſhers of colours, and it is ſufficient for them not to underſtand a thing in order to admire it.

"As to that puerile, pedantic, intoxicated, mad ſtyle, it would be loſing one's labour and one's oil to ſay any thing of it. *Friar Blas* and the curſed *Florilegium* have ſo infatuated thee that thou haſt no knowledge of what is the pure, chaſte, and true Spaniſh idiom. That which thou uſeſt in the pulpit is neither Spaniſh, nor Latin, nor Greek, nor Hebrew, nor in ſhort do I know what it is. Tell me,

me, Sinner, why doſt thou not preach as thou talkeſt?

"What is the meaning of auriferous age, de-
"gree lethalic, nigreſcent maculation, priſtine
"niveous candour, paralogize correction, humid
"coloniſt," and the reſt of that ſtring of Latinized abſurdities with which thou ſtudded'ſt thy Exhortation, underſtood by the brethren of the Croſs as much as if thou hadſt preached to them in Syriac or Armenian? Knoweſt thou not, wretch that thou art, that this is a pedantry practiſed only by thoſe ignorants who ſcarcely know their mother-tongue? Inſtead of the acclamation which theſe ſimpletons gave thee upon finiſhing thy Exhortation, thou ſhouldſt have had that which was given to Father Friar Criſpin, ſuiting thee as well as it did him, who without doubt muſt have been the Friar Gerund of his time,

All pretenders to ſtyle before Criſpin muſt vaniſh,
Who ſpeaks Spaniſh in Latin, and Latin in Spaniſh.

Huzza!

"I have purpoſely choſen to give thee my ſentiments before all theſe young perſons, and therefore detained them here; for being tired with privately admoniſhing thee, and ſeeing to my great grief that my correction had no effect, I thought it would be right that I ſhould ſpeak to thee thus publicly, that they may avoid thy bad example. My age and my hoary head authorize me; and the part I took in having thee appointed to this employment thou ſo eagerly ſoughteſt, in ſome meaſure obliges me to this, that it never may be thought I approve what I abominate.

"Do

"Do not ſuppoſe that I only am of this opinion; in that caſe it might be attributed to the ill-humour which is too often attendant upon old-age, though, bleſſed be God, my temper is far from being looked upon as one of the worſt. All the grave fathers of the convent agree with me in it, that is, all who have any judgment in the matter. They all lament, as well as I, the miſapplication of thy talents: and by the ſtiff and ſerious manner in which they preſented themſelves to give thee their congratulations, thou mighteſt ſee how much they had been diſguſted at thy Exhortation. If they do not all ſpeak to thee with the plainneſs that I do, it is becauſe they do not love thee ſo much as I do, or becauſe they are not ſo particularly circumſtanced with regard to thee as I am, which forbids my ſuffering thee to proceed in error, or becauſe in a community there are ſo many inconveniences in the office of a reprover that even the ſuperiors are obliged to exerciſe it with much caution, though it is a neceſſary part of their duty. But I diſregard them all; troubling myſelf leſs about what thou mayeſt think, others infer, and many miſrepreſent, than the deſire of thy reputation, the good of ſouls, the decorum of the pulpit, and the credit of the order."

And as ſoon as he had ſaid this he roſe from his ſeat, opened the door, and went away to his cell, leaving it to be conſidered at leiſure by thoſe to whom it was addreſſed. Friar Gerund was penſive, the Collegiates a long while ſilent, and the lay-brethren looking both at one and the other. One ſpat, another blew his noſe, a third cleared his pipes, and a fourth hatched up a kind of cough, but no one dared to ſpeak a word; till at laſt a Collegiate, a Theologiſt of the fourth year, (as appears by a note left by a curious, minute, inveſtigating author) who

was

was a briſk, lively, intrepid lad, and a great talker, broke ſilence by ſaying, "Who goes after the old man with wine and biſcuits, and to make him change his linen, for the ſermon has been long, moral, fervent, and pathetic?" They all laughed except Friar Gerund, who remained down-caſt and half-aſhamed.

But he was preſently conſoled by our Theologiſt; who coming up to him and giving him two ſlaps upon the ſhoulder, ſaid, "Why, how now, Friar Gerund! *Surſum corda!* What! Doſt thou make any account of the miſſions of our Mathuſalems! Doſt thou not ſee, man, that they have a taſte as blear-eyed and draggle-tailed as a witch's 'prentice? How ſhould they know what it is to preach, when they have almoſt forgot what it is to live? All that has not a ſmack of antiquity offends them; and they muſt peſter us too with their dotings! They knew the world to be ſo, and thus they take it into their heads that the world is to remain as they knew it, without reflecting that the ball turns round, and that upon that account it is a ball. As they cannot any longer ſhine, they cannot bear that others ſhould ſhine; like dried and withered trees, which, in the ſpring when the others are adorned with bloſſoms and leaves, ſeem to look ſtill more dry and withered through pure envy.

"They ſpeak of ſermons as of faſhions or dances. The ſight of a ſtock or cravat puts them beſide themſelves, becauſe it takes up the place, which, according to the old taſte, a band ſhould occupy; and they cannot without fury look upon a pair of cloſe breeches, remembering their own and their grandfather's Trunk-hoſe. Juſt the ſame in ſermons; Erudition, Mythology, Elevation of Style, harmonious Cadence, Jeſts, Pleaſantry, Tales, all provoke

provoke them to vomiting; and the reaſon is, that the ſtomach of their taſte is as deſtitute of heat as that of the body: they can digeſt nothing but pap and minced-meat, or at moſt plain roaſt and boiled.

"Was there ever any thing like their thinking to perſuade us that Fables were not made for the pulpit? Then what were they made for?—The drawing-rooms of the ladies, or the parlatories * of nuns? Can there be more grace or more genius in any effort of the mind than to prove a truth by a lie, or eſtabliſh an infallible myſtery by a fiction? *Salutem ex inimicis noſtris*, is not this of the Holy Spirit? *Contraria Contrariis curantur*, is not this of the divine Hippocrates? And moreover hath not the profound Ariſtotle ſaid, *Oppoſita juxta ſe poſita magis eluceſcunt?* How can the virtue of the Sacrament of Baptiſm and of the holy water be ſet forth better than by comparing it with that virtue which was feigned in the luſtral water with which the Gentiles purified themſelves to be properly prepared to ſacrifice? *Luſtravitque viros*, as the incomparable Virgil ſays. Or how is it poſſible to explain with grace, the grace of the Sacrament of Matrimony without making a beautiful deſcription of the God Hymen, the Preſident of Nuptials, or the Wedding-God, a ſprightly youth, of heroic ſtature, white and red like a German, fair-haired, his lighted Torch in his hand, and crowned with Roſes? And, in order to do juſtice to the extraordinary gallantry of Chriſt in the Sacrament of the Euchariſt, is there any argument to be met with ſo convincing, or was there ever

* Parlatories, or Parlours, or Locutories, are, as the words all imply, places to ſpeak in, to which the nuns come to converſe with thoſe who viſit them.

ever yet invented in the world a thought ſo delicate, as that of the little fable of Cupid; when, in order to ſubdue an heart that was ſomewhat hard, after having in vain emptied all his quiver upon it, he made an arrow of his own body * and ſhot it at the ſaid heart, which thence became as ſoft and meltable as a lump of butter?

"The Father Maſter ſays that it is only for poor ignorant creatures to uſe fables in the pulpit. This might be ſo when his Paternity was born; then too the old dance called Paraletas was in faſhion; but now that the world is more cultivated, it is another thing. I have in my cell many printed ſermons of a famous preacher of thoſe times, who amazed, delighted, intranced the people of Arragon, of Navarre, of Madrid; inſomuch that ſoldiers were placed at the Church-doors to prevent in ſome degree the confuſion and diſorder occaſioned by exceſſive concourſes. And yet this very preacher, (whom the Father Maſter will not deny, for never mortal man has yet denied him, to be a well-known genius) ſcarcely ever preached a ſermon the proofs of which did not conſiſt in bringing in a fable with a piece of Holy Scripture; and in truth and in truth, I can tell you that it did not ſpoil his fortune, and that not only the vulgar, as ſome people imagine, applauded him, but many men of the very firſt rank.

"Amongſt others I remember a certain Sermon, preached upon two diſtinguiſhed ladies' taking the veil, and immediately committed to the preſs as a great thing, in which, becauſe the habit of the order

* This may be eaſily conceived, when the reader recollects how St. Patrick ſwam over to Ireland, after his decollation, with his head in his teeth.

der which theſe ladies took upon them was black, he compares them with the greateſt propriety to the Goddeſs Veſta, who, upon the faith and word of Cartarius, was cloathed with the ſame colour, *Factum eſt ut nigra appellaretur propter veſtem nigram.* Afterwards he ſaid, and ſaid very well, that Minerva had been the firſt foundreſs of the education of girls, quoting ſome words of the ſame Cartarius, which, though they only prove that Minerva was the inventreſs of feminine employments, ſuch as ſewing, ſpinning, &c. for Cartarius ſays no more, yet he ſays enough for us to believe that ſhe might likewiſe have inſtructed females in theſe employments; for whether they were girls or marriageable women, or even married, is nothing to the purpoſe; and it is ſtill ſhewn clearly that ſhe muſt have been the foundreſs of education, which is the ſubſtance of the buſineſs.

"Finally, farther on, he brings a charming compariſon to ſhew how much God is enamoured of the religious ſouls who live in cloiſters, ſince he cites with all the appoſiteneſs in the world, the fable of Danaë, daughter of Acriſius king of the Argives, and ſhut up by him in a ſtrong tower, where ſhe could not have any communication with men, that the fatal prognoſtic of the oracle might not be fulfilled, which ſaid, he was to die by the hands of a grandſon. But Jupiter was too cunning for the old fox; for, deeply ſmitten by this beautiful young lady, he transformed himſelf into a ſhower of gold, deſcended in the tower, and at the due period made her the mother of Perſeus, who in proceſs of time came at laſt to fulfil the prophetic oracle, by ſlaying his grandfather. And there can be no cavil here about the ſhower's introducing itſelf into the tower, for the windows might happen to be open; or even

if

if it ſhould have been a fortified tower, in which there are no windows, there muſt have been chinks and holes for the admiſſion of light and the emiſſion of arrows.

" Who could have believed that a fable, to appearance ſo filthy, could ever ſerve as a proof for ſo lovely, clean, and chaſte a thing as the eſpecial love which God profeſſes to the pure ſouls who live in cloyſters? But this is the teſt of his great genius; our ſubtle orator applies it with the greateſt delicacy and the greateſt energy: 'In Danaë,' he ſays, 'I 'contemplate a retired Soul, which vows perma-'nency in its clauſuere from the world; in Jupiter, 'transformed to a ſhower of gold, I contemplate 'Chriſt, who deſcends as rain and bread from Hea-'ven.' And directly, in the margin, you behold a pair of literal, pretty texts,—for the word "Bread," *Panis de cælo deſcendens*; and for "Rain." *Et nubes pluant juſtum.* Could any thing have been ſaid more ſweetly, or could a more ſuitable or a more happy invention have been imagined? For, though Danaë might not have been the moſt reſerved and ſcrupulous damſel upon earth, as indeed the event ſhews, and that Jupiter might have been a wicked fornicating rogue of a God, is a trifling objection. Here is a virgin; here is a ſhutting-up from the world; here is a God who viſits this virgin, be it upon what account it will, for it does not become us to enquire into it; what more is wanting, than to prove that Chriſt profeſſes an eſpecial tenderneſs for cloiſtered virgins, and loves to *contemplate** theſe

* In the original, *Contemplarlas a eſtas Danaes*; this verb has a double meaning, ſignifying (beſides to contemplate) to pleaſe, to humour, to comply with, from the Latin verb *Temperare*'s being converted in Spaniſh into *Templar*.

theſe Danaes, as Jupiter did that? Without doubt it is a contemplation of the author, exceedingly ingenious, devout, and pious.

"Therefore, my friend Gerund, you have nothing to do but to laugh at that old dotard of a Father Maſter of our's, and let him grumble and grunt his fill. Believe me, that all old people in general are diſguſted with whatever they cannot do themſelves, and that we may well apply to them what the poet ſays, with the alteration only of a ſingle word, *Nam quæ non fecimus ipſi vix ea* RECTA *voco:* and do thou go on preaching as thou haſt begun; for if thou perſevere thou wilt come undoubtedly to be the honour of thy country, the credit of the order, the oracle of the pulpit, and in ſhort, the only man in the world."

It is not to be told with what applauſe the whole juvenile muſquetry received this harangue of the prating, confident, young thing of a theologiſt. After having given him almoſt as many ſhouts as the brethren of the Croſs had given to the Diſciplinant-Exhortation, the compliments of congratulations were repeated to Friar Gerund, if poſſible, with more tumult than before, all of them ſtrenuouſly adviſing him to follow the miraculous *rhumb* of preaching, to which he had given ſo happy a beginning, and moſt of them beſeeching him to lend them the manuſcript, that they might tranſcribe it. With this our poor ſcald miſerable of a Friar Gerund, not only began to reſpire, but he lifted up his creſt, he plumed himſelf, he exulted, he was ſwoln with vanity almoſt to burſting, and became ſo fully perſuaded, that That was the true method of preaching, and that any other was a wretched poorneſs, that he could not have been drawn from his error by

the bare-footed Friars themſelves. But what gave the finiſhing ſtroke to it, was the following poetical eulogy, which appeared the next day, and ſaid thus:

To the incomparable Friar Gerund Zotes, alias de Campazas.

Fri'r Gerund there's but One, nor e'er was more,
Immortal muſt he make Campazas' name:
And Squares, Streets, Cots, and Convents with his fame
Shall loud, or twopence will I forfeit, roar.

Henceforth, thoſe Pulpit-Drones, his Bourdaloue
And Fleury, let not braggart Frenchman praiſe:
Bluſh, Italy, Thy Preachers' worth to raiſe,
Preachers all worthy coats of motley hue!

What is Vieyra, Portugal, thy Pride?
A pure pragmatic, pert, Prig-Portugueze!
What the fam'd Tully and Demoſthenes?
Blockheads whom future School-boys ſhall deride!

All elſe for Oratory erſt rever'd
What, ſeen in groupe, preſent they now to view?
What but, for Jargon, a wild Bedlam-crew,
For Ignorance, a brute Lay-brother Herd?

All,

All, all; Fri'r Blas excepted, Smart Divine!
And the few Gallant Sparks with Blas that vie:
Yet theſe, e'en Theſe, ſhine not when GERUND's nigh,
GERUND the Glory of the ZOTES' Line!

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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p. 32. 115. 329.

1. 'Menot.' Sermons of. p. 70.
2. 'Constantinabatus Constantinopolitanus'. 177.
3 'Zahoris'. See under the Earth. 270.
4. Rosaries. 150 small beads for 'Aves'. 15 large beads for 'Paternosters'
5. Spanish Rhymes. 341.
6. Longinus. — the Name of the Man who is said to have pierced our Saviour's Side. 34
7. Natalis Comes. Condè Natal. 380.